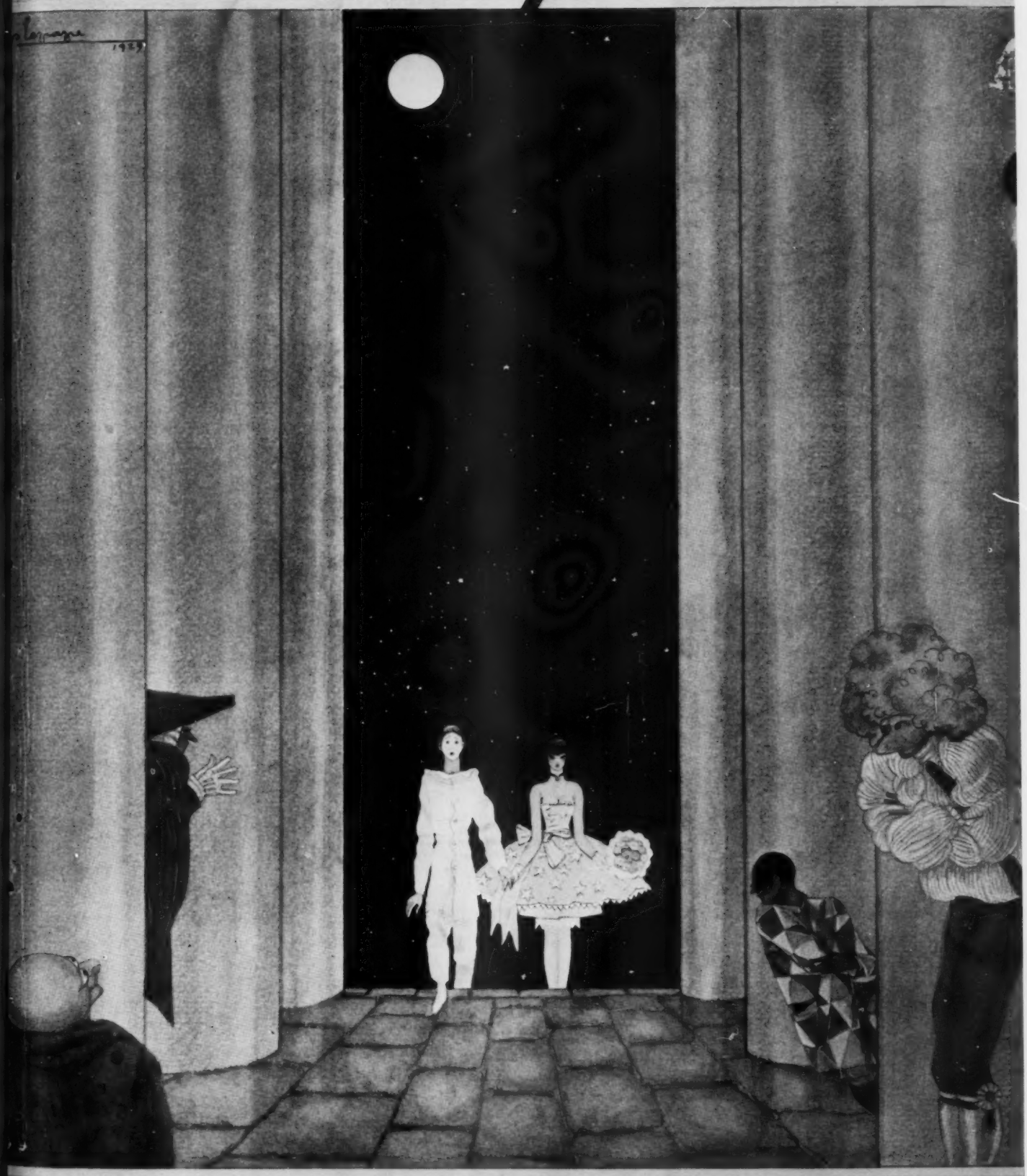
vanity fair



FEBRUARY 1930

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NITE COACH! The world's first motor bus compartment sleeper. It has ample seating and sleeping room in 14 compartments for 28 passengers. Every convenience has been provided. Comfortable beds that are deep-cushioned chairs by day. Hot and cold water in each compartment. Hot meals prepared and served by deft stewards.

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Twenty years ago the first primitive motor bus chugged up Fifth Avenue. Today there are in the United States alone close to 100,000 swift buses operated by modern unified bus lines. Outstanding in this new arm of transportation are the Pickwick-Greyhound Systems.

Along 30,000 miles of America's beautiful highways, Pickwick-Greyhound Coaches offer through service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. These systems are one of the world's largest users of gasoline—consuming approximately 20,000,000 gallons a year. The choice of Texaco for fuel and lubrication by the world's largest and most progressive motorized transportation system, is based on proven economies and the fact that Texaco Products can be secured everywhere—in each of our 48 States.

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NEW YORK

EXTRAIT ET POUDRE

LA NUIT DE NOEL

PARIS CARON FRANCE

VANITY FAIR
February, 1930

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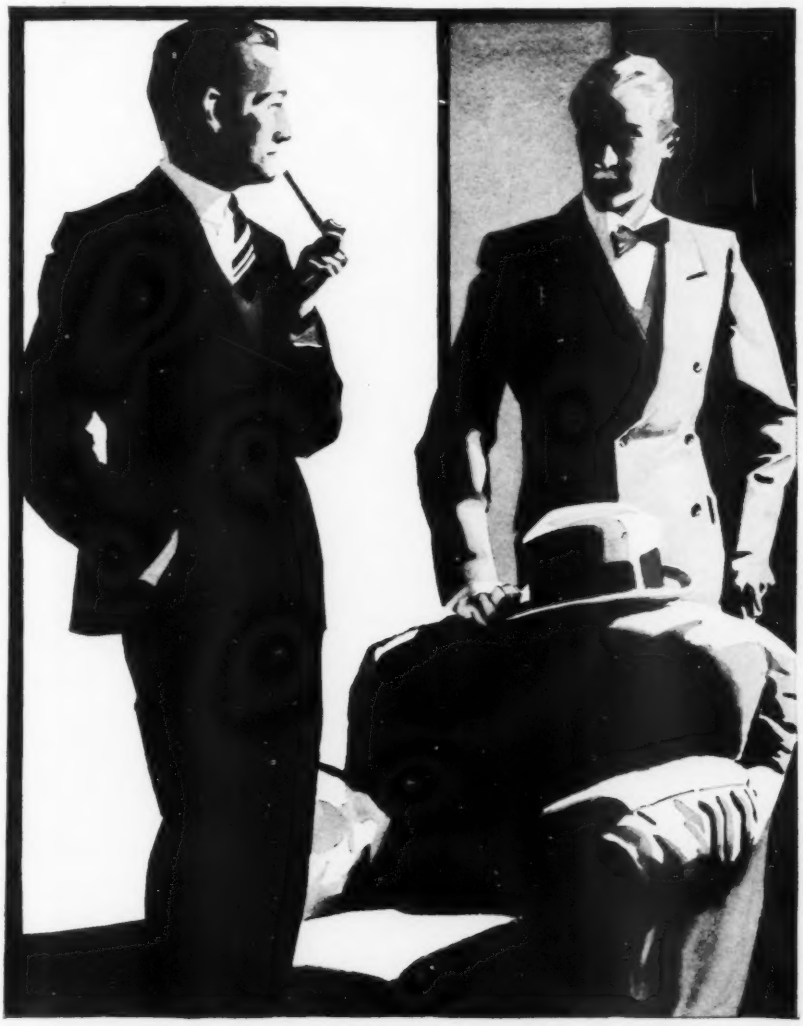
Vol. No. 33. No. 4



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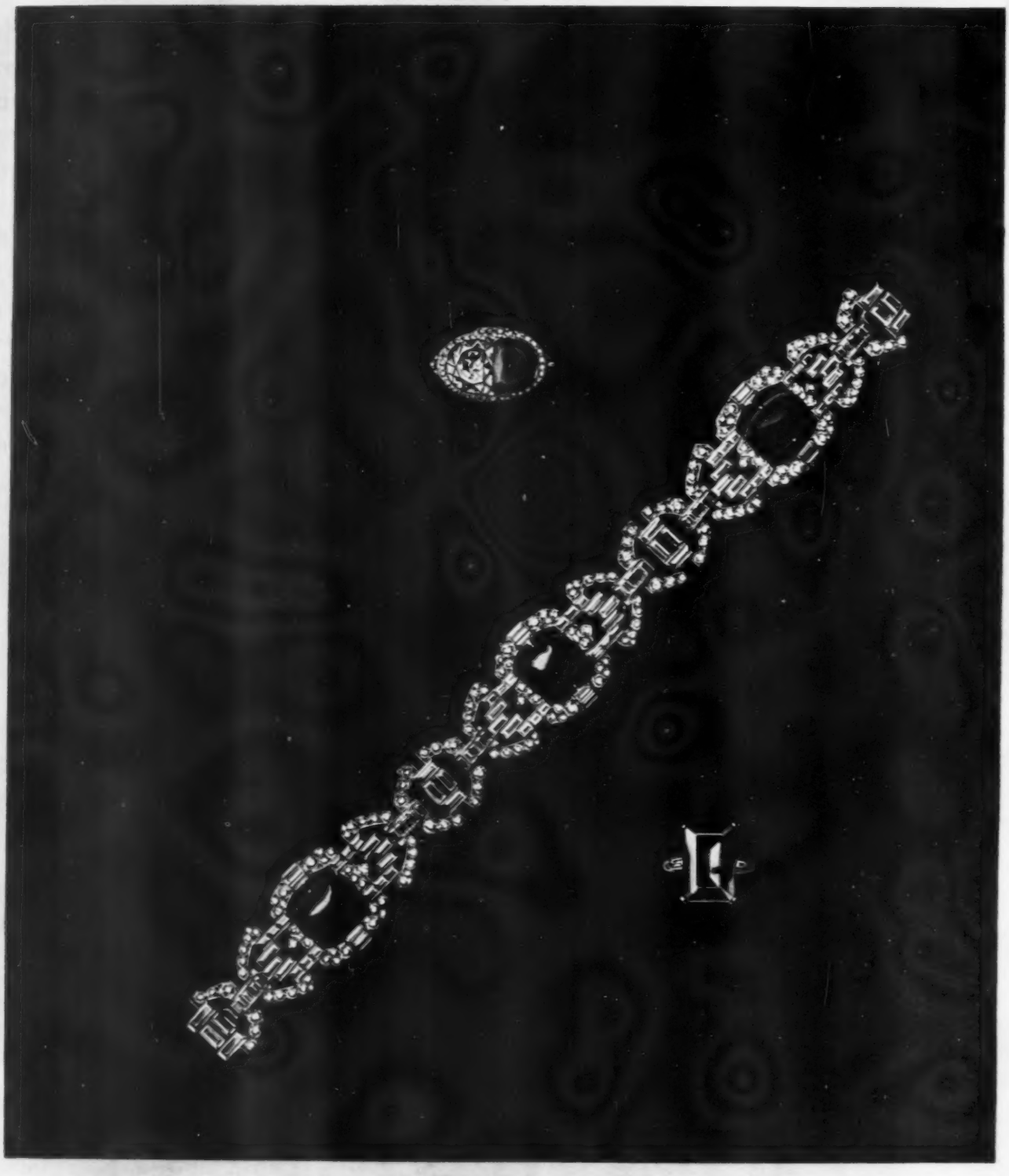

A Ring — an emerald and a diamond of unusual shape and beauty.
Bracelet — three cabochon emeralds connected by links of round and baguette diamonds.
A Ring — panel-shape emerald of fine quality and color.

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PHILADELPHIA

. . . Rendezvous

A distinguished educator, looking unusually amiable, is enjoying stuffed lobster in the Mission Grill . . . a well-known actor and his exquisitely dressed companion are discussing the new poetry over coffee in the Walnut Grill at Marshal Field's . . . in the Narcissus Room a charming sophisticate, undeniably Continental, is the center of a laughing group . . . while a tour of the Crystal, Colonial, and Wedgwood Rooms (as well as the Men's Grill in The Store for Men) reveals a significant number of other delightful persons. They may be famous, or just obviously Nice People, but too many of them meet here to call it coincidence. Field's Tea Rooms are an institution in Chicago life; they are the accepted rendezvous for luncheon, tea, or even breakfast among Chicago's better families. You are cordially invited to Field's Tea Rooms when you next visit this city.

Marshall Field and Company

. . . RETAIL CHICAGO

● Every man but those practical firemen who sit around the house in overcoat, muffler and heavy duty shoes has been puzzled as to how to be comfortable yet presentable during those pleasant leisure hours after dinner. If the doorbell makes you tremble in your old slippers, if the gay voices of sudden callers send you sneaking away to put on a decent looking pair of shoes, read on:

The New Off-Duty Shoes for Men

WALK-OVER INDOOR OXFORDS

Walk-Over's contribution to your hours of relaxation!—the Indoor Oxford. When you get home and remove your heavy daytime shoes, slip on a pair of supple, half-weight Walk-Over Indoor Oxfords before you sit down to dinner. All evening long you can wear them, enjoying your favorite smoke, chair and radio. You won't know you have them on, yet your feet will be smartly shod for guests, or for a jaunt to haunts of amusement. Walk-Over Indoor Oxfords give you zest and relaxation for the evening's amusement.

Half the weight of daytime shoes . . Comfortable as a moccasin . . Elegant as a top hat

● Walk-Over Indoor Oxfords are half the weight of daytime shoes; flexible as a tennis slipper, as dressy as formal footwear. They solve the old problem of being comfortable yet presentable after dinner. Made in calf, with or without tips, and in patent, without tips. Try on a pair today at any Walk-Over store.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, *Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts*

To frame a well-beloved face . . .

THERE are certain of our possessions which we rightly consider priceless, and a photograph is frequently among them. Father and Mother . . . a lovely profile of Barbara, now at school . . . a casual snapshot, enlarged, that you took your first summer together . . . these captured moments have a precious meaning. You want to keep them, always.

It almost goes without saying that such photographs should be beautifully framed. Like flowers in a room, the frame effects a final, gracious touch. And it will serve, as well, to guard and preserve the portrait.

Among people who value the good things of life, it is almost taken for granted that the frame will be of fine leather. And if you could watch these people as they buy, you would discover that the great majority of them govern their purchases by the presence of a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint is to be found upon each article of fine leather made by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., of Philadelphia. It is the word of this establishment . . . and you could ask no surer bond.

For into each article manufactured by this house have gone generations of knowing how. Master craftsmen, trained in exacting schools, work with the tradition of excellence always before them. The finest materials are used, and only the finest. The result is a gift of surpassing beauty . . . exquisite . . . lasting . . . endowed with perfect taste.

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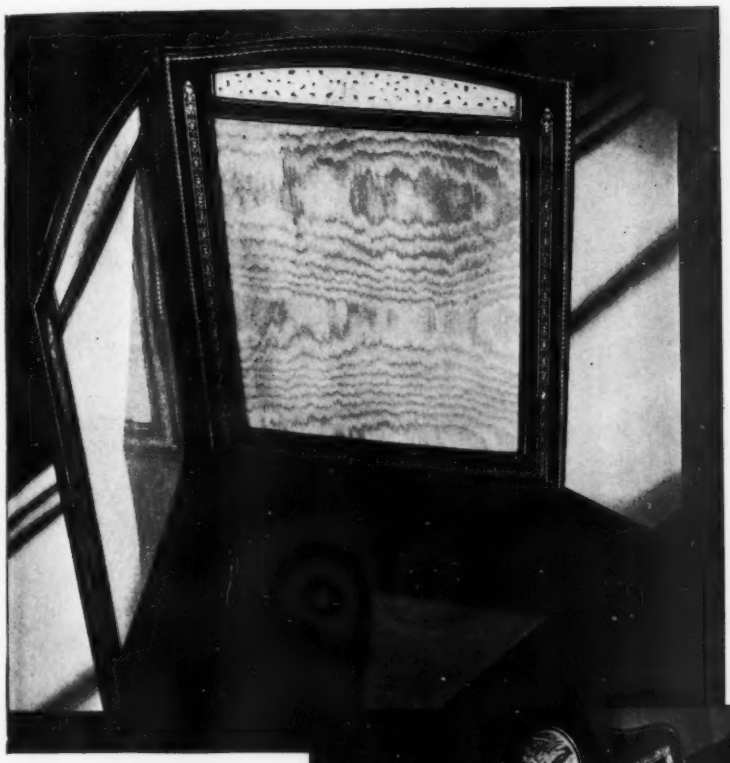
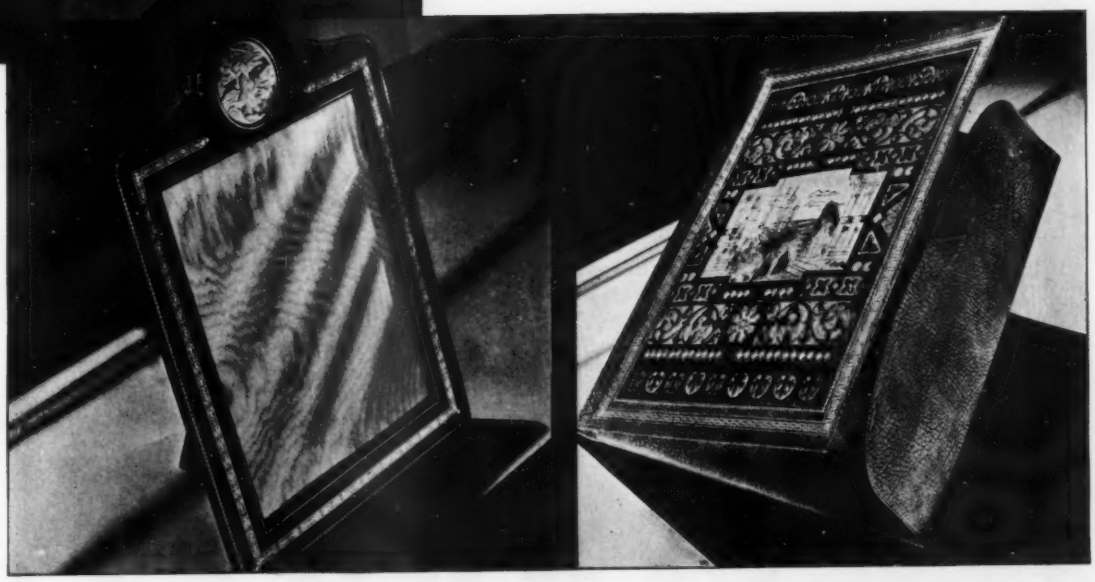


Quite frequently, it is desirable to group together several important photographs. This handsome work, a drawing-room folio, is exquisitely hand tooled in the Florentine manner, and has a gold-tooled border. Other designs and colors are available in a wide variety.



When one wishes to keep two photographs together, the double frame is an effective solution. The illustration shows an extraordinarily beautiful frame in black calfskin, with white jade inserts and a gold-tooled border.

For the single photograph, which will be kept in an intimate place . . . a lovely frame of black calfskin, with inserts of red cinnabar or white jade, and a gold-tooled border. It may also be had without the inserts, in many colors.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1850

The Abbott MUFTI

for men who hate rubbers

Unless one prefers to be quaint the winter clarion "Dontforgetyourrubbers" can be eliminated from the domestic lexicon. ✦ Drier than Volstead, dignified as a Scotty, easy as an old friend, the Abbott Mufti takes the weather as it comes—unruffled. ✦ The Abbott Mufti is not only "bone dry" but has distinguished qualities of appearance. At ease wherever men foregather. ✦ The Mufti comes by its weatherly qualities naturally. It is literally a civilian edition of a preferred trench boot which made the duck boards of France somewhat more bearable. A trace of its military descent lingers in the restrained dignity of line, its comfortable "feel" and ability to go in and "take it" long after ordinary shoes have succumbed to heavy weather. ✦ And why not, since it embodies the same superlative qualities of craftsmanship and leathers found in Abbott "Sportocasins".

Bone Dry

The Mufti is really a shoe within a shoe. The patented double construction feature makes it completely impervious to moisture. Bone Dry.

Good Looking

Although designed for "heavy going" the Mufti is a gentleman's shoe from the ground up. Sturdy, handsome, watertight.

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ABBOTT

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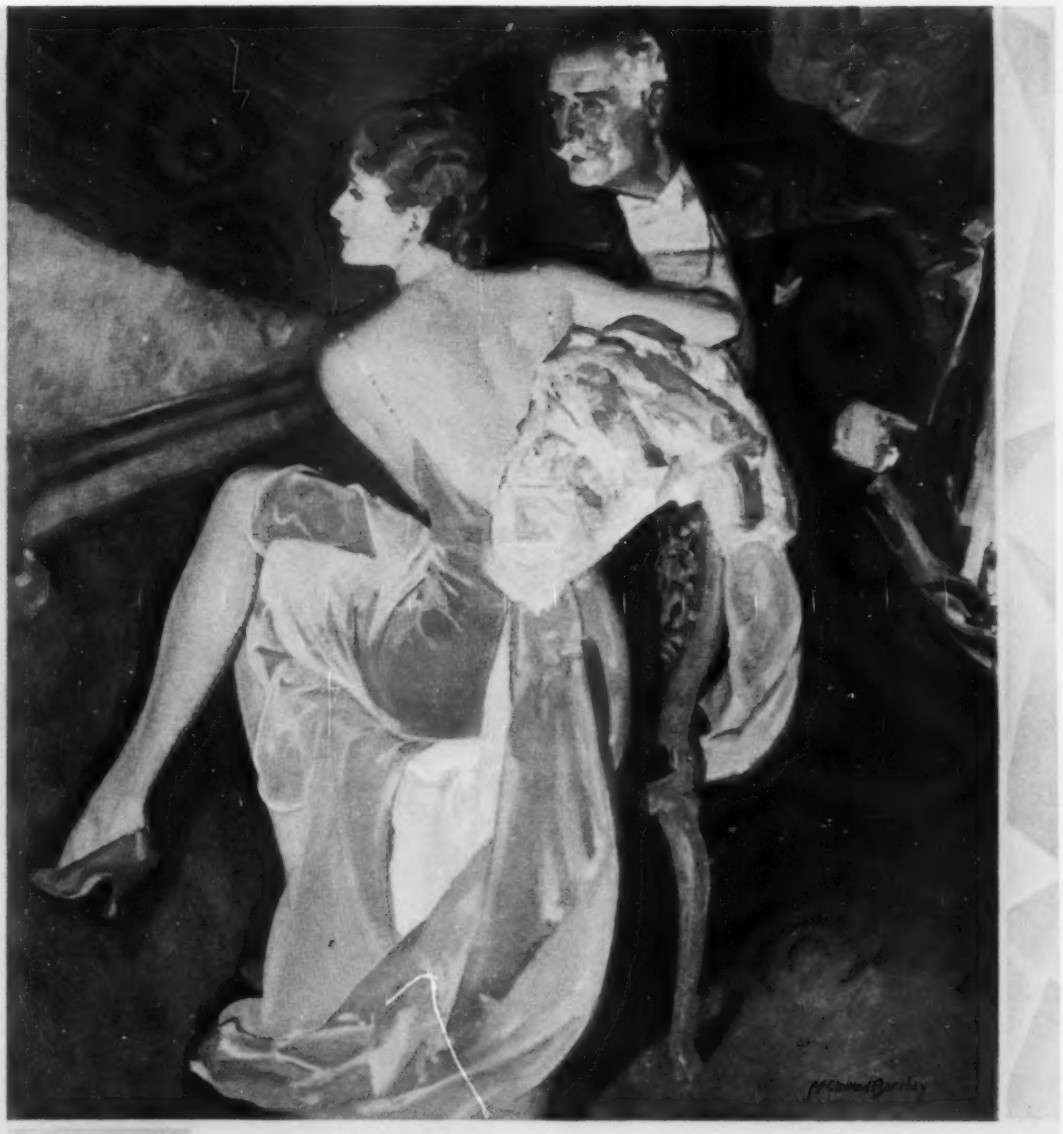
Yarmouth Maine

ORIGINATORS OF AUTHENTIC FOOTGEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

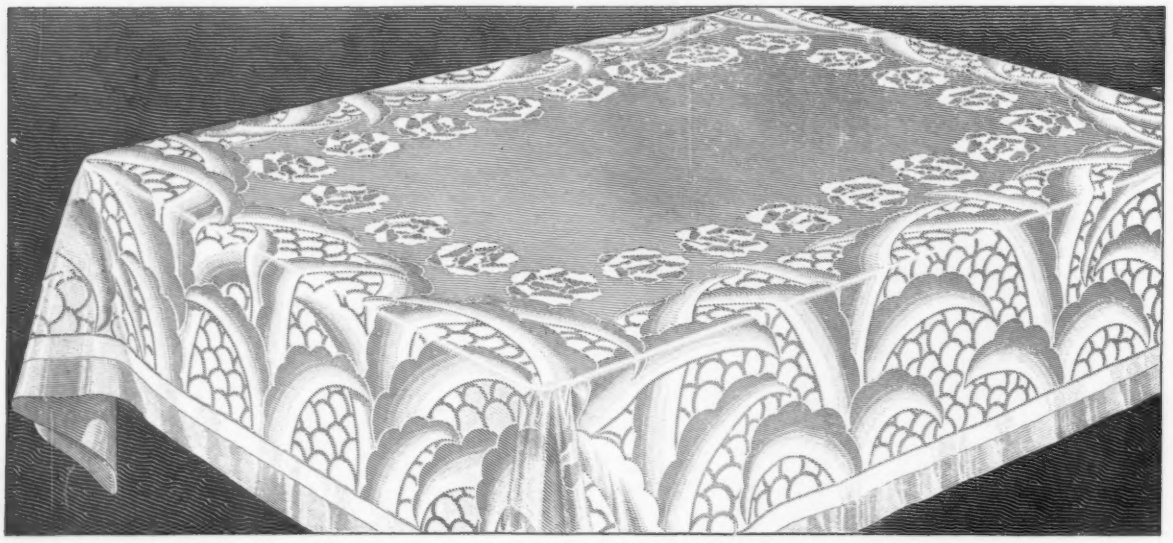


THE GREATER BEAUTY, comfort and durability of Fisher Bodies have always and quite properly been emphasized, but the really vital thing about them —today more than ever in the past—is that they give a car greater value. That value arises from the superior quality which extends throughout every Fisher Body and reveals itself more and more convincingly with every passing month of use. Long after lesser strength of construction and goodness of materials would have developed many defects, the Fisher Body is certain to retain its beauty, its comfort, its weather-tightness, its sturdy structure. These advantages are made all the more desirable by reason of the fact that the cars of which Fisher Bodies form so important a part, are the leaders of their price fields. General Motors cars—and these cars only—bring the motor car buyer the benefits of Body by Fisher. This joining of a higher-value body with a higher-value chassis completes a car of so much greater value, that to most buyers it will seem obviously futile to seek its equal anywhere but in a higher price field.

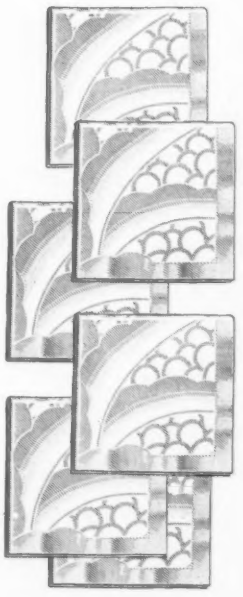
BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

LINEN DAMASK WOVEN LOVELINESS *for the table*



As long as there is hospitality in the world, Linen Damask will hold its time-honored place as the fitting consummation of the correctly appointed table. As long as the hostess calls upon flowers and candlelight and gleaming silver to enrich the ceremonial of dining, she will summon the suave luxury of Linen Damask to give it exquisite setting. And the taste which prefers Linen Damask favors only those loomings that most opulently reveal its individual beauty. Through centuries of hereditary craftsmanship, Ireland and Scotland have loomed superlative expressions of the ultimate loveliness of Linen Damask, in subtle harmonies of design that blend faultlessly with both formal and modern schemes of table decoration. In homes where taste is the inevitable standard of gracious living, table cloths and napkins of Irish or Scottish weave are essential.



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Moderately Priced

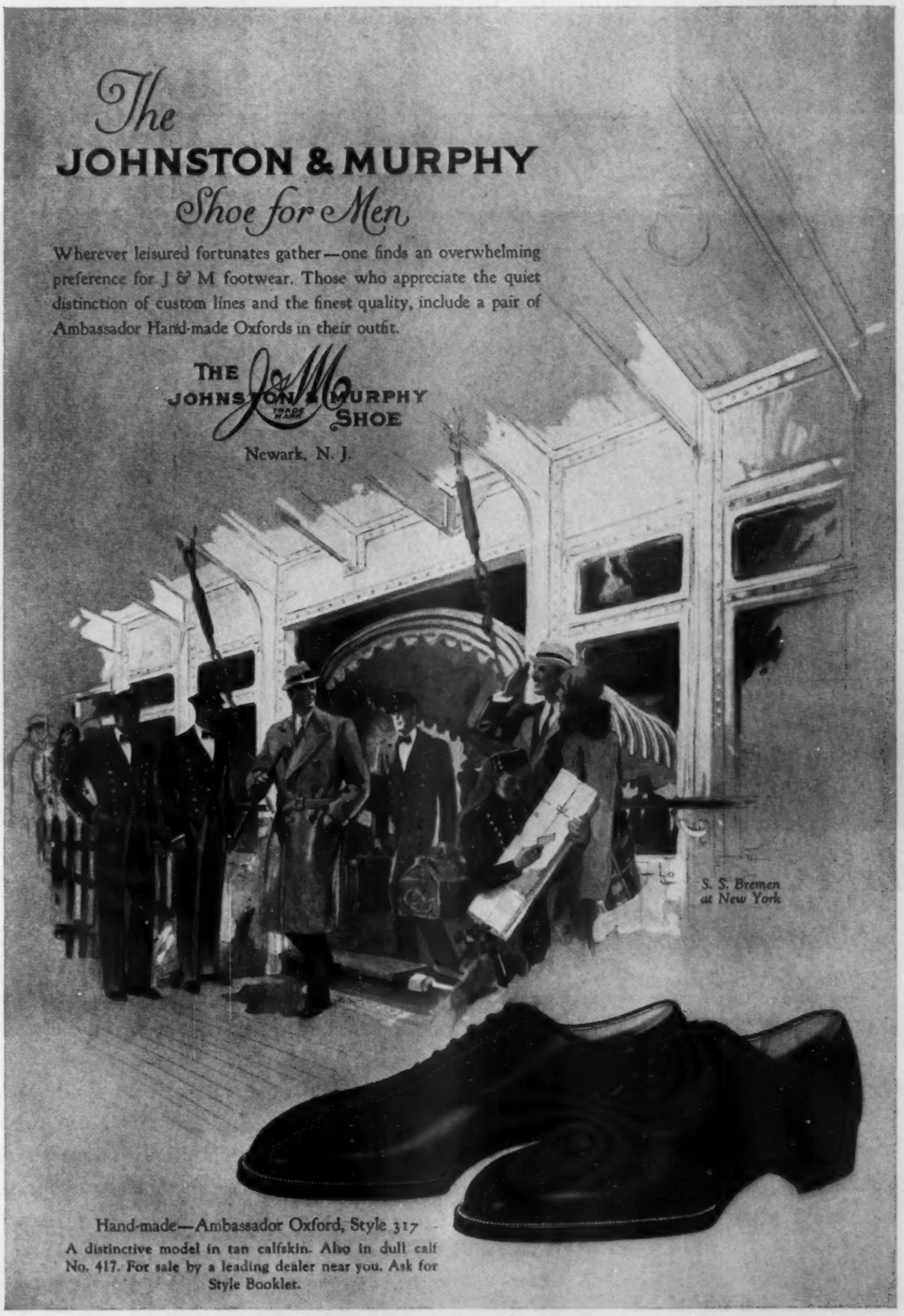
"We Dine on Linen Damask", a charming booklet on correct table settings, will be sent you on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing cost. Address The Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, 260 W. Broadway, New York.

The Spirit of Spring

Loomed in dull gold against a field of silvery white, this cloth of Linen Damask is an opulent expression of the Spirit of Spring... Against a symbolic pattern of budding things, gracefully curving iris leaves unfold to an effect of golden sunlight. The inner field is bordered with a formalized pattern of full-blown flowers... The cloth is suited equally to conservative and to more modern schemes of decoration ...It is only one of the many new creations from Irish and Scottish looms, now offered the hostess.

LOVELY LINEN
DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
impressively correct

SEE THE NEW IRISH AND SCOTTISH WEAVES AT LEADING STORES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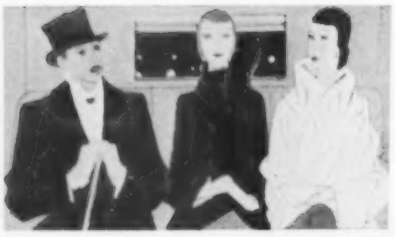
A distinctive model in tan calfskin. Also in dull calf No. 417. For sale by a leading dealer near you. Ask for Style Booklet.



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Many own from two to seven Buicks

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Yet the shape of his head and the look in his eyes tell you he isn't just bone and muscle; he has brains and a great big heart that goes flop-flop like that huge tail. He used to kill wolves in Ireland centuries before Columbus thought of America, but he only killed them because they dared to touch *his sheep.*

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But if the sky isn't the limit on your size in dogs—consider the merits of an equally bearded Schnauzer—or a Boston Terrier who loves his leash—or a Scottie who can sit in the wastebasket while you write. . . . Give these pages the once-or-twice-over and choose your affinity. Or write us for advice.

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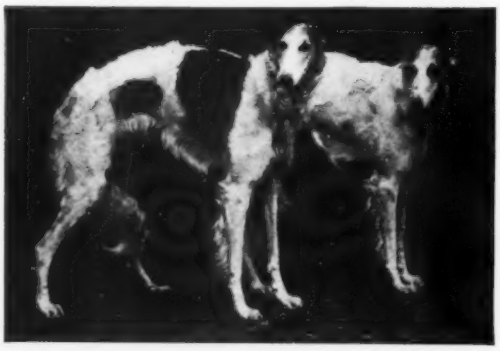
BORZOIS
(RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS)



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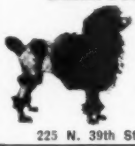

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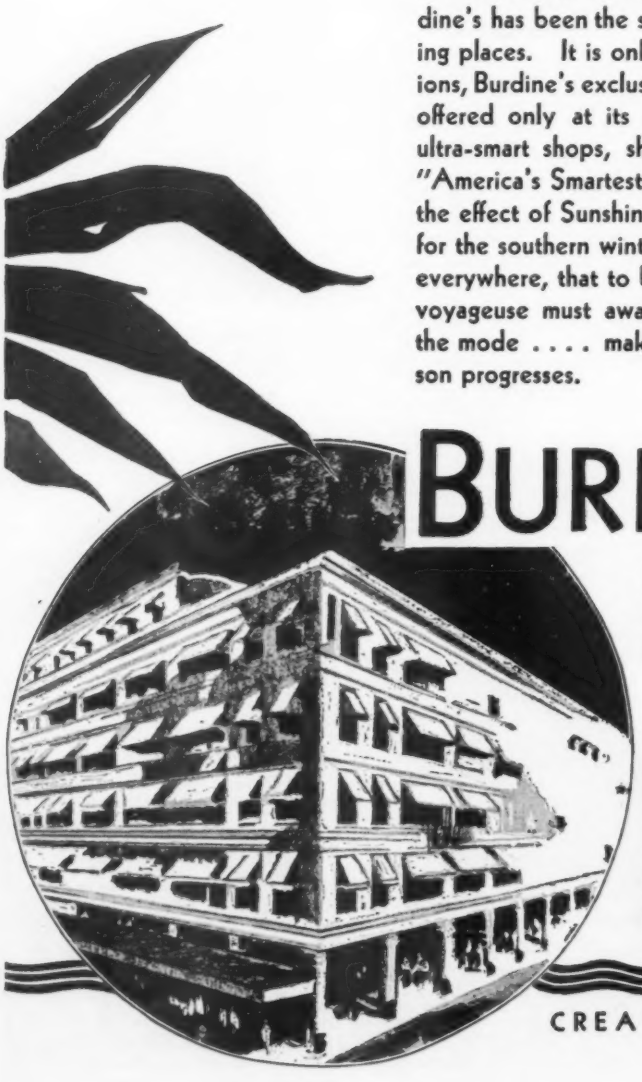

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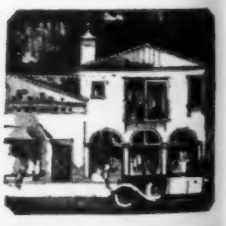

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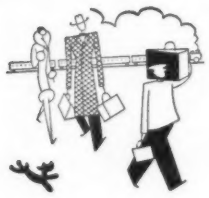

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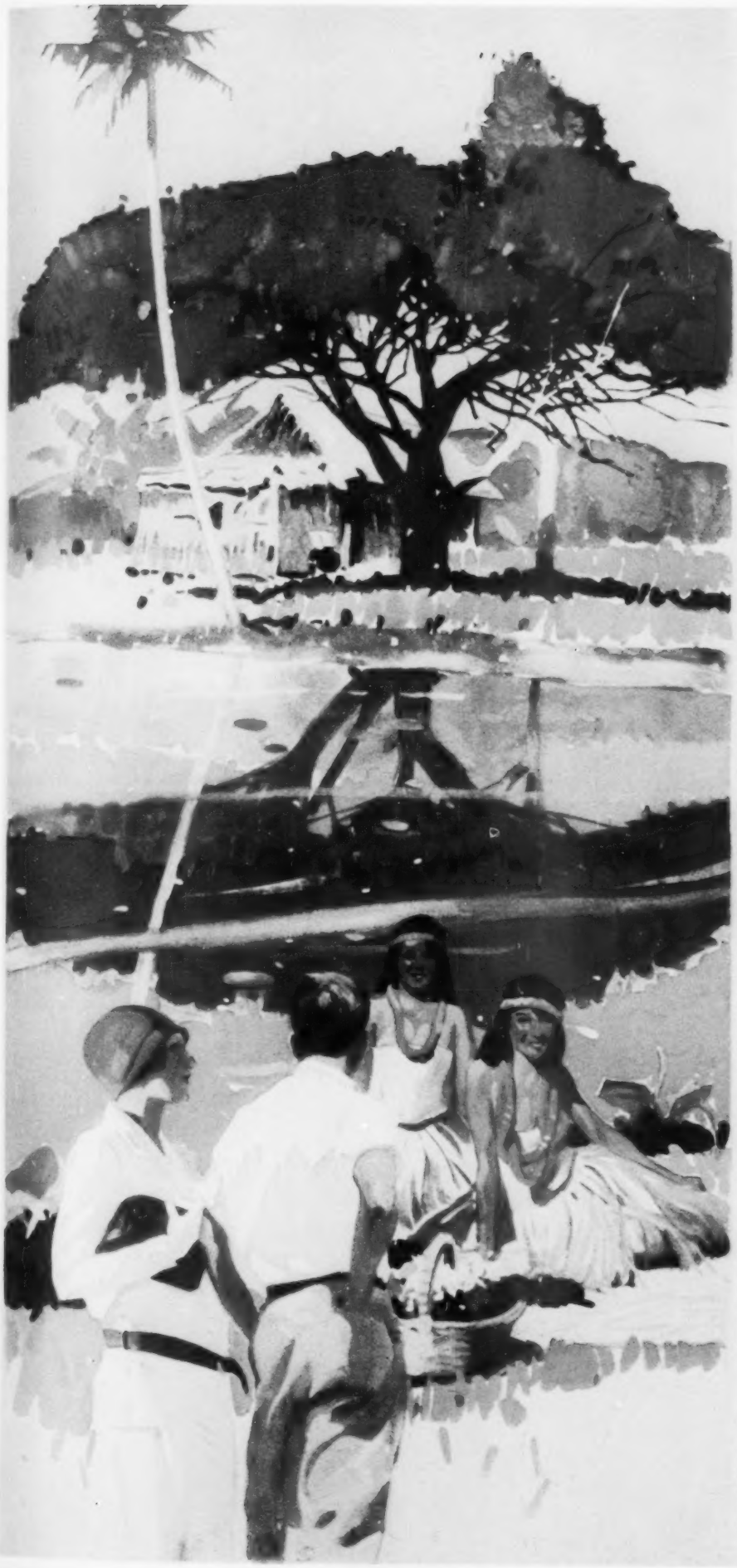

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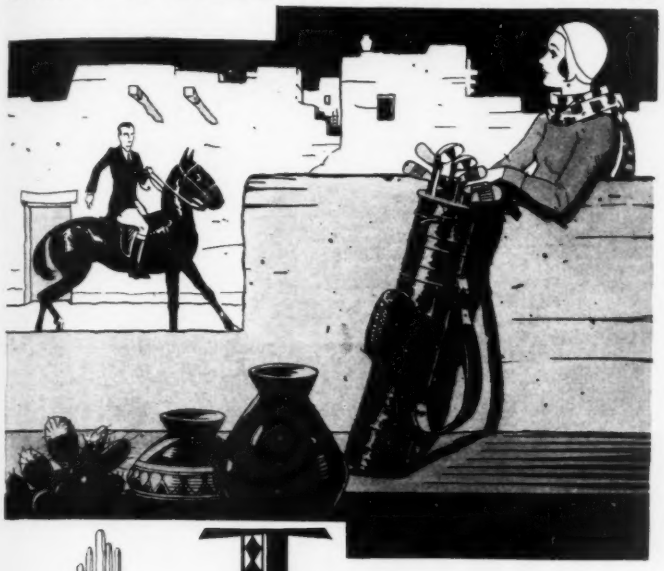

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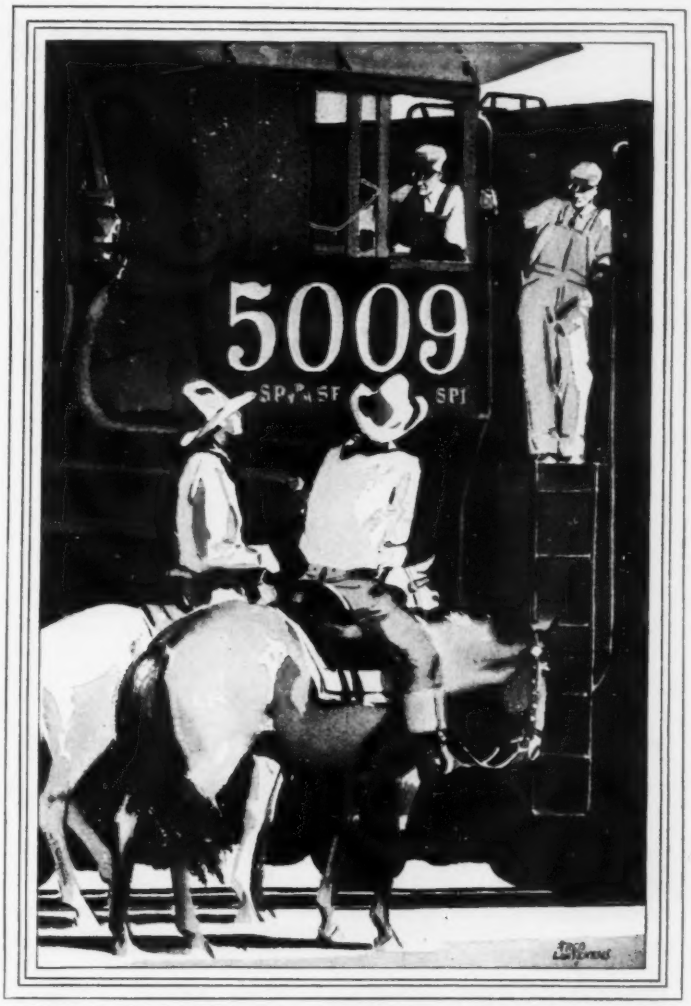

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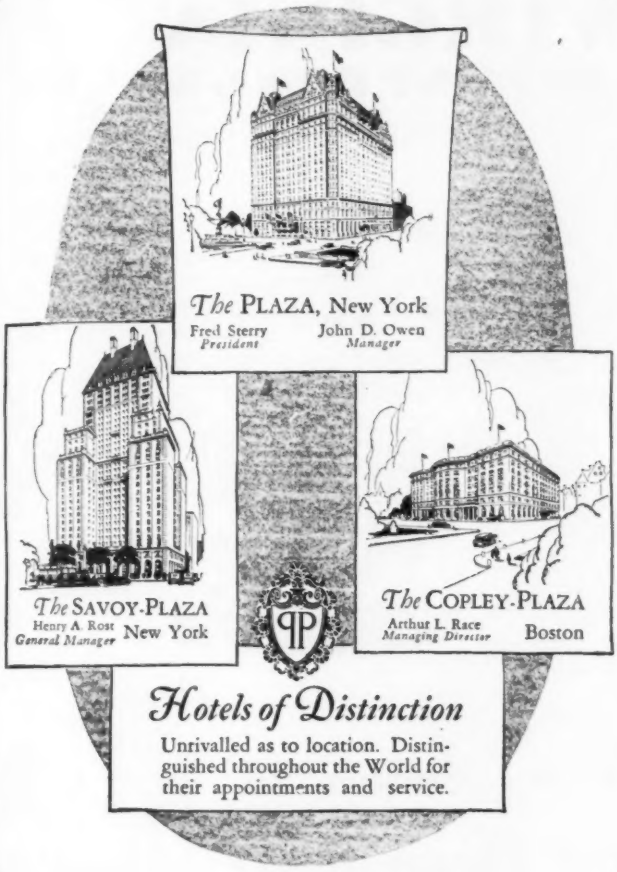

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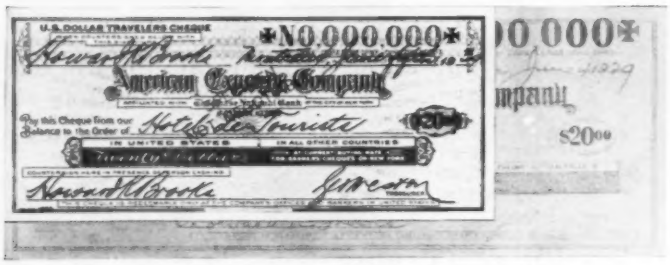

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VANITY FAIR

the man in the moon

MEN, TO HER, WERE A STORY WORN THREADBARE

concerning the quest of a languorous lady who thought herself a prize well worth waiting for

• Carola, a languishing young lady on Park Avenue, half closed her eyes and regarded her reflection, faintly outlined in the three-sided mirror in front of her. With her eyes partially closed like this, she could see only two blurred points of her face—the peak of her chin and the impertinent point of her nose. Carola smiled. She enjoyed this game.

"*Ma foi*," she said to her mirror, "I wonder if, this time, I am really going to be happy?"

Her maid was tenderly brushing Carola's hair, which hardly had the properties of hair at all, but rather of perverse tendrils of thin gold, stretched taut and sprung back on themselves. The maid glanced at the image reflected in the mirror below her. Such remarks on the part of Mademoiselle were, to say the least, rare. They were also propitious. Translated, they implied the advent of a new admirer.

As her old admirers waned in interest, Carola became a tragical figure. Her green-gold eyes darkened behind mists of melancholy. Her exquisite, transparent hands moved in fluttering ways of futility. Her body seemed drawn toward an abyss of despair: despair, because she felt herself a victim of the unending sameness of Man.

• Frequently a new lover would appear, to occasion a turbulent well of hope to bubble up in Carola's breast, a hope that here, *deo volente*, was a man who would baffle her, charm her, dazzle her with his steely satire: in short, one who would envelop her in the indecipherable enigma of himself.

But one after another they proved themselves failures. Russian princes, bronzed young golf players, Italian marchesi, fatigued men-about town; the old ritual was enacted with precise exactness. There was always a well-controlled but perceptible widening of their eyes at first sight of her. Then followed a few casual phrases. Then, in the course of time, an invitation to tea at the apartment of the gentleman in question. To this point, all was as well-oiled as the wheels of a highly perfected machine. But, on Carola's arrival at the apartment, at sight of Berta (her *duenna* and one-time governess without whom she never roamed far afield) there was another well-controlled but perceptible widening of the eyes, this time a widening not quite so favourable: a slightly increased indifference toward her, and, finally, a gentle aside after the tea was over—"Need the *duenna* come next time? Mayn't we ever have dinner alone?" But Carola never permitted a next time for her admirers were, one and all, a little dull, a little repetitious, a little banal.

But on this morning, her reflection in the carved mirror was completely metamorphosed. A hope had changed her, a new challenge.

Yesterday she had met Harrison Studds!

As yet she knew very little about him; the acquaintance was pitifully young. He had taken tea at the house of her dear friend—the *Contessa* Bianca on Sutton Place—and had proved an unfathomable enigma among the obvious bores who comprised the rest of the *Contessa's* circle.

When she first saw Harrison Studds he was standing silhouetted against the long French window of the *Contessa's* drawing room. He was gravely contemplating the East River as the paling sun shot streaming banners in pied patterns of colour on the waters that shimmered between the softened edges of an army of great buildings. Then Harrison Studds looked up and saw Carola as she stood in the doorway. And here let it be said that it was characteristic of him that he did not turn quickly to look at her but merely slightly diverted his gaze from the distant enchantment of the river to that of Carola in the doorway. Having found her quite to his liking, he sighed vaguely and once more turned his attention to the far-away river. Carola paused, her habitually shattered look forgotten for a moment. Then she approached the *Contessa*.

• "Dearest Nathalia," she said, her pale hands outstretched, her eyes delicately misted, "how charming you are to-day."

The *Contessa* kissed her with tenderness, and it so happened that at that precise moment Harrison Studds turned languidly from the French window. He noted the not too emotional episode with apparent indifference.

Then he moved in the direction of the *Contessa* and with great deliberation folded his long, lean body into the depths of the arm-chair beside her.

"My dear Nathalia," he whispered. "May I be permitted to ask the name of the young enchantress?"

Much to her displeasure, Carola found that, to her eyes, Mr. Studds had become a magnet of inescapable power. The thin, intense circles of deepening grey that were his eyes were fixed on the glow of a cigarette which he held between his narrow, nervous fingers. He said nothing: looked at no one.

Then, as though he had reached a long-contemplated decision, he rose to go. In passing, he stopped at Carola's side.

"You are the most beautiful woman in a world full of beautiful women," he said. "I shall come for you at four o'clock, tomorrow. You will come to my rooms for tea."

This was merely the usual gambit, the inevitable Figure A, the first paragraph of an endlessly repeated story. And Carola could not quite account for the little dart of pleasure that quivered through her body.

And so it was that, as we have seen, Carola, on that tomorrow morning looked into her three-sided mirror and mused pleasantly in the mellowest of mellow moods. Existence for her had become quite a delightful affair.

Then suddenly, a terror seized her. Her heart beat against her side. What if Harrison Studds should be like all the others—a failure, a bore, a man with only the thinnest veneer of charm?

When they had entered his living room she looked neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried to a large table in the center of the room and glanced hastily over it. A not quite suppressed cry of pleasure escaped her.

"You may go," she said quietly to Berta. "Tell my mother that I shan't be home for dinner. And Berta," she added, "tell her that I think I've found a husband."

On the table Carola had seen a copy of the latest issue of VANITY FAIR.

—JERRY MAXWELL

PORTRAIT OF MR. JOSEPH SANTLEY

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FERENC SZANTO

THE UNCROWNED KING OF HUNGARY

the legitimate heir, otto von habsburg-lothringen, exiled by the peace treaty from his kingdom

■ In a world where democracy has begun to seem too ambitious a vainglory, democrats must find this figure of a prince with a people but without a throne sympathetic and rather dramatic. As the eldest son of the unfortunate Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, Charles IV, Otto von Habsburg-Lothringen is the "legitimate" heir to the thousand-year-old St. Stephen's Crown. The Legitimist Party, which supports his accession as opposed to an open election, is paralyzed by the terms of the Peace Treaty. Otto may be considered, therefore, one of several contenders for the throne, each of which has a definite supporting faction. Handsome, serious and blood-conscious, Otto remains in exile, in a situation as neat as the *Prisoner of Zenda* fictions

VANITY FAIR

IS LOBBYING A CRIME? • BY WALTER LIPPMANN

■ In his recent book on Marriage and Morals Mr. Bertrand Russell points out that "almost every word conveying blame has a synonym conveying praise" and that anybody who wishes to think clearly must "acquire a habit of using words that convey neither praise nor blame." Thus a writer who wishes to blame will speak of "adultery"; a writer who wishes to praise will speak of "gallantry." We must eschew, he says, one set of words just as much as the other and must employ "dull neutral phrases", such as "extra-marital sexual relations" if we are to argue fairly. He goes on to say that unfortunately the necessity of arguing fairly must inevitably ruin our literary style.

I must report that I have not found a satisfactory dull neutral phrase that denotes the idea expressed by the word "lobbying". The lobbyists themselves would like to be called legislative agents, legislative advisers, public educational leaders, and even occasionally saviours of the Republic. These words convey praise. The nearest thing to a dull neutral phrase might be, I suppose, to call the lobbyist an extra-constitutional political representative. The legislatures have been trying to define the term for at least fifty years. The State of Georgia has with noble simplicity declared that lobbying consists in personal solicitation which is not addressed "solely to the judgement of the legislators". The State of Louisiana has declared that lobbying is any attempt to influence the actions of a legislator "by any method other than appealing to his reason". It will be seen that broadly speaking the Georgia and Louisiana definitions must come down in practice to the proposition that lobbying is the other fellow's attempt to influence the legislator. Congress in 1913 offered a more general definition. Lobbying, it said, is the activity of "a person or body of persons seeking to influence Congress in any way whatsoever." This is in effect the definition which the Senate adopted in the Caraway bill.

■ Once lobbying is defined in this fashion it becomes plain that the lobby is not a political disease but an inevitable and necessary part of government. It is true that the Constitution does not recognize the existence of the lobbyist. But then the Constitution does not recognize the existence of political parties, and the Constitutional Fathers beginning with Washington himself looked upon parties as a menace to the Republic. Yet experience has shown that there is no conceivable way of making the Constitution work without parties, and the law has gradually been accommodated to them. One may venture to predict, that the lobby will have an analogous history. The Georgia Constitution of 1877 declared lobbying to be a crime. By 1891 Massachusetts, instead of outlawing the lobbyist was passing laws to regulate him. It will not be long now before public opinion generally will cease to regard lobbying as inherently disreputable, will accept it as essential to the functioning of government, and will listen to those who address themselves to the task of discriminating between the good and the bad activities of the lobbyist.

■ The recent investigation into lobbying conducted by the Caraway committee has been marked by a noticeable change in the prejudgments of the general public. When the committee convened, the world lobbyist was an epithet which damned any man to whom it could be attached. The exposure of Senator Bingham's folly in introducing the paid agent of the Connecticut manufacturers into the executive sessions of the Senate Committee which was writing the tariff was universally condemned. There were, however, voices here and there which said that the real criticism to be made of Senator Bingham was not in recognizing the rôle of the lobbyist but in the deception which was practiced upon his colleagues in the Committee. The objection, in other words, was to the furtiveness rather than to the substance. For everybody knew that the Connecticut Manufacturers were not the only special interest engaged in lobbying on the tariff.

As the Committee persevered with its investigation the premises of public opinion showed a radical alteration. The Committee seemed to take the position that any man who expressed an opinion on legislation was a lobbyist. There was a swift reaction. They began to argue that if attempting to influence the making of laws was lobbying, then lobbying was only a modern, concrete application of the ancient right of petition and free speech. Along the Atlantic seaboard the revulsion of popular feeling was so extreme that when the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed Joseph R. Grundy, the archlobbyist of them all, as a Senator, there was a dim sense in the community that clouds of cant had been dispelled. A great state had declared that lobbying was entitled to respect. Mr. Grundy, through what I conceive to be no particular merit of his own, cashed in on this change of opinion and, like a man made suddenly rich by the death of a wealthy uncle in Australia, is enjoying at the moment the unearned increment of popularity.

It will be worth even the price of Mr. Grundy's temporary beatification if the American public is awakened to a realistic view of lobbying. For in any realistic view of government in the modern state, of the nature of public opinion, and of the processes of lawmaking, it is beyond dispute that lobbying is an essential part of representative government. The legislator elected by pluralities in geographical districts cannot genuinely represent the activities of the nation as a going concern. For the real activities of the nation cannot be expressed by the casting of a ballot at a particular place. The citizen of a modern state is not merely a resident of his district. He is a participant in all sorts of political, social and economic work, and in each of his participations, he needs to be represented before the lawmaking body. Dr. E. P. Herring of Harvard in his admirable book on "Group Representation Before Congress" has found the Washington addresses of five hundred and thirty associations which make it their business to represent particular opinions and interests at the seat of the national government. A large proportion of these are no doubt inconsequential. Many of them are silly. Many of them exist to create jobs for executive secretaries. But there are at least a hundred and fifty which represent powerful economic interests and important cultural or moral purposes. It would be idle to pretend that a phenomenon of this magnitude is the mere invention of designing men. These lobbies are paid for by great masses of people. There can be no doubt that they minister to a genuine need.

■ A study of the actual work of Congress is perhaps the best way of arriving at a clear idea of what this need is. Mr. Frederick H. Beutel in a recent paper for the Southern California Law Review has supplied the necessary material. He has made a comparison between the work done at the 69th Congress, which sat from December 1925 to March 1927, and the 19th Congress, which sat exactly a hundred years earlier. The 69th Congress had almost exactly twice as many members as the 19th, but it represented more than ten times as many people. The earlier Congress had 641 bills laid before it; the later had 23,405. The earlier Congress was presented with 718 reports, the later with 2,319. The earlier Congresses passed 149 public and 116 private bills; the later one passed 808 public bills and 6,062 private ones. The earlier Congress acted on an average of less than 2 bills a day; the later on more than 30 a day.

But these figures merely indicate, they do

not fully reveal the bewildering complexity of the national life with which Congress is now called upon to deal. Mr. Beutel points out that in 1825 the documents laid before Congress dealing with the financing of the government filled thirty-one printed pages, whereas in 1925 the Budget Report, covering the same field, filled an enormous volume of fourteen hundred and sixty-eight pages. But even that is no full measure of the complexity of modern government. Since 1825 there has been an industrial revolution, and whereas in 1825 an educated man could pretend to know a good deal about all the main branches of national activity, today almost every subject before Congress, from the making of a tariff, through the regulation of railroads, to the control of narcotics, has become so technical that only specialists really understand it.

Recognizing these facts, some theorists have proposed to abolish the territorial legislature as obsolete and to substitute for it "functional representation" of groups. The Fascists and the Communists are both experimenting with the idea, and there are experiments elsewhere. I am inclined to think that the American people has unconsciously hit upon a plan which may work out so as to combine the advantages of territorial with functional representation. The plan is in accordance with the American genius, some would say the American mania, for organization. In any event, the plan would seem to be more suitable to America, where people organize quickly and naturally, than to countries like Russia or Italy, where voluntary organization is not habitual.

The American plan, as I see its possible development, would be based on a fresh recognition of a principle which Madison laid down in the Federalist (No. 10) when he asked: "For what are many of the most important acts of legislation, but *so many judicial determinations*, not indeed concerning the rights of single persons, but concerning the rights of large bodies of citizens?" The more one studies the actual work of the committees which frame laws, the more evident it becomes that the real business of the conscientious legislator today is to reach a judicial determination as between the conflicting views presented by lobbyists in the committee room. The reality of the process is obscured and confused by the fact that the legislator is so often both judge and advocate.

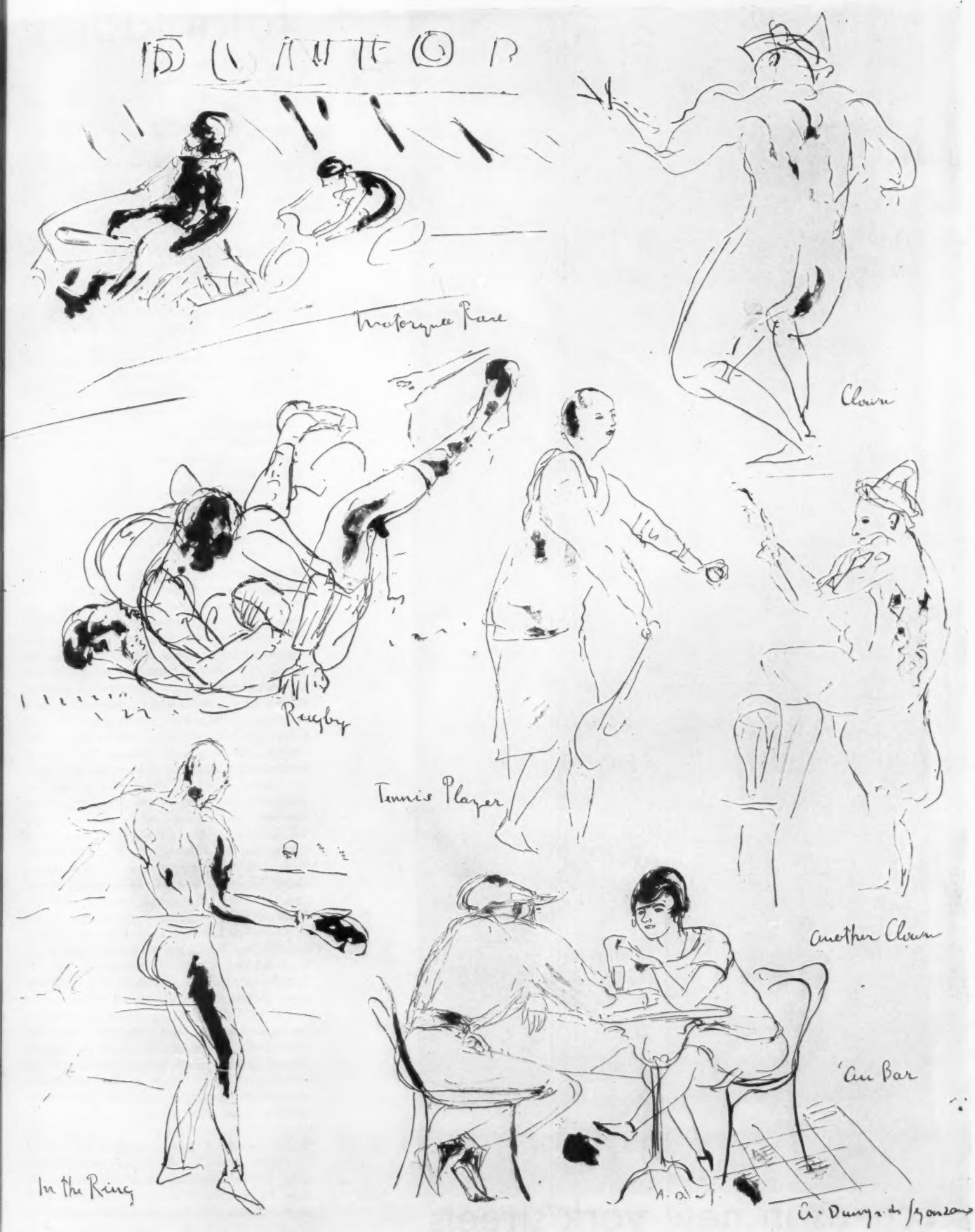
But if public opinion could be brought to recognize lobbying as reputable, if the representation of interests through lobbies could be legitimatized, if it were clearly understood that all the special interests concerned would be heard, ought to be heard, then the time would have come to insist that the legislator shall think of himself primarily as acting in a semi-judicial capacity. I have no illusions as to the difficulty which such a change in habit of mind involves. But it is useful in these matters to have a clear theory as to the direction in which popular government ought to travel. My theory is that the function of advocacy ought to be transferred to the lobby, to the lobby openly recognized, treated respectfully, and made to operate under a well-understood procedure. By this means we could obtain all the real advantages of so-called "functional representation". With the transfer of advocacy to the lobby, the territorial legislature would become a semi-judicial body in the presence of the lobby, for accommodating sectional, class, and occupational interests.

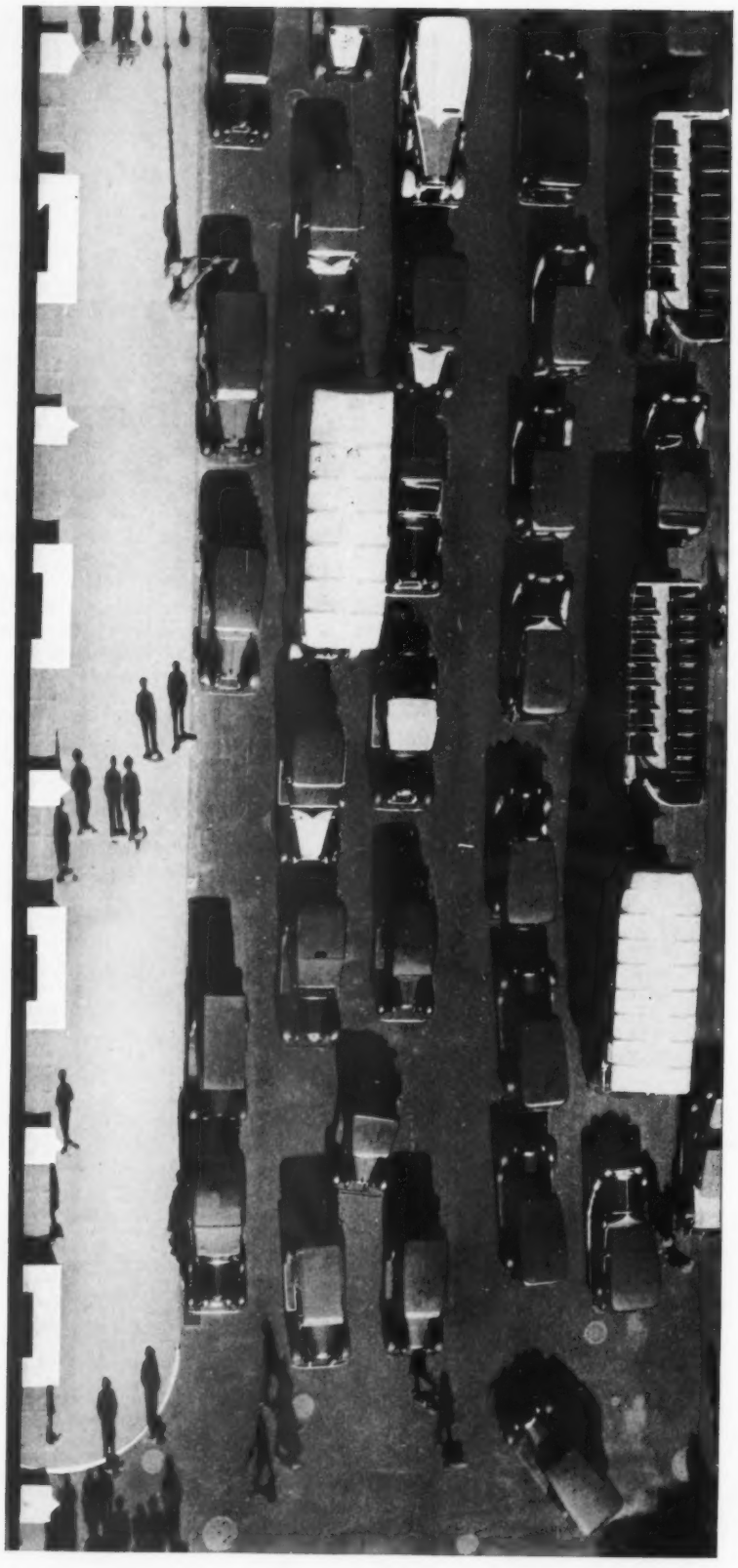
It seems to me that some such course of evolution as this is indicated, and I have more faith in its possibilities for America than I have in devices like the Russian or Italian, which attempt to ignore the values of a hundred years in the practice of territorial representation. The lobby in America is a natural growth, often perverted, to be sure, but plainly rooted in the experience of the nation. Its worst perversions, apart from those to which any human institution is subject, arise out of the failure to recognize its significance and the mistaken effort to outlaw it. Outlawry encourages the practices of the outlaw. By stamping the lobbyist as an anti-social person, the trade of the lobbyist has been made furtive. It has been made an occupation for adventurers. But once the public recognizes lobbying as an honorable calling the whole character of the business will begin to change. In fact, it has already begun to change, and there is already a class of lobbyists whose activities will stand comparison with those of the ordinary legislator they approach.

Greater improvement will follow swiftly as soon as the American public acquires the habit of using the word lobbying, not to convey blame, but as a dull neutral word signifying a necessary adjunct to government.

in sporting circles

figures from arena and ring sketched by andré dunoyer de segonzac, eminent french painter


Victorine Rare
Clown
Rugby
Tennis Player
Another Clown
In the Ring
'Au Bar
A. Dunoyer de Segonzac



MORNING: TRAFFIC GOING DOWNTOWN ON FIFTH AVENUE

scenes in new york streets

fatal ladies

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

intoning a peculiarly 1930 jeremiad against several varieties of vampire—modern style

● Fiction is full of vampires. They flit balefully through the pages of countless novels and their thirsty mouths smile, in gigantic close-ups, from the screens of a million picture palaces. They suck the blood of the aged rich, they lead even the pure-hearted young hero astray, they inflict untold suffering on the blue-eyed heroine, on Mother, on silver-haired Granny. In a word, they are thoroughly Bad Women and the creators of fiction lose no opportunity of making their badness manifest.

In their moral fervour, however, the creators of fiction generally sacrifice artistic verisimilitude and truth to life. For they so blacken the characters of their villainesses and vampires that it is impossible to feel anything for these dangerous creatures but an intense repulsion. But it is not, after all, by repelling people that one can become a successful vampire. A vampire must be attractive. Indeed, the vampire may be defined as an excessively attractive woman who uses her attractiveness to achieve her own ends. Attractiveness is the capital with which she sets up her industry, is the engine with which she makes the wheels go round. We find, therefore, in real life, that the great and successful vampires are the most enchanting creatures. The sinister villainesses of the novel and the film seldom go far in their career. They may catch a few boys, a few perverse or imbecile seniors; but they seldom rise to that exalted sphere where the great historic vampires have their home. Look at a portrait, for example, of Lola Montez. The face is the sweetest, the most enchantingly ingenuous, the most deliciously high spirited that can be imagined. Ninon de Lenclos was wholly adorable. Nell Gwyn was a pet. Personal experience confirms the verdict of history. Of all the large-scale and successful vampires I have ever known most have been irresistibly charming. The obviously sinister Bad Woman of fiction and the films is a type I have only come across in the ranks of the second-rate vampires. Their sinisterness makes them unsuccessful.

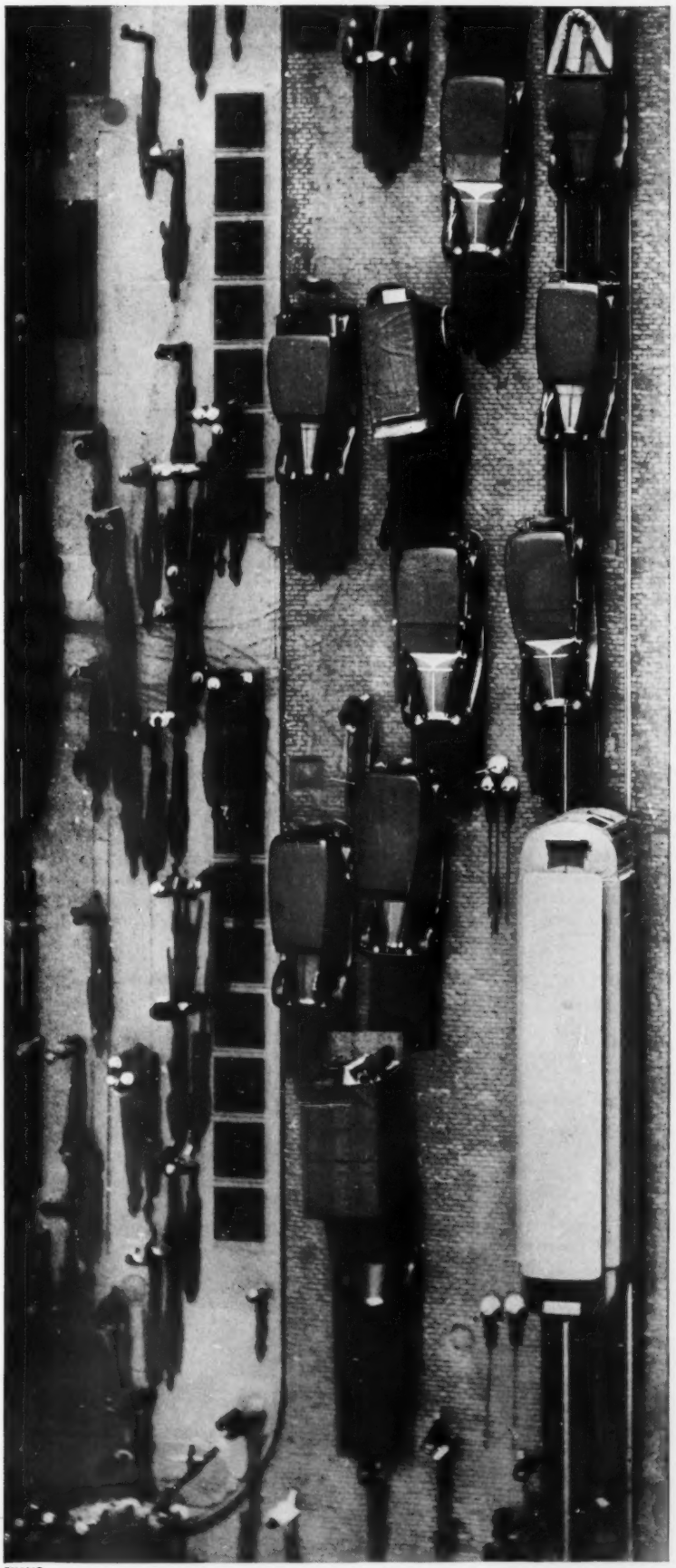
● The goal of the vampire—like that of every other human being—is self-assertion; self-assertion either by the direct exercise of power over a lover, or in the enjoyment of pleasure and the indulgence in excitements, or else, indirectly, by the amassing of money

and its use or display. Many vampires are not mercenary, either because they have no need of money or because they are not avaricious by nature. These assert themselves (as of course do the mercenary ones also) in the first two ways, by using their charm to make slaves and victims and by compelling their slaves and victims to provide them with an uninterrupted succession of stimulating emotions.

For adventuresses of this kind I have always had, I confess, a certain weakness; and if it were not for the fact that I have a still greater weakness for reading and writing books, for family life in the country and meditations about the cosmos, I might very easily have become one of their victims. For if there are natural vampires, there are also natural vampirees, and to this class a part of my being undoubtedly belongs. I love the good old-fashioned adventuress, not only for her own enchanting self, but also because she is so magnificently in the tradition (the great tradition of Helen and Cleopatra, of Diane de Poitiers and Lady Hamilton), so encrusted with historical associations, so classical. She is like holly and plum pudding, or the Parthenon by moonlight, or Tut-ank-Amen's mummy, or jokes about mothers-in-law—hallowed. In her presence I feel, among other emotions, what Wordsworth describes as "natural piety." She makes me want to lay a wreath on her, as though she were Shakespeare's tomb or the brass plate where Nelson fell.

• But there is another class of adventuress, another species of vampire, for whom my feelings are very different. I refer to those abandoned creatures whom I may be permitted to call vampires of the soul, or spiritual adventuresses. These I detest, these I utterly reprobate. They inspire me with a high moral indignation—perhaps, as is usual with high moral indignations, because I am rather afraid of them. With the old-fashioned adventuress one knows exactly where one stands. There she is—out for power, for money, for a good time, for every form of physical and emotional excitement. It is all entirely aboveboard and obvious. But with the spiritual vampire nothing is obvious; on the contrary everything is most horribly turbid and obscure and slimy. For the horror of the spiritual vampire is that she doesn't want money, or the ordinary excitements, or the commonplace good time. She wants Higher Things; she's out to assert herself on the Higher Planes. The old-fashioned adventuress feels happy if she has large pearls and a large automobile. But the spiritual vamp is only satisfied if she can persuade herself that she has a large soul and a large intellect—not to mention high ideals and a wide culture, and deep thoughts.

The appointed victims of the spiritual adventuresses, their ordained and predestined vampirees, are not the rich in cash, but the rich in mind—or at any rate, those who believe or can be persuaded that they are rich in mind. For in order to get their famous Higher Things, in order to assert themselves on the Higher Plane, they must get hold of a Higher Person, or somebody who passes as a Higher Person. So they attach themselves like leaches to the highest specimen they can find. Contact with the Higher Person makes them feel agreeably high *(Continued on page 98)*



ZILLIAC

DUSK. TRAFFIC UPWARD BOUND ON SEVENTH AVENUE

a passionate pilgrim to the

BY LOUIS GOLDING

a contemplative author lingers reflectively to admire the colour of life in southern europe

● Here follows the tale of my recent pilgrimage to the Southern sun. I had for too many months been treading the pavements of great cities—New York and London and Paris; I had heard the same themes debated, the same saxophones blaring forth the ineluctable strains of the *Broadway Melody*. Imagine, then, with what rapture I looked out one morning lately through the windows of my small inn upon the burning blue of the Mediterranean. In the garden below, bougainvillea foamed like a cataract. Three black cypresses stood further away against the sky's disk. There was a noise of people laughing, singing, talking; their gesticulations made a wind in the air. Oh, everybody was dreadfully busy being alive. In the great cities whence I had come (it seemed to me as I looked back on them) people were just interested in not being dead.

Oh yes, New York and Paris had been feverish enough. I don't mean merely with the sky-signs that raddled the heavens. But it was all a fever of the nerves or the brain. Here, however, in the South, it was a divine fever of the blood.

In Paris, whence I had most recently come, they had been discussing with great erudition, and violent arguings for and against, whether the art of French cooking was in a state of decadence. Had the *canard aux olives* become decrepit, men anxiously asked each other. Women wrung their hands and asked what had happened to the traditions of *sole au vin blanc* and what of the formula of *oeufs à la béchamel?* Had it declined from the august standard set by their grandmothers?

But down there in the South they were not talking about these things. They were eating them. They were eating them loudly, ceremonially, sacredly. Most particularly the amazing fish-stew called *bouillabaisse*. I met a fisherman in the train who bore the ingredients with him in a kit-bag with a portrait of his sweetheart and his mother's tombstone painted on it. Half its bulk consisted of that sinister shell-fish called the sea-urchin. Deftly the fisherman slit it open and allowed an ooze of weed to issue from it. Then I was requested to eat a pale, pink tinny substance that still adhered. Then I saw deeper into the recesses of that nefarious stew; I blanched with horror. Must I partake of these also? Squirming polypods, oleaginous ocean-eels, limpets, starfish? Oh but wait till a housewife of Marseilles boils them all into *bouillabaisse* for you. You will think New York, London, Paris but dim places, and have your doubts of heaven...

● That evening I wandered among the mysterious by-ways of Marseilles. Now I chanced into a bar where lusty peasants, who had brought in artichokes and cheeses from the country, were dancing to the strains of a hurdy-gurdy. Among that welter of rolling knees and dizzy shoulders I recalled the polite manipulations of ball-rooms on Piccadilly and Park Avenue, and was not certain that so far as the joy of life went the peasants had the worst of it. Then I found a shadowy place where Africans and Asiatics were prone in a stupor of fiery liquor, or were crouched over little tables with coins and counters and cards. As you heard the tones of the leader chanting the successive numbers, it was all so full of awe and incantation that you might have thought yourself assisting at some black rite in an infamous temple in Ethiopia. And when, before a day or two had passed, I found myself in the glare and glitter of the Riviera casinos, I found myself wondering whether those crystal temples were not more infamous than these obscure hovels of Marseilles, and whether their high priests were not even more terrible.

I suppose the haughty cities of Cannes, Nice and Mentone only condescend to offer their secrets to you if you come purring outside their luxurious hotels in a padded limousine. Perhaps you must bear credentials from a millionaire or two and an odd duchess. They extended no rapturous welcome to my own poor knapsack and walking-stick. It is not the Southern Sea you catch sight of here, but a landscape groaning with gilded tombs. If it is good red blood in action you desire to contemplate, let me recommend the great annual *foire* on the *Boulevard de la Bastille* or Coney Island. Of course, there is the hectic excitement of the vast cosmopolitan casinos. So you think until you enter them. There is so deadening a monotony about losing to the bank that you begin to think dominoes more vicious than *boule* and *baccarat*, and Mah Jongg indecently exciting. And how you come to hate those long lean gentlemen who stand at the tables dragging the money in with long lean rakes. How bored they, too, must be, poor fellows!

For my own part I entered the Casino on the Jetty at Nice with an absolutely infallible system—quite absolutely infallible! So the nice kind gentleman informed me in the café on the Cannebière in Marseilles. I gave him ten *francs* for his infallible system and thought it ludicrously little to pay for a certain fortune of many thousands a year and a

WIRE-WALKER: A LITHOGRAPH BY KUNIYOSHI, THE JAPANESE-AMERICAN ARTIST

southern sun

château. Ah well! I should some time like to meet that nice kind gentleman!

Monte Carlo was even more depressing than Nice. I had lost my interest in infallible systems, but at all events I should be regaled with a few suicides, should I not? I was hardly hoping that the revolvers would be going off all day like ginger-beer bottles at a teetotal party. But at all events one had every right to expect to see a bankrupt swinging himself from a lamp-post now and again. Nothing of the sort happened. Everybody clung to life with a dull tenacity.

• No, these sequined sirens of the French Riviera had it not in them to hold me up long on my pilgrimage to the Southern Sun. Enthusiastically I made my way towards Ventimiglia, the frontier town. And so exuberant, so overwhelming is the Italian spirit, that at Ventimiglia on the fringe you might think yourself at Gubbio, in the very heart of Italy. There was something Italian in the very clang of the bells in the steeples, in the colour of the whitewash, yea, in the very odour of the garlic which floated winsomely in the market-place through the curtains of macaroni and among the cascades of clematis. In the café there, that looks down upon the white road advancing across Italy, I sacredly sipped a glass of the liqueur called "Strega", or "Witch". And what witch in the world has lures so potent as Italy, and calls you more irresistibly? Where else than in Italy would a bent greybeard, whose nose meets his chin, shuffle into a café among those enormous tuns of wine, and taking a violin from its case more tenderly than a frail child, produce such sounds from it as would not shame Paganini? Where else would a casual youth, a labourer sipping his glass of dusky wine, suddenly burst into song to accompany the violin—in a voice as full of light and shade as a prima donna's, yet effortless as a skylark's? But I ask you something more. Where else than here, in an Italian market-place, would dark girls—lovely as any court lady in Titian or Tintoretto—be selling flowers by weight? Selling flowers *by weight*, I repeat, as if they were potatoes? Oh not, oh certainly not, in the little florists' establishments under the elevated Railway on Sixth Avenue!

Hence to Genoa I continued on my pilgrimage. There was some sort of festival on when I arrived, but I could not make out if it was religious or political, because in Italy they celebrate them with equal fervour. Banners flapped in a narrow alley over my head, where once, no doubt, the infant Columbus walked and looked down between the high buildings to a shimmering strip of sea and felt that his fate lay there. Chinese lamps came out and fluttered like fire-flies, and great naptha-flares chuckled over the (*Continued on page 96*)

TWO ACROBATS

lithographs by kuniyoshi

• The two lithographs reproduced here are the work of the Japanese-American artist, Kuniyoshi, whose personal history is in some degree a definition of his art. As a boy in Japan he became absorbedly curious about the people and the civilization of the West. At sixteen he arrived in America and in 1925 in Paris, where, on his second visit in 1928 at the age of 38, the series of lithographs of which these two are a part was completed. His racial virtuosity has maintained his love of texture but it has not led him to mimic Western art, except insofar as it is of value to him. His very subjects, avowedly Occidental types, assume the small muscular bodies and enlarged heads of the Japanese. His criticism is simple, child-like and extra-traditional. What native eyes have seen for too long to see any longer, he paints; and thus much of his work has falsely been called caricature. Working in oils, black-and-whites in India ink, and lithographs, he has done series of bathing beauties, children and cows, but his most familiar works are his elaborate still-lifes. Kuniyoshi's work has been included in the first American group exhibition in the new Museum of Modern Art

STEICHEN

vladimir horowitz

the talented russian, most widely acclaimed of the new generation of musicians, is giving seventy-five american concerts this season

• Horowitz has played under Monteux, Molinari, Furtwaengler, Karl Muck, Stokowski, Koussevitzski, Mengelberg, Reiner, Sokoloff. St. Petersburg audiences crowded to hear him during the starvation days of 1922, and both Europe and America have shown unprecedented enthusiasm over the nervous, tempestuous virtuosity of this twenty-five year old pianist

on telling the truth

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

a not too stern moralist discovers the beauty of accuracy, and that lying, and not the truth, is dull

■ It is curious how much one despises and condemns the vices which one does not happen to possess. I am indeed a lenient man, nor would I permit myself to become intolerant of those failings which I share with others. But, having no particular temptation to be untruthful, I find myself contending, in a loud and self-complacent voice, that when one comes to think of it, truth is the major virtue and lying the most reprehensible of all the vices. And yet, for one must at all costs be honest, I am not really very certain about all this. In fact, I am certain about few things in this life. I am certain of nothing. I am uncertain. It is from active uncertainty that I draw such passionate interest from this little coloured globe, spinning through distances which I cannot fathom, and for purposes which I do not hope to understand. For relativity has shaped our minds,—and until the younger generation emerge with new certainties of their own, we war-shocked harridans must continue to mumble qualifications: continue to analyse and disintegrate: continue to pick at things, and choose.

I should like, therefore, to get my mind a little clearer on the truth question. I flatter myself, as I have said, on being a truthful man: a very truthful man: a man who when he tells a lie, is careful not to forget that he has done so, and who takes infinite precautions to prevent his being found out. This, in the end, is the only test by which you can distinguish the liar from the man of truth. The latter is bothered by untruthfulness, is worried and anxious, and takes precautionary steps to buttress and protect his lapse from veracity. The real liar however is merely amused: he doesn't mind in the least even if he is subsequently exposed: he plays lovingly with his lies as a lady with the strands of her embroidery; he regards the truthful man as somewhat of a fool.

But this, surely, (I like beginning a sentence with "But" as it annoys the school masters) —but this surely is one of the many false representations with which the real liar will endeavour to idealise his failing? It may be inevitable and even just to tell lies, but it cannot seriously be contended that such habits are intelligent? A lie is always an act of mental cowardice, whereas intelligence is brave. And yet there was Bismarck, and yet there was Napoleon,—surely intelligent men, and surely liars. The problem, therefore is not so simple, as it seems.

In the old days, before, that is, we had become so incessantly bothered by the unconscious, it was possible, more or less, to define what was a lie and what was not a lie. A lie was a statement made deliberately for the purpose of deception. It could take three forms. Either it was a deliberate mis-statement, a conscious perversion of the truth. Or else it was an indirect mis-statement, which, though correct in the letter was incorrect in the spirit in that the impression conveyed was essentially false. Or else it was a suppression of the whole truth,—a form of deception practised by biographers, politicians and all those who wish their own point of view upon an ignorant and possibly indifferent world. It was simple enough, in those old days, to define with approximate accuracy when a given statement ceased to become the truth and became a lie. The essential test was whether the perpetrator of a false statement knew that he was saying something false, and consciously wished his audience to accept, and to remain under, this false impression. The test, therefore, was "conscious intention". Can we apply such a test today? Are we not at once brought up dead in front of the iron railings which lead to the vast and fog-bound park of the unconscious? And if we assume not merely the conscious but also the unconscious desire to deceive, is there any man, George Washington even, who could withstand the test? For life in civilised communities is a process of adjusting the personal to the social, of conforming the individual impressions to the joint impressions of the herd. This process of adjustment leads inevitably and rightly to a certain unconscious deception. Absolute truth, whether unconscious or even conscious, is thus impossible. It is to relative truth only that we can hope to aspire.

■ This reservation is comforting and important. It allows one a little latitude within the strict limits of veracity. It would be distressing, for instance, if it were considered recommendable to disclose to the world the full ugliness of one's thoughts or desires. A certain reserve, a certain discretion, even a certain secrecy is permissible and indeed desirable. Nor need one necessarily suppose that in hiding the more bestial sides of one's character one is behaving with duplicity. It is possible that a man's remorse for his actions is a sincerer thing than the weakness which led him to succumb to a given temptation; it is possible that what one would like to be is more oneself than what one actually is. Mr. Gladstone, possibly, was not the model of virtue which he appeared; and yet Mr. Gladstone's attempts at rectitude, which were frequently successful, were probably more revelatory of the man himself than any disclosures of his compromises, his half-truths and his momentary *(Continued on page 94)*

a common sense

SUICIDE BY MEANS OF ROLLING

BY COREY FORD

an optimistic preface to a forthcoming handbook on twenty-one means of ending it all

BY MEANS OF APPLIED PRESSURE

BY MEANS OF BURIAL ALIVE

• EDITOR'S NOTE: On this page *Vanity Fair* is privileged to reproduce for the first time several graphic illustrations from a forthcoming brochure by M. Bruller entitled *Twenty-One Ways of Committing Suicide*, which endeavors to interpret a few of the simpler methods of self-destruction for the novice. In an accompanying preface, which is reprinted here, Mr. Corey Ford seizes the opportunity to inaugurate a national campaign to put Suicide on a sound common-sense basis. This attractive book will be issued by Covici-Friede, appropriately enough, on Saint Valentine's Day.

• I have been thinking over the whole subject of Suicide lately—ever since the Wall Street Crash, in fact—and personally I have come to the conclusion that most people have the wrong idea of it entirely. Say "Suicide" to most people and they will wrinkle their noses and go "Ugh!" and assume an expression of acute disgust, as though you had just told them you were an uncle-lover or put maple-syrup on your poached eggs. As far as they are concerned, a Suicide in the family is like discovering that their grandfather is the illegitimate son of Benedict Arnold.

I think this is too bad. I think such a prejudice is distinctly unfair. I am not naturally bloodthirsty or cruel; I give lumps of sugar to truck-horses, and frequently help old ladies or children across the street (this is the best gag for getting through the traffic myself that I have discovered yet); but still I feel that there is a lot to be said for Suicides. The idea, I am convinced, is basically sound.

The whole trouble with Suicides today, as I see it, is that they are usually committed by the wrong people. It is not the Suicide that is at fault; it is the person who attempts it. The obvious candidate for self-destruction will cling on to life with tooth and nail, while the person who actually removes himself will prove invariably, according to the press, to be the conscientious and hard-working father of seven starving children. Naturally in the course of years this has built up an almost fanatical prejudice against the whole subject in the minds of our thinking people, which is not only biased and unjust, but which has succeeded up to now in obscuring an excellent working suggestion for the improvement of society at large.

For example, I have known some perfectly dandy Suicides, Suicides who were simply cut out by Nature to be Suicides, ideal Suicides, Suicides who, the moment I first glimpsed their bright vapid smile, or felt their hearty slap upon my back, or heard them play three notes upon the piccolo, would make me clasp my hands ecstatically and murmur: "*There* goes the perfect Suicide, so help me! So help me!" And yet in every case these logical selections for self-destruction, far from being proud of their God-given qualifications for the perfect Suicide, have proved the very first to resent any implication whatsoever of their vast natural fitness for such a destiny. I was talking over this curious fact only yesterday with a friend named Reepers. "Reepers," I said, "you are a pretty undesirable sort of person, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Reepers.

"You play practical jokes over the telephone. You wear bow-ties that snap. You peel your sunburn in public. You kiss babies. You still use the expression 'Let's make whoopee!' You unfold the extra seat in a taxicab so that you bang the person behind you on the shins. You crush out your cigarette-stub on a plate with butter on it."

"I admit it," said Reepers.

"In other words," I pointed out, "you are a pest, a nuisance and an unmitigated bore, you clutter up the house, and the world would be a whole lot better off if this distinctly unpleasant personality of yours were removed from our midst. Am I right?"

• "You're right, old man," said Reepers, shaking my hand. "You're perfectly right."

"In that case," I said cheerfully, "I have here an attractive handbook entitled 'Twenty-One Practical Methods of Committing Suicide', which suggests a number of attractive methods of self-destruction for a novice like yourself. I should particularly recommend for your perusal Chapter Seven, which describes suicide by means of precipitation from an elevated site—"

By way of answer Reepers drew himself up to his full height and glared at me indignantly.

"If you are suggesting that I take my own life," he said coldly, "I consider that an insult." And with that he turned on his heel and left the room, and has not spoken to me since.

And it is this unfortunate attitude of Reepers which has brought Suicide into general disrepute today. Such prudishness is to be deplored. It should be obvious to anyone, except Reepers, that his removal by his own hands serves merely to spare someone else the trouble. If the man who practices upon the cornet by an open window every morning at six-thirty would devote the same amount

appeal for better suicides

of effort and study to some practical laboratory experiments with the subject of Suicide, it would doubtless save his neighbor the necessity of terminating his career involuntarily with a sawed-off shotgun. In other words, if there were better and wiser Suicides, there would be fewer Murders, our crime wave would subside, our police-courts would be emptied, and our jails could be devoted henceforth to charitable enterprises like Dog-Shows or Church Bazaars. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to revive this ancient Art, and put our Suicides henceforth on a sound, common-sense basis.

In this patriotic emergency, therefore, I am particularly encouraged to note the appearance of this admirable brochure by M. Bruller, the French satiric artist. I have suspected for a long time that a lack of exact knowledge on the subject was the cause of much of the bungling and messy attempts at self-destruction which we encounter today; and I hope that this little volume, with its graphic illustrations, carefully scientific text, and copious notes, will achieve the widest possible circulation. And so I am offering in conclusion the following Suicide Test for those who suspect they have suicide possibilities, and contemplate turning the information in this volume to practical use.

• For some time the number of Unfortunate Suicides, or self-destruction from insufficient and unworthy causes, has far exceeded the total of Fortunate Suicides, or self-destruction from logical causes that could not fail to satisfy everybody. Bad debts, bankruptcy or business reverses have terminated many a blooming career; dishonour and disgrace have exacted their heavy tolls; and the shelves of literature, not to mention the tabloids, have been filled from time immemorial with examples of disappointed persons who Died for Love. I do not need to point out that these Unfortunate Suicides are a prostitution of a noble Art. Brokers who leap out of windows, or ladies who slit their wrists because of a thwarted passion, are only discrediting, for purely selfish motives, the greatest natural means of elimination for the relief of society since the invention of the fig.

It is my belief that this confusion of Causes may be due to the fact that people who possess some ideal qualification for Suicide, like people with sex-appeal, a genius for poetry, or bad table manners, are seldom aware that they have it. With this possibility in mind, therefore, I am suggesting below a series of test questions, by which the prospective candidate may determine conclusively whether or not he is a Natural Suicide. If he is able to answer any one of these questions in the affirmative, then he may rest assured that there is a social obligation upon him to make away with himself by violence, as soon as possible. In order to assist this novice even further, I have indicated in each case the particular chapter and form of self-destruction, as described in M. Bruller's handbook, which would seem most admirably suited to his particular situation:

1. Have you ever posed for an advertising testimonial endorsing cold cream, cigarettes, yeast or a sweater? *(Chap. VI: Suicide by Means of Hanging.)*

2. Do you like (a) bread pudding, (b) junket, (c) spinach? *(Chap. XVIII: Suicide by Means of Burial Alive.)*

• 3. Are you accustomed to pasting up your luggage with gaily-coloured stickers of the hotels which you have visited in Europe? *(Chap. VIII: Suicide by Means of Poison.)*

4. Do you carry an umbrella in a crowd, thus neatly gouging out the eye of the person behind you, dripping water down the coat-collar of the person in front of you, or (if the umbrella is folded under your arm) catching the tip in the trouser cuff of the person beside you and tripping him up? *(Chap. XIV: Suicide by Means of Explosion.)*

5. Are you one of those girls who wear khaki bloomers and high French heels and hike along the Palisades on Sunday afternoons? *(Chap. II: Suicide by Means of Prolonged Total Immersion.)*

6. Do you wear one glove and carry the other? *(Chap. XI: Suicide by Means of Applied Pressure.)*

7. Do you take your unfinished cocktail in with you to dinner? *(Chap. XX: Suicide by Means of a Deficiency of Alimentation.)*

8. Do you entertain your guests with home-made movies of Junior taking a bath, Junior asleep with Mopsie, Junior laughing, or Junior growing bored and crawling out of the film entirely? *(Chap. I: Suicide by Means of Blowing Out the Brains.)*

9. Do you use asparagus tongs? *(Chap. IV: Suicide by Means of Carbon Asphyxiation.)*

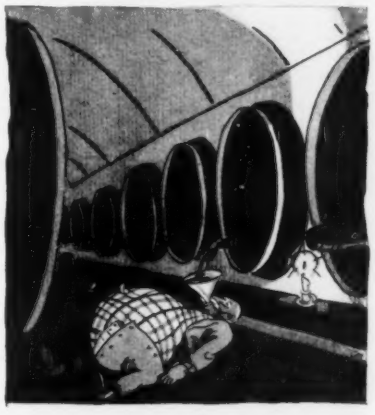
10. Do you paste pictures of diving girls, cotton monkeys, or college pennants in the rear window of your automobile? *(Chap. IX: Suicide by Means of Arterial Section.)*

11. Do you wear a little feather in your hatband? *(Chap. XIX: Suicide by Means of Voluntary Contagion.)*

12. Are you (a) Bishop Cannon, (b) Mrs. Gann, (c) Senator Borah, (d) Rudy Vallée, (e) Henry Ford, (f) a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Daughters of the American Revolution, or the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals? *(Chap. XVII: Suicide by Means of Rolling.)*

In other words, I am convinced that if all the ideal Suicides were to follow M. Bruller's practical suggestions and remove themselves voluntarily, not only would the world be a better place to live in but there would be practically no circulation for this entertaining little book. I know that I for one would never be here to write the preface to the brochure. I don't know about M. Bruller.

BY MEANS OF PROLONGED TOTAL IMMERSION



BY MEANS OF HYDRAULIC EXCESS

BY MEANS OF ANIMAL ABSORPTION

BY MEANS OF EXCESSIVE LONGEVITY

STEICHEN

mary ellis

in the comedy, "children of darkness", the rôle of the gaoler's wench is played by this spirited actress

the silent mrs. noyes

BY FARADAY KEENE

the initial on a lady's luggage proves, in the course of events, to be a slightly scarlet letter

■ Juliette was a *bonne-à-tout-faire* of an unpromising aspect and a no longer uncertain age. But her aspect was redeemed by her prompt and perfect service, her good cooking, and the cheerful flash of her seven remaining teeth.

"*Monsieur* must kindly prepare himself for the one defect of Juliette," the *concierge* had warned the new tenant in advance. "She has not the appearance of intelligence." And she was undoubtedly the stupidest-looking *bonne* in Paris. Still, Juliette's stupidity, though enormous, had limits. The American gentleman was destined to find this out.

He engaged her on a day in June. "She resembles," he wrote to his most important correspondent, arriving on the *Ile de France*, "a cow . . . no, an ox . . . in the act of recalling . . . no, in the act of vainly struggling to recall a wasted life. But the *concierge* says she can cook."

Juliette's first sight of her new employer had been when the *concierge* took her upstairs for inspection. The apartment just taken by the American gentleman was that of the *troisième*. He was standing in the middle of the salon. He had long straight legs and a high tawny head and eyes of a volcanic blue; you might have taken him for a poet instead of a rising young banker of Manhattan Island, if his handsome skull had had a shade more width through the temples, and his handsome mouth had been less hard.

■ The negotiations were satisfactory, though brief. Juliette's engagement would be short, but the wages were high. *Monsieur* would inhabit the apartment for a month only; *Madame*, now on her way to join her husband in Paris, would shortly disembark from the *Ile de France*. Juliette, expressing the hope that the French of *Madame* would be of an equal perfection with that of *Monsieur*, was informed that the French of *Madame* was of a perfection not to be described. And in fact both of Juliette's new employers spoke very good French indeed. She had cause to congratulate herself a number of times, in the next few days, that these were not the sort of Americans whose idea of speaking French was "Es-ker?" and a waving of hands.

Monsieur had engaged her, and had gone out to lunch, leaving her to direct the destinies of the apartment, his luggage, and five hundred francs. He had had but the briefest of instructions to give her, and these he gave slowly and carefully. "A lady . . . my sister-in-law, who should be just arriving in Paris . . . may call in my absence to ask for Mrs. Lorimer." (The name of the American gentleman was Lorimer). "Tell her that I say her sister will be here tomorrow, and will want to know her hotel." He added as if it were an afterthought, "She will leave some bags."

"Bags, *Monsieur?*"

"Valises, small trunks . . . I don't know just what. But empty. Empty valises and things. They are for *Madame*."

"*C'est entendu, Monsieur. Articles de voyage* for *Madame*. All new."

"But no! They will be old ones. Very old. They belong to Mrs. Lorimer . . . to *Madame*. She has had them a long time." His manner made it clear that Juliette was of a stupidity without parallel. "They will all be old articles, much used, and marked . . . of course . . . with an L." He added irritably, as if Juliette ought to have known, "The lady's name will be Noyes," and vanished down the stairs.

Irritability of that impersonal sort meant nothing to Juliette. It was one of the attributes of a *Monsieur*. A gentleman became irritated for causes unknown, and having allowed himself expression of it, afterwards gave the *bonne* a number of francs. These were matters that arranged themselves. Going happily forth to market with her basket on her arm, to buy artichokes, and a plump fowl, and flowers for the chamber of *Madame*, and looking even more stupid than usual, (for as everyone knows, it is a mistake to look clever when driving a bargain) Juliette had that sense of a pleasant financial margin that comes to one who has entered the service of a gentleman who is indisputably of the right kind.

■ And *Madame*, arriving, on the morrow, a little breathless but laughing, at the top of the stairs, helped by her husband's arm, was no less clearly a lady of the right kind. She was handsome, and looked sweet-tempered; she was very chic. She had . . . to the great surprise of Juliette . . . already a great many Vuitton sacs and boxes. But it appeared that these belonged to the invisible Mrs. Noyes, who so far had not called; there was a letter N on each of them to prove it. The absent lady, for some odd American reason of convenience, was using the travel-outfit of her sister, but was expected now to restore it, and take back her own. Meanwhile, the Vuitton boxes with the large N's on them, gave up very little of Mrs. Lorimer's wardrobe . . . just a small array, simple and perfect, for *Madame* was making a *petit ménage bourgeois*, and (except of course for the vainly expected sister) she and *Monsieur* would for the time receive no one. But no one, absolutely. This was entirely satisfactory to Juliette. Excellent wages, light work, tranquillity . . . and if she could manage to look unintelligent enough, perhaps no serious inquiry into her handling of the gentleman's francs.

The *concierge* learned from her that the American married pair were like lovers; it was a pleasure to see. And if Juliette had been a reader of Balzac, she might now have verified his saying that lovers, married or not, being always in a good humour, are the pleasantest employers in the world. It is true that Mr. Lorimer, to judge by his expression, sometimes passed an adverse judgment on her intelligence, but he did it with his big careless laugh, throwing back his head. He laughed at everything, and sounded very self-satisfied, which Juliette knew is always the best way for a gentleman to sound. On the whole, things went beautifully in the apartment of the *troisième* for three weeks.

■ Only one point was unsatisfactory . . . the strange continued non-appearance of Mrs. Noyes with the proper luggage of *Madame*. Sometimes Juliette wondered about it, moving tremendously about her kitchen and murmuring the name of the mysteriously absent one with a difficult enunciation that ended in a little rushing hiss on the last *s*. Foolish, she reflected, for *Monsieur* to go to all the pain of issuing instructions, for Juliette to go to all the pain of receiving them, about a lady who never came. But it did not seem gravely to affect the sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Noyes. They took the vagaries of this lady with calmness. The matter grew to be fairly a joke, which even included Juliette. Not the slowest-witted of handmaidens could have failed to notice that though *Madame* and her husband generally talked English, they always discussed this subject of the luggage in French.

"It's her own loss," *Madame* said one day to her husband, gaily. "Her things are handsomer than mine, I'm willing to keep them forever."

"That's all very well for you," he replied; "you're here with me in our own apartment, where it doesn't matter what name you have on your trunks . . ."

"What initial, you mean." She had a deprecatory blush as she corrected his mistake.

"What initial, then. You don't have to care what anyone thinks. But for Nancy . . . roving from one big resort-hotel to another, with a big red L for Lorimer on all her trunks! Isn't that a bit fishy for a lady registering as Nora Noyes?"

"Nancy Noyes, dear." This time there was a laugh with the blush.

"All right, Nancy Noyes. . . . Though as a matter of fact, it ought to be Mrs. Something-or-other Noyes, eh? We must think up a good . . ."

"*Darling!*" *Madame's* sweet startled voice going up in a little pretended shriek (the American idea of a joke *(Continued on page 100)*

THE ENTR'ACTE AT THE OPERA

• The box on the extreme left belongs, on odd Mondays, to Mrs. Van Rensselaer Dearing, but it is being occupied to-night by her cousin, Mrs. Mooney of Bronxville (the richly eyebrowed lady with the opera-glasses) to whom Mrs. Dearing has presented it for the evening. Mrs. Mooney has brought along Mrs. Gildog and Mrs. Traaf (on her left) who, as the curtain falls on the first act of AÏDA, are being awfully grateful to Mrs. Dearing for this lovely treat. Messrs. Gildog and Traaf (in the rear) are perhaps not quite so responsive to the lure of Music, Heavenly Maid, but they are inclined to be lenient with Mrs. Dearing on the whole, since they find this nook a cosy place to get together and discuss the future of the cornice and roofing business. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Dearing has been trying to give away her box all afternoon, and only succeeded in loading Mrs. Mooney up with it at six o'clock—by a very happy chance, since this task of getting someone else to sit in her box on opera nights is one of the things that have brought the silver to Mrs. Dearing's hair. She even had a Chinaman in it once.

MRS. GILDOG: Don't look now, but—
MRS TRAAF: Oh, it's all right to look at people at the opera, isn't it? I thought that was what opera-glasses were for.
MRS. GILDOG: Well, do you see that woman in the stage box—the one in black velvet with the tiara? That's Mrs. R. B. Popham, THE Mrs Popham, you know; I've seen her picture in the papers. And the woman who is staring at her through her opera-glasses in the next box is Mrs. Henry Plee. Well, Mrs. Plee has had that box next to Mrs. Popham's for seven years, and for seven years she's been staring at Mrs. Popham like that, and Mrs. Popham has never once spoken to her, or looked at her; because she considers the Plees Socially Negligible—I read about it in Town Topics. The Plees made their money in rubber gloves, or something uncouth like that.
MRS. TRAAF: I think it was dental sup-

DRAWING BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

plies, dear. (She lowers her voice to a whisper) Do you know the woman in the box next to ours, with the lorgnette and the diamond collar?

MRS. GILDOG: No, but—

MRS. TRAAF: Well, I read about her! She's a very intelligent woman named Trimmer, but she has an awfully thin time at the opera because her companion, Miss Volt, is very deaf and can never quite tell what opera it is except by the costumes—and she's a little nearsighted, too. And Mrs. Trimmer's husband—you can see him behind her—always goes to sleep, and only woke up once for a few minutes at Madame Butterfly, and then he said he thought all that part about the Japanese girl was absolute rot.

MRS. GILDOG (eagerly): Do you see that young girl with the elderly gentleman down there in the first row? Lean over a little, dear . . . there, careful now! We don't want you hurtling onto people's heads. Well, those two—(The lights dim, and a few preliminary bars of music drift through the darkness.) Sh! The curtain's going up!

MRS. TRAAF (In a hasty whisper): Don't forget what it was you were going to tell me about them, will you?

STEICHEN, LOS ANGELES

clara bow

talking films obliged the incandescent miss bow to add an oxford accent to her talents

• Clara Bow has become the symbol of the working girls who marry for love, a one-room apartment, and the straight and narrow path. But there is another Bow, wise and witty, who could play Shaw's *Cleopatra* to perfection if she had the chance

a kingdom without a king

budapest society is immured in its palaces while gypsy music is surrendering to jazz

BY PAUL MORAND

• I had not seen Budapest since 1920. At that time it was a war-like place, which had just been invaded from all sides by the enemy. The armoured cars of the Allies, still bearing bullet marks from recent battles, were lined up in the courtyards of the Ministries at Buda, lost in this new country; they were still camouflaged, and looked like checkered giraffes that had lost their long necks. Hungary seemed to have gone to pieces as a result of the war, and through every gap foreigners had come in. Italians and Jugoslavs had come from the south, French officers from Salonika, English soldiers from the Rhine, Americans of the Military Intelligence Department down from Vienna.

The mission cars, driven by soldiers in khaki or horizon blue, who had not yet laid aside either guns or trench helmets, moved about through the great crowds that gathered along the banks of the Danube as soon as summer came.

I arrived from Vienna by water; it was a very hot trip, and I was glad to find again, at the end of my journey, the old Austrian citadel of Mount Gellert, set on its cliffs, from which the martyr monk was thrown into the river in a barrel. I paid five francs—that is several milliards of crowns—for my room at the Ritz.

Every café, every hotel along the Donaustrand, had its orchestra out, its gypsies all in red and in gold boots, lounging over the cymbals they beat with their felt covered hammers. It was as if there had never been a war to the death. The slaughter, so lately over, seemed to have left no gap among these people who were so full of the joy of living: the students in Tyrolean costume, the athletes in running shorts, who were followed by laughing groups of girls in white blouses, fair haired, and tanned by the first summer suns. I thought then that Budapest had definitely resumed its gala air, its rôle of a city of gaiety, which, before the war, had given it a character all its own in Eastern Europe.

I know few cities so full of tradition as this. It was, for a century, for all the Balkans, the gateway to the East. For Roumanian boyars, for the rich Serbian swine dealers, for the Hungarian nobles, isolated for most of the year on their country estates, for the wild boar hunters, hidden in their castles in Czecho-Slovakia, Budapest represented all the voluptuous pleasures of city life: money thrown to the winds, nights passed, chin in hands, listening to the gypsies, while Tokay spilled unheeded on the tablecloths, amid the splendours of gold and scarlet decorations.

• For Westerners, amazed by the magnificence of the costumes, the strangeness of the half-Asiatic faces, the passion of the dances, the homesick note struck by such barbaric musicians, after the Viennese waltzes, Budapest, so long a Turkish city, spoke with the voice of Scheherezade, and was, indeed, the gateway to the Orient. Old English sportsmen, former French diplomats, extravagant Austrians, taking a holiday, whispered in one's ear that one must not visit the Hungarian capital without being bathed by soft hands in onyx baths, or allowing one's self to be taken home by fictitious baronesses to rococo palaces, with pleasures in prospect that might have even interested Casanova.

Alas, that is all no more,—it is as if it had never existed. The war ended; then came inflation, the treaty of the Trianon, and, when Israel was King, the dark days of Bela-Kun. The country, so preëminently militaristic, was disarmed; the great estates were broken up by the Agrarian Laws. The peasants, survivors of the middle ages, rich in land, but poor in machinery, see Canadian wheat selling for a lower price to-day in Hungary than their own Hungarian wheat.

• In the immense palaces of Buda there is no longer wood enough to feed the high white porcelain stoves, and the Hungarians apologise for this by saying: "The Czechs and the Roumanians have taken all our forests from us."

If you sneeze, the Treaty of the Trianon is to blame. The Magyar nobles stay on their estates and no longer have any occasion to go in the Spring to the court at Vienna, where a Socialist republic has replaced the Empire. At the Opera, though the orchestra is still excellent, no one is dressed, the carpets are worn, the faded curtains weep, one might think, for the era of chignons and corsets. Nothing is sadder, nothing makes one feel more deeply the abyss between the time before the war and after it than the theatres, like empty frames left on the walls after the pictures have been sold. At the Opera the Imperial box, still crowned with the initials F. J., stays empty, like a recess in some desecrated church, from which the figure of its patron saint has been torn away.

A provincial calm is stagnant in the streets of the upper town, making them like those of the small Italian cities in the time of the *Chartreuse de Parme*. In Hungary there is no middle class, that supreme recourse of every country in times of distress. Trade, in the cities, is in the hands of the Jews. The walls of the citadel still bear, like the marks of smallpox, the scars of the Bolshevist bullets, but the revolutionists have taken refuge in Vienna or Paris. (*Continued on page 92*)

A VIEW OF THE DANUBE FROM THE TERRACE OF THE ROYAL PALACE

FERENC SZANTO

Local Bontons Awhirl At Season's Peak

Social Tidings, and a Soupcon of Tabbies' Gossip Among Elite of Gotham

By QUIDNUNC*

TRULY, it would seem that Nature herself is in gala mood—for never has the sun shone brighter, never the sky been more cerulean than in these weeks of social gaiety which betoken the height of the "season". All the world and his wife, all the gilded youth and the budding flowers of debdom are constantly preening themselves for the innumerable affairs—charitable, civic, prandial and post-prandial—to which they must lend cachet, and the days are simply flitting by, each crowded hour pulsing with enjoyment. But pulse they never so fleetly, Quidnunc is ever on the qui vive to record each sauntering, each maundering, each tidbit of tabbies' gossip in his society column; and so, may inspiration lend wings to his pen. (How naughty of me to say "pen" when I am really using a typewriter; but ah, poetic license!)

The regular meeting of the Thought-a-Week Club was held last Tuesday at the penthouse apartment of its president, Mrs. Priestly Pilcher (of whom a new studio portrait may be found on the opposite page), the subject of debate on this occasion being; Shall We Gather at the River?—a discussion of personal immortality. Mrs. J. W. B. Piddington, Miss Olive Bloomer and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis Toomis were to have read papers on the following topics, respectively; *Life,* Mrs. Piddington; *Death,* Miss Bloomer; *The Hereafter,* Mrs. Toomis. Owing to a slight misunderstanding, however, the three ladies were obliged to confess that they had not prepared any papers, as they were (erroneously) under the impression that the subject of debate was not personal immortality, but personal *immorality* —a theme with which the ladies were, unfortunately, unfamiliar.

Mrs. Pilcher, the president, then saved the day by reading an extemporaneous paper on *Life, Death* AND *The Hereafter,* winning the prize for debate, which was a delightful sweet-grass basket in which as president (and also historian) of the Club, she may keep her press-clippings.

Following the bestowal of the prize, Mrs. Piddington, in lieu of the topic assigned to her, gave a short talk on *Pins and Pincushions of the Jacobite Period,* and Mrs. Toomis told entertainingly of *Dried Fruits and Their Uses.* Tea was served.

Shocking Double Entendre

What is the haut monde coming to? Quidnunc sometimes asks himself. Doubtless those of us who still adhere, in thought and deed, to the days "when knighthood was in flower" are just a wee bit hard to please, but in all conscience, the behavior of some of our "best people" leaves much to be desired; and the recent appalling blunder of one of our most gently bred and auriferous youths who resides (when at home!) not a thousand miles from Gramercy Park, is an alarming example of this general looseness. This young "gentleman" issued invitations to an old-fashioned "bundle party" to be held at his chic bachelor quarters early last week. Speculation was rife among the élite as to what exactly was meant by a "bundle party", but it was generally supposed that it would be an amusing "shower" or "surprise package" affair of some kind. What was the shocked dismay of the socially prominent guests, therefore, upon arriving at the bachelor quarters in question, to have their host announce that "bundle" in this sense did not mean a "surprise package", but meant "to retire to one's couch, fully dressed, in the company of a member of the opposite sex (or, as some of the more sensitive souls among the gathering, requested him to put it, 'opposite persuasion')". He assured them that he had it on good authority that it was an old New England custom, and the source of much innocent merriment, and he invited those in doubt to look it up then and there in the lexicon. Confusion was then the order of the day, and there were several spirited exchanges, ending in the departure of most of the guests. 'Tis true, it was done in jest, but 'twas a sorry one; and truly, this misguided celibate would do well to ascertain the calibre of his associates before regaling them in such a fashion as might well be described as the tiniest bit "out of the way." A touch of melancholy is added to the whole unfortunate contretemps by the fact that the madcap youth but recently plighted his troth to one of the fairest flowers in the ranks of Gotham's débutantes who, happily, was not present at the affair to witness her fiancé's social débacle.

* * *

And, speaking of engagements, the approaching Gilliard-Prendergast nuptials were signalized this week by a kitchen utensils "shower" tendered at the home of Mrs. Arthur Jarvis Toomis for her charming niece, Gladys Gilliard (daughter of THE T. T. B. Gilliards of Park Avenue and "Idlewylde," Bar Harbor) —whose parents, it will be remembered, recently announced her betrothal to one of Mayfair's most dashing celibates, Oliver Hazard Prendergast, Jr., of 1212 Gramercy Park.

* * *

What is the name of the "lady" with whom a dashing young blood, recently betrothed, spends his hours when away from his affianced bride? Suffice it to say that they are passing many evenings in his bachelor quarters, where their wassail and revelry make the echoes ring in quiet old Gramercy Park. His conduct cannot be exactly described as a bolt from the blue, for he is notoriously a "rake"; as for the young woman concerned (a divorcée who pretends to great friendship with the bride-to-be!) she is doubtless suffering from the heritage given her by her maternal grandpapa, a high-living and "horsey" gent.

**Vanity Fair's Own Social Correspondent.*

Feted!

Mrs. "Fifi" Fullardine has recently returned from her third visit to Paris in quest of marital freedom. The orchidaceous "Fifi", who may always be found until the wee, sma' hours at the smarter night-clubs and restaurants, comes honestly by her sporting blood, her maternal grandpapa being the famous "horsey" Henry ("Stirrups") Gumbs

Maternity in the Bud?

Mrs. J. W. B. Piddington held a rummage sale and get-together meeting at her penthouse apartment on Friday last, to raise money for the purchase of uniforms for the Mayfair Chapter of Girl Scouts, of which Mrs. Piddington is regional director. Before opening the sale, Mrs. Piddington addressed the potential mothers of the Junior League in a common-sense chat, her subject being; What We Learn from the Mother Cheetah. The sale then proceeded merrily, and the sum accrued therefrom proved to be almost enough to buy the necessary uniforms for the worthy maidens.

It will be recalled that Mr. Arthur Jarvis Toomis recently offered to donate uniforms to the Mayfair Chapter of Girl Scouts. His offer was declined, however, as it transpired that he had an advertising project in mind whereby the name of the product manufactured by Mr. Toomis's firm was to be embroidered in scarlet letters across the back of each uniform, and it was felt that this scheme was not quite in keeping with the spirit of the organization. Mr. Toomis is vice-president of a company manufacturing El Seductivo cigars.

Dahlia Smartly Dubbed

Now that Winter has given a final toss of his hoary locks, preparatory to departure, an outstanding event of the week was the Flower Show, which lured many matrons of the "upper ten" (and a sprinkling of their humbler sisters) to its dewy bowers.

A special feature of the Show was the ceremony which took place in

(*Continued on page 74*)

ASK QUIDNUNC

DEAR SIR;
Please settle the following discussion. A. says that the two children, present issue of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Seem, are first cousins of the W. Atkinson Seems by virtue of the fact that it was not the W. Atkinson, but the Vanderbilt Seems who were related to the O. P. Dorrits, who subsequently married, and went to live in Paris. B. claims that the kiddies are *second* cousins of the Seems through kinship with a former aunt, who was not living at the time. Which is correct?

C. B. B.

Neither is correct. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Seem are a law unto themselves, and are not related to anyone else whatsoever, except insofar as a dubious trace of kinship always exists (to those "in the know") between the Seems, the Dorrits and the socially rigorous Cassbines. This was the upshot of that calamitous marriage (if one can call it that) between Preston Cassbine and the notorious "lady" who formerly shone amid the tinsel glitter of Broadway, but who, on Park Avenue proved to be, socially, a negligible quantity. Although the ill-fated union terminated in the divorce court, Preston has been constantly seen in night-clubs, accompanied by the "lady" in question—and sometime both, alas, a little "the worse for wear". Although it is all, of course, strictly "under the rose," you can see the precarious position in which the Seem children may find themselves upon arriving at man's estate.

DEAR QUIDNUNC;
What ever has become of that gallant courtier, Brigadier-General George ("Pinky") Bowish, who used to lead cotillions when I was a very young girl?

SOUVENIR.

I am afraid, my dear Souvenir, that the less said about Mr. Bowish (he has dropped the courtesy title) the better. He is little more than a bird of passage these days, flitting over Europe from spa to spa in search of that elusive will o' the wisp, a robust liver. And a little birdie whispers that "Pinky" does not flit alone. O tempora, O mores!

DEAR SIR;
Are the following people socially prominent? . . .

PERPLEXED.

Certainly NOT. *Out of courtesy, I refrain from printing the list of names you have given me. Suffice it to say that the persons you mentioned are of the very lowest social order.*

IN this column, weekly, Quidnunc will answer questions pertaining to society, old New York, family relationships, etiquette, etc.—all queries, in fact, except those relating to religion, election returns, professional weight-lifting, total length of of government canals, number of moose in U. S., jury duty, bookbinding, sinus trouble or weaving.

Vanity Fair Rotogravure

Mrs. J. W. B. PIDDINGTON, Mayfair director of the Girl Scouts, who recently held a rummage sale for the benefit of the potential mothers of the race

MRS. PRIESTLY PILCHER, clubwoman extraordinaire, and a poetess in her own right. She is soon to give a reading from her new book of poems, "Stark Star"

BETROTHED?
Miss Gladys Gilliard (left) and her fiancé, Oliver Hazard Prendergast, Jr., snapped recently as they strolled on Park Avenue

SIGNOR MANUELO DI MANUELO
His rendering of "A Faery Song" and other whimsical numbers delighted fashionable audience at Fifth Avenue musicale

MRS. ARTHUR J. TOOMIS
patron of the arts, music-lover, and tireless worker for the Society of Friends of Hardy Perennials

brownstone blues

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

a husband seeks over all the world the answer to a question and finds it, after many years, at home

■ Evelyn Ewing's husband got up and turned the flame of the gas-log a little lower. Its pitiless blue light had fallen directly on his wife's face, flaring coldly on the swift, despairing lines of her mouth as she talked; and he felt dimly that Evelyn's mouth, even thinned and sharpened by unhappiness as it was now, was still too lovely to dwell in any but the kindest shadows.

"It isn't," she was saying desperately, "that I am in love with anyone else; only I don't seem to love *you* any more." Her hands, stiff with distress, relaxed hopelessly; and the diamond he had given her trembled into tiny splinters of fire. "I—I *hate* the way you hold your head on one side when you look at me, and the way that dreadful high, stiff collar sticks into your neck when you do it. I detest that cat's eye scarf-pin you always wear, and that trick you have of opening your mouth a little when you start to speak, and holding it open thoughtfully for a second before you say anything. And I loathe myself for feeling the way I do, because you're so good to me . . . you're such a *good* man, Charlie!"

■ Her voice thinned to silence, and for a little while there was no sound in the dim room. Outside, in the blue November twilight, the crisp staccato of a horse's hoofs rose on the air and died away down the street.

She was so lovely, he thought, looking at her now as she sat a little forward in her chair, the fire-light dissolving in pools of blue shadow upon her hair and at the base of her throat . . . just like one of the drawings of the Gibson girl, he had often told her. He realized now that she had probably found that dull, too. But he had believed that he was making her happy. He was, of course, older than she—but only seven years older; and for a young man of thirty-six his position in New York, even in these increasingly brisk days of the early nineteen-hundreds, was socially and financially comfortable. Their house in Fiftieth Street was one of the sturdiest in all that complacent brownstone row; their wine-cellar was liberal and chosen with taste, and he had always thought that their small dinners went off very well. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ewing entertained . . ." He liked the sound of that.

Evelyn had an upstairs sitting-room of her own—a room sleek in warm brown velours with an occasional froth of Nottingham lace on the chairs and at the windows, the room where they were sitting now. When she shopped or went driving it was in a victoria with a coachman in purple livery, and she had charge accounts at Hughes' and at Lichtenstein's. In the five years of their marriage, she had seemed contented; but lately he had known that something was wrong, that there was, somehow, a subtle and difficult discord in their life together which he, in his simplicity, was unable to understand or to dispel.

What is it that you want, exactly?" he asked. "A divorce?" The word, when he had spoken it, seemed to return painfully to his throat, to settle there, hard and cold.

"I want whatever will make you happiest," she told him miserably. "I'm very fond of you, Charlie."

Suddenly he was conscious that his lips were forming the small, thoughtful circle, preparatory to speech, which had irritated her; he closed them firmly until he should have arranged the words in his mind.

"Of course, you may get over this," he said quietly, then. "You may not always feel as you do now about wanting to leave me. Supposing I were to go away for a while—I can afford to. I could go abroad, and you could say that it was a business trip and that you hadn't wanted to leave New York now, just as the season is beginning. You see, there wouldn't be any gossip about it then. . . ." He was speaking slowly, sensibly, trying not to yield to the terror that inwardly possessed him.

"I'll deed this house to you immediately," he went on—and thought at once that it sounded too noble, a little pompous. "Of course, you'll have to pay the taxes and the upkeep. But I'll make arrangements at the bank . . . then, if you still feel, at the end of a year, that you want to leave me, I shall know that you're provided for. If—"

"Charlie—you're so *good* . . ."

He looked surprised. "No," he said, mildly, "I guess I'm just doing what I ought to. You know I love you, Evelyn. And if you should change your mind about leaving me . . ." The hope beat its way up into his heart, looked desperately out of his eyes as he watched her. She had risen, and was bending over a bowl of red roses on the table, her slim, unhappy fingers brooding among their stems. She shook her head slowly.

■ "It isn't a thing I've decided suddenly, Charles," she told him, "and I don't think I'll ever change. But if I ever do . . ." She smiled at him, a smile bright with pity and a helpless desire to comfort him. "If I ever do, Charlie, I'll let you know—and I'll be waiting here for you, dear."

He stood up. "Well . . . I'll go down to the Club now. There's no use in prolonging all this. You can send my things down there, and I'll have them taken on to the boat when I sail."

He wanted to get away. She was so beautiful standing there, with the cool, frosted blue of the dusk lighting the windows behind her, and a scarlet rose in her hand. She came and stood by him, suddenly eager and pitiful.

"You won't be too unhappy?" she begged. "There's so much excitement in life—so many things to see, and to laugh at and to love; and that's what I mean to find. But I want you to find it too, to let a little gaiety into your own heart."

She paused desperately. "We can't be happy together—and I'm sorry. But don't let it spoil our lives, don't take that bitterness away with you. Try to forget me—and try to have a *good time*, Charlie!"

To have a good time! He thought, My God, I hope she isn't going to give me that rose. When a woman sends her husband flying out of her life it's rather poor taste, he reflected with a sudden bitter humour, to pin a rose to his coat-tails. But there it was . . . smooth and fragrant, a cool curve of crimson velvet against his palm.

■ In the hall, he took his hat and coat from his own particular hook on the hat-stand with the carved antlers and the mirror that they had bought together. Probably she hadn't meant to give him the rose at all, he decided; she had simply been holding it when she gave him her hand for the last time. . . . He put it in his pocket hastily; no use being sentimental about it.

He stood for a moment with his hand on the door-knob. The atmosphere of the house closed down upon him like a sheltering hand. He could almost feel it holding him, pushing him back . . . it was his home.

Then he turned up the collar of his coat, slammed the door behind him, and ran down the brownstone steps into the chill dusk.

"Try to forget me . . . try to have a good time, Charlie!" The futile words followed him miserably, echoing through the staccato accent of Paris, the pattering mist of Scotland, the liquid murmur of Venice. He hadn't, at first, wanted to try. He didn't know how to be gay, he didn't know anybody who could teach him gaiety. He had, it was true, a bowing acquaintance with a fairly large number of people—but it seemed to him that scarcely had he lifted his head from the rather courtly salute which he always gave them, than they were gone . . . fluttering away from him like brightly-coloured leaves in the wind. He was often alone.

The cable was weeks late in reaching him—it had followed him from Paris to Cairo, and back to Paris again. Evelyn had, on the train going to Hot Springs, caught a cold which developed in a few days into pneumonia. . . . He remembered how, only two years before, he had left her radiantly poised on the threshold of freedom, of adventure—unsuspecting that what lay beyond was not brilliance, but a shadow. . . . After that, his feet, which had never known how to dance through life moved, still more slowly, and beside him walked the twin specters of his loneliness and of a doubt that never left him. Had Evelyn thought of him at *(Continued on page 90)*

CECIL BEATON

lynn fontanne

the brilliant american actress is appearing with her husband, alfred lunt, in "meteor" a new play by s. n. behrman, produced in new york by the theatre guild

fragments from a history of

published, in 1992, by the university of

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

the moral code — puritanism and repressions — progress and decline of freudism — signs of reaction — triumph of schmidtism — readjustment of values — sex and morals at the beginning of the twenty-first century

• Up to the beginning of the World War in 1914, there had been—particularly in Anglo-Saxon countries—comparatively little change in moral standards since the preceding century. A few novelists like H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, George Moore and Galsworthy had begun to treat the question of sex a little more frankly than the writers of the Victorian era; and in the great cities of the world, the moral code had grown less severe. But this leniency did not extend to the middle classes, and even in aristocratic and artistic circles, it was not generally acknowledged. In America, as in England, puritanism was still sufficiently rampant to destroy utterly any prominent man of affairs whose name was even faintly brushed by the wings of private scandal. Vice existed, as it has always existed in every organized society; but it was not tolerated unless clothed in the mask of hypocrisy and the speech of virtue.

• **FREUDISM AND ITS INFLUENCE** The human animal, thus repressed by a rigid social code, took its revenge in strange and perilous ways. "Suppressed desires" (as they were later to be called) began to awake in his unconscious mind, and there to arouse serious trouble. An elderly prophet of the eighteenth century, William Blake, had already said: "He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence." This "pestilence" now took the form of all sorts of nervous ailments (including insanity) and, above all, created a general feeling of ennui, of pessimism and restlessness which was, perhaps, one of the latent causes of the World War.

It is not my purpose, in this article, to enter into a discussion of Freud; everyone knows how that great Austrian physician and psychologist proved that "suppressed desires" were at the bottom of nearly all nervous disorders. His theory met with only moderate success in Latin countries which, having always been allowed a certain freedom in sex, recognized no evil in it and needed no remedies; but to the German peoples, and above all to the Anglo-Saxon, it was a revelation, and moreover, a kind of stupendous release from the bonds of convention which so long had irked them. Under a cloak of scientific phrases it now became possible nay, permissible, and even easy—to speak freely of things which, for centuries, had been forbidden subjects. Psycho-analysis, spreading rapidly throughout the world, brought to many earnest and sincere Puritans the first real knowledge of their own souls, and awoke in them a greater indulgence toward the desires of others. Freedom and moral frankness were encouraged by doctors everywhere, who recognized that it was their duty to rid their patients of suppressions which might possibly lead to insanity. In 1928, writers such as James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence displayed a fearlessness in their books which, to be sure, would have seemed almost timidity to the more enlightened readers of 1940 but which, at that time, was startlingly new. Physical modesty disappeared almost entirely, along with verbal and intellectual modesty. Women became progressively nuder. About 1935, men and women began to be seen completely nude on many fashionable beaches in Europe and in America; and the number of "nudist colonies" in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries increased astonishingly. There was a general feeling of indulgence toward sexual liberty, and even toward sexual anomaly.

• **EXCESS AND DECLINE OF FREUDISM (1930-1940)** Human codes and conventions inevitably swing like a pendulum from one extreme to another; they never remain stationary. In the beginning, the influence of Freud had been a wholesome, even a beneficent one. His contention that excessive austerity of morals was opposed to the physical and moral health of human beings who, after all, were neither saints nor impotents, seemed a reasonable one; and it is a fact that the actual number of cases of insanity in Europe and in America diminished steadily from 1930 on.

Gradually, however, under the pretext of "respecting the desires of the individual", social contracts began to be made only to be flagrantly broken. No promise was sacred. Divorce by simple declaration, companionate marriage, birth control—all of these institutions combined to destroy completely the one great institution of marriage as it had once existed.

Innocent pleasures, under the Victorian régime, had acquired a special value, an added excitement, through the very fact that the conventions of that period were so excessively strict; in the nineteenth century, historians tell us, young men and women used to assemble pleasantly to amuse themselves with games, with sports or studies. But from 1935, nearly every gathering of boys and girls began to take on more and more the appearance of a public debauch.

Public spirit had changed so completely that in England, once a strictly moral country, anti-puritanism was now accounted a virtue. It was not imposed by law; but it was a general custom, a kind of code of behaviour rigidly exacted by society from everyone; and those who did not conform to it were at once subjected to the pitiless judgment of that society. In 1954, for example, the socialist Prime Minister, Mr. Shallow, was forced by public opinion and the press to resign from office, because he was suspected of being faithful to his wife. It was this same man who, a short

KINDERGARTEN LECTURE: 1942

TRIAL OF A FAITHFUL HUSBAND: 1954

the world

the united states

time before, had presented a bill before Parliament providing for "obligatory psycho-analysis in the kindergartens". Consequently, he was accused of hypocrisy. Several continental newspapers then started a campaign to prove that sexual liberty in England was a fake, and that in reality that country, under a pretext of free speech, a free press and free morals, was concealing far too many pure and chaste lives. The accusation was unjust, but it was a natural symptom of the wild fanaticism in which those defendants of the new moral code who called themselves "emancipated" increasingly reveled.

• FIRST SIGNS OF REACTION (1940-1950)

About 1940, insanity was found to be increasing with alarming rapidity. To an impartial observer, this might have indicated the failure of the new system of morals . . . although the "emancipated", intolerant and undismayed, disregarded the warning, and went blithely on proclaiming still new audacities. But their triumph was to be a short one; for now certain signs of reaction, faint but unmistakable, began to be evident.

In 1942, a curious book was published, anonymously; *Confessions of a Child of the New Century*. This book revealed with admirable candour the utter confusion of the younger generation, and its crying need for some kind of organized feeling. It had an immediate success, and so great a one that many other writers, jealously stimulated and indifferent to possible lawsuits, proceeded to adopt the same theme to their own uses. It was a theme which persisted in popularity, and the year 1943 saw the publication of that still more celebrated novel, *Conjugal Happiness*, in which the author, a Miss Brushwood, described with a fortitude which at that time was little short of shameless, the pleasures of fidelity, of normal love and of indissoluble marriage.

ARREST OF FOUR FELONS CAUGHT WEARING CLOTHES: 1950

A HIGHLY IMMORAL SCENE: 1944

The British censor prohibited the sale of this book but it was immediately reprinted in France, and thousands of copies were illicitly imported into England. An international group of writers, led by the venerable critic, Desmond MacCarthy, protested the decision of the Home Office, and valiantly urged the right of virtue to proclaim itself. Thereupon, the agitated leaders of the "emancipated" loudly registered a counter-protest, in the name of morality. It was a tremendous battle, and naturally it aroused a lively interest in the book, increasing the sale to an enormous figure. Translated into every language in the world, 1,300,000 copies were sold in the United States, 800,000 in Germany, 300,000 in England (a privately printed edition), 70,000 in France and 20,000 in Holland. Young men and young women especially seemed to take pleasure (which the classic moralists called an unwholesome pleasure) in reading its descriptions of forgotten customs and obsolete sentiments.

The influence of *Conjugal Happiness*, and of the new school of "Chastity" was soon apparent. Small groups of people, experimental as yet, but growing in number, undertook to live their lives according to the principles set before them by Miss Brushwood. There may still be some Americans—they would be very old people now—who can remember the winter of 1943-1944, that sensational winter when it became the fashion in New York and in Boston to give what were called "conjugal parties", to which married couples only were invited, who then pleasantly spent the entire evening in each other's company. The gross immorality of this innovation raised a fearful scandal but Europe, nevertheless, soon began to copy it. In Hyde Park, the police were kept frantically busy apprehending married couples who came shamelessly, in broad daylight, to sit under the trees and read poetry together. In Paris, the Prefect of Police organized a special body of motorcycle men whose sole duty it was to rout from the *Bois de Boulogne* women who had been seen walking there, clad in the appalling new gowns *à la vertu*, which were buttoned to the neck and immensely shocking to respectable passers-by. In an ancient university in Europe, a professor of philosophy was asked to resign because he admitted to practicing asceticism, and refused to repent of it.

The truth was unmistakable—that the code of moral freedom, while it still prevailed among the masses, *(Continued on page 88)*

portrait—by modigliani

painting in an american collection, by the italian master, of mme. hébuterne whose tragic death was actuated by the death of the artist

the toady's hornbook

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

a manual of what is really the largest industry in the world, and a reproof to go-getters, poets, lovers

■ "In an aristocracy there are only kings and toadies: in a democracy there are no kings." With his pretty knowledge of toadies and democrats, Mr. Whistler might have flicked such an epigram off his mahl-stick one tenebrific afternoon and tossed it to his American audience for what it was worth. Actually, however, it appears for the first time on page 42 of an obscure pamphlet entitled *The Toady's Hornbook*.

It was the title page of the *Hornbook* that fixed my eye, of a font chastely beautiful. But since I have no photostat of the page itself, I shall merely reproduce its language in something of the original arrangement :

THE TOADY'S HORNBOOK

Being a Collection of Canting Saws, Aphoristic Acid, Spindle-shanked Wisdom and Philosophic Figments, gathered in Divers Societies and Many Lands, Including Our Own for the edification of all Nail-biting Toadies, Cogging Lick-spittle Argle-Barglers, Insult-Garglers, Obsequious Knaves, Crumb-fed Flatterers, Sycophantic Parasites and all manner of Favor-Curriers, Hand-dogs, Blurb-writers, Social butt-naipers, Job-Seekers, Go-getters, Politicians and Humanity in General.

An Indispensable Guide to the Manners and Morals of Every Age as Compiled and Set Down in Acid by *A Gentleman of Vinegar Spleen.*
Printed by Osgood Peabody at the Sign of the Turnpike Gate, Newburyport, Mass.
MDLCCCXLVIII

■ As an introduction to the philosophy of Toadyism, I propose to quote the entire passage describing the dramatic break between Beau Brummell and George III—a break which knelled the death of the loathesome word "toady", but not until—well, the *Hornbook* tells it far better . . .

"Figure to yourself" (says the *Hornbook*) "a royal levee in the year 1817. George the Third is getting up. The puffy Hanoverian, swathed in a plum-coloured dressing gown, shot with gold, oddments of snuff, wig-powder, and beer-stains, holds in his pulpy hands a pair of regal breeches salmon as to color, satin as to material. He seems childishly aggrieved at something—the cause of which will appear soon enough. Lord Holland (whose name will be handed down to the ages on many a square-faced bottle) is presiding at the spirit-case; Lord Byron, moody and disagreeable after a night of canto-polishing, picks irritably at a dish of kippers and thinks of three other words rhyming in *ipper*. Brummel in snowy linen, the only washed man in London that morning, strides up and down the royal breakfast-room, trying to persuade his prince—the plum-colored sausage on the divan to abjure the habit of wearing salmon pantaloons and stick to manly black and white. Gentlemen in waiting, court attendants, royal crumb-scrapers, physicians, etc. There is a silence as Brummel ceases pleading and looks hopefully at the bloated prince.

"'Beau,' says George, deaf to Brummel's advocacy, and signalling to three flunkies to help him into the pink breeches, 'who was that gentleman I saw you with last night?'

"'That was no gentleman,' begins Lord Holland, 'that was an Oxfor—'

"A titter like a small wave far at sea, washes over the royal chamber and crashes in a roar of laughter about Brummel's head. But the Beau atrophies the laughter with a paralyzing glance at his prince. 'Wales,' he says quietly, 'when your toadies stop croaking, you may pass me my hat!'

■ "And as the frightened Hanoverian reaches for the dandy's topper, the toadies of a thousand dynasties chuckle and turn over in their shameful dust. For even a toady knows how to savor revenge."

In order not to exasperate the mortified Wales beyond endurance, it was tactily agreed that Brummel's name should never be mentioned again in the royal presence. And in order not to embarrass themselves, those who remained behind with the fat Hanoverian agreed to chuck the terrible word-that-no-man-likes-to-swallow. So the word "toady" dropped out. But toadyism and toad-eating remain.

"Toad-eating?" You shudder.

I suppose a spot of etymology is needed here. You see, the expression "toad-eating" is derived from the sweet-smelling English public-school custom of the same name. Certain upper-form tyrants (Flashman in *Tom Brown's School Days* might be the archetype) in order to squeeze the last drop of god-like ichor from the veins of their satellites, forced them to perform divers devotional acts—of which the eating of toads was the final proof of louting devotion. Not as barbarous a custom as it seems, either. Let the *Hornbook* tell why . . .

"Though toadyism takes on a hundred protean forms, its cell-structure never changes. Accommodating subservience is the basic tallow of this social emollient, applied in huge dabs by everyone to everyone else. Take your own case. If your business or academic progress must be smoothed, if your social axles have to be greased, if you are in need of a loan, a wife, a job, a fellowship, or a degree,—in short, if you desire something and lack the main force to seize the object of your desire—there is no other alternative but toadyism. Everyone toadies; everyone is toadied unto. Toadyism is the universal solvent, the lubricating jelly of our close-meshed society. It prevents dismissals, ruptures, divorces,—yes, even murders. Of course, toadyism is a kind of moral suicide, but since most of us die many times before our death anyway, it is perhaps better that we die by our own hands, smothered in toady-tallow.

"Would you learn how to apply the tallow? Then observe a college president palavering with a rich alumnus, or a fashionable pastor propitiating his vestry. Or watch an editor trim his paper sails to the vaguest puff of public opinion. Or bend an eye upon a man playing billiards with his boss, or bridge with his boss's wife, or rummy with a rich father-in-law, or buying the pheasant-under-glass for a bohunk customer from Council Bluffs. How much toad-tallow is consumed in these operations?" roars the Gentleman of Vinegar Spleen in a flashing peroration to Chapter 9.

Naturally there is a hierarchy of Toadyism. Some men will toady indefatigably merely for the privilege of lunching with you at your club. Others will toady for a fat contract by inquiring diligently about your son at Amherst. One of the great executives of a national concern keeps a toady-file in his office, in which he records the whims and caprices of his customers in matters of food, cigars, actresses. "How are you, Blenksop?" he booms as the customer enters the office. "How's your son at Yale? Did he make the track team? Have a *Ropora Integridad*, I know you like them", etc., etc., until the poor toadied customer is passive for the trident. Oh yes, scratch a go-getter and you'll find a toady every time.

■ Poets are notoriously obsequious. There is literally no type of toad they would not swallow in order to get their works published and reviewed. And I have seen artists—good ones too—go through the whole painful gustatory ritual in front of a prospective patron. Doctors and music-teachers, headmasters and hairdressers, well—but why go in for the grosser forms of flunkeyism, when there are so many interesting and valuable cases higher in the scale? Take lovers, for instance. There is a whole chapter in the *Hornbook* on the *Toadyism of Love*—a chapter that should be digested by every aspirant to the Rose, every candidate for the technical condition of *Merci*.

"All men are toadies before marriage", runs the book, "and most women, after." Good biology and good *(Continued on page 88)*

at the villa

BY THOMAS BURKE

wherein a most ghastly crime is miraculously foreshadowed although with slight inaccuracy

■ It happened some years ago, before the war. All through one grey-skied afternoon I had been wandering round the northern rim of London's cup, and had come at twilight into the bleak and bilious country of the north-east. I had been in casual fashion following the trail of John Davidson's *Random Itinerary*, and was then beyond Walthamstow and beyond the chain of reservoirs that makes that sudden bulge in the mid-course of Izaak Walton's River Lea. On what speck of the map I was I didn't know, but I was in a land that some dark corner of my soul told me was very much like hell. It was neither town nor country nor suburb, but something that blasphemed all three. There were bits of field and wood, and bits of paved street, and bits of marshy lane. Here and there were some nakedly new shops, and a few houses that were occupied but were not yet blest with the gracious air of being lived in. There were a hundred half-finished houses. The grass of the fields was sore with eruptions of bricks and poles and tool-sheds. The unweathered hue of the houses made them red-hot to the eye. The unmade roads clutched at my feet like satanic hands.

■ At all points of the outer circle you may come upon these spots of horror. They are not of the stuff or the spirit of horror—merely a part of the prosy and necessary business of "developing" a residential estate; yet, though we all live in houses, the sight of this business of making houses affects us as an hour in a slaughter-house would affect a lover of roast beef. This place, I could see, was to be a new suburb of people of small means—the people just above the rank and dignity of the labouring class. There would be rows and rows of uniform six-roomed houses, with scullery, bath-room and electric light. Newly-married couples would furnish their first little homes here. They would found their families and make pretty gardens and live out their ignobly decent days in workaday content. It stood for all that is simple and domestic and petty; my reason and observation told me this. But as that cadaverous light fell upon its litter, my reason was frozen and my spirits pressed into vapour. I could not see it as Kettering Park, N. E. I could only see it as a grouping of horror waiting upon horror.

And then, as though my mind had launched horror into it, horror was born in it and took shape and substance to my eyes. The workmen were just knocking off when I arrived, dropping their tool-bags in the night-watchman's shed, and slouching in twos and threes towards the station. But the little caravan "office" of the estate was still open, and potential tenants of the houses were still moving about it and asking questions of the two clerks who were there to answer them. They went in and out of the shells of the houses, peering and probing, and I watched them with sympathy.

A small river bordered one side of the estate, and to get to the main road leading back to London I had to cross this river by a stone bridge some two hundred yards north of the estate. I crossed it, and turned southward again, on an uphill road, and had a clear view of the houses on the other side. It was then that I noticed—not because they were noticeable but because they were there—a man and a woman coming towards a house on the limits of the property. They came awkwardly through the wet clay, and their trim town clothes and urban deportment made a queer vibration against the welter of country mire and the shrill newness of the houses. The man carried an umbrella, tightly rolled, and a newspaper. He had small features and a yellow moustache out of proportion to them. His overcoat, trousers and bowler hat were neither fresh nor shabby: just adequate. A clerk or a town commercial traveller, you would have said, who had succeeded no farther than the point of making ends meet. The woman's face, what I could see of it, was the face of a woman of forty, and the droop of her mouth and her movements in walking suggested that this was a woman who felt that life owed her something. There are thousands of her in her rank of life. What she was wearing I couldn't say; I never can say what women are wearing: I only know that they are dressed. But as there was nothing sharply notable about her hat or her coat she was probably dressed to the fashion of the time in the form that her slender means allowed.

■ Eminently respectable, both of them; eminently typical of the future tenants of the estate; eminently negative.

The steep ascent of my path compelled me to walk slowly, and I had them in view until they entered the half-finished house at the end of the road-that-was-to-be. At this point my path turned inwards toward the river, and brought me closer to the house by sight, though the distance I had walked from the bridge had put it actually so much the farther from me. I could see into it but I could not reach it.

I was at the nearest possible line to it when I heard the man's voice. He called "Where are you?" The woman answered "Upstairs. Back Room." I could hear his boots on the uncovered stairs—I can hear quite sharply that gritty clumping now—and then through the unglazed windows of the upper back room I saw them together. And as I saw them my throat made a noise that surprised me. It was an unsuccessful cry; unsuccessful, because it came from the physical without direction from the mental. It was a muscular explosion, and the detonator was the simple fact that this eminently negative couple had become in one moment eminently positive.

The woman was standing near the window. The man was approaching her from behind. It all happened swiftly, in a group of seconds, but it was in the fraction of the second in which I realized his intention and her danger that I delivered that abortive cry. Before that second had passed into time his hands were around her throat, and he was dragging her backward from the window, and downwards. I cried then with intent, and clearly; but if he heard me he did not let me disturb him. From my point on the crest of the hill I had to see the completed dreadfulness of the affair. I was an eye-witness and a possible saviour; and I was as useful as if I had been at Charing Cross. It was not a matter of distance, but of time; and between me and them was the time needed to flounder through fifteen yards of running river. I saw him drag her back and down. I could see his knuckles tightening. Her hat fell off, and her hands made aimless pawings at the air. He pressed into her throat, and forced the neck back, and worried it from side to side. He was like a dog with a rat, and the great yellow moustache gave him an air of insipid geniality that was as dreadful as the business he was doing. The thing was accomplished in silence. The woman made no cry, and the man's movements were small and tense. A few more wrenches to right and left, and then I saw the body jerk three times and lie still. The man got up. He smoothed his clothes and eased his collar. His attitude and expression were as casual as if he really had killed nothing more than a rat. He looked down at the floor and around the bare room as one looks before locking up for a holiday. Then he picked up his newspaper and umbrella from the floor, made a movement of dusting his hands, and turned to go.

By these commonplace gestures my tension was so suddenly eased that I let out a series of large directed cries toward the office of the estate, and began to run back to the bridge. I hoped to get to the office in time to stop the man from getting off the property, but though I cried as I ran my cries created no answer or movement anywhere. Once or twice in my run I looked back to note the path he was taking, but I could see nothing of him. I guessed that he was making a sly course through the scat- *(Continued on page 83)*

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

gary cooper

the cavalier of the films now appears in a talking version of barrie's "the old lady shows her medals"

■ One of the most successful of the screen's strong, silent men is the lank and cavalier Gary Cooper; even amid the sound and fury of the talking pictures, the impression he gives is a laconic one. Without any heaving of the chest, eyebrow action or *sostenuto* kisses, he is still forever weighed down, somehow, by a secret sorrow. An erratic destiny led him, at the age of nine, from his father's cattle ranch in Montana to school in England, subsequently to Grinnell College in Iowa, and finally to that land of promise, California, where the year 1924 found him a commercial artist out of a job. It is not surprising that he became a motion picture extra, nor is it astonishing that his likable talent has since established him securely among the most popular of the screen's actors

sermons in linoleum and good in

FIGURE FROM MAURICE STERNE'S MONUMENT, "EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND"

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

a development of the opportunities for thought in the man-made scenery that surrounds us today

● I hope it is not too egotistical to say that I am very seldom bored. I hasten eagerly to add that I am very often boring. Not once or twice in my rough island story, no doubt, I have been the cause of boredom in others. But I myself very seldom feel the exact sort of emptiness so described; I am not bored even when I hear the complete history of pre-historic man or listen to a Marxian Jew explaining the materialist theory of history. The difficulty of life seems to me that it is too full of distractions; and the details of anything we look at teem and beckon with bewildering questions. I have taken a sort of test case of sitting in an empty waiting-room in a remote railway station in the rain, with nothing to look at but the pattern on a sort of linoleum or oilcloth; a pattern printed in dull green on a sort of drab. I looked at it until there arose in my imagination the strange and mysterious figure of the man who made it; the man who (perhaps) really wanted it to look like that. There rose with him many other mysteries; as the obscure and obstinate way in which men ornament things that they never look at. It is remarkable how few really plain things there are in the world. Man always seems to leave his mark, in the shape of a strip or a moulding or something sublimely useless. But there arose also a meditation that led me back many years to the beginning of many things.

There is always at the back of my mind one old original controversy. On the one side are those who regard all pictures as patterns. On the other side, which is my side, are those who tend rather to regard all patterns as pictures. For that, I think, was the real question at issue in the first ink-slinging quarrel in which I began to sling ink. In that particular phase of the quarrel my opponents were the Decadents, or aesthetic pessimists of the period of Wilde and Whistler. And the upshot of their philosophy was, as I have said, that all pictures were patterns; or as Whistler would have put it, arrangements. The artistic theory was not, of course, confined to the art of Whistler: it was applied equally to the art of Wilde. It was applied to the art of men immeasurably greater than either; and the point of it was that all masterpieces could be contemplated in a spirit that was called "Art for Art's Sake", and with

everything

hardly more moral emotion than the same critics would have given to a turkey-carpet. Othello was not only a study in black and white but almost a scheme of black and white, like the scheme of a chess-board. Macbeth was a conflict for Macbeth; but for the critics the crossing of the swords in his duel was almost as decorative as the crossing of stripes in his plaid. Dante's Inferno was an arrangement in black and red; and even his Paradise was only blue with white spots.

Now I felt even in my boyhood a reaction against this; a perverse reaction in precisely the opposite direction. While my elders were seeing diagrams in the coloured composition I was like a child still seeing faces in the carpet. It was my instinct that the imaginative life would rather be increased by finding moral emotions in wall-papers than in finding decorative schemes in dramas. It was my temptation to see a black and white pattern: and indeed the very example I have given is an accident in my favour; for the chess-board is itself a battlefield. I tended to see the crossing of swords even where there was nothing but the crossing of stripes. It might well be suggested that there is a touch of madness in this notion of common curtains, dancing with figures like a wizard's tapestries, or common carpets beginning to crawl with life. But on the whole I am prepared to defend the sanity and soundness of my own revolt against the merely ornamental school. I think it rests on a much sounder psychology than their own psychology of art for art's sake. It rests on the psychology of association and the unity of the mind; whereas theirs had really to imagine an imagination that should be in water-tight compartments. I maintain that when we see a chess-board pattern we do think of chess; and then when we think of chess we do think of its chivalric, historical and philosophical interest. I maintain that when we see a Highland plaid we do think of Highlanders, and therefore of claymores; and that when we think of claymores we do think of old romances of feud and faith and of loyalty to chief or king. I deny that any decadent ever so detached his artistic sense as to look at a tartan without thinking of Scotland, or to look at a chess-board pattern without knowing *(Continued on page 84)*

sculptures by maurice sterne

• These heroic sculptures are two of twenty-six figures in Maurice Sterne's monument, "The Early Settlers of New England", unveiled last December in Worcester, Massachusetts, the result of two and a half years of work in Italy. The monument is thirty feet high, the figures of pioneers engaged in frontier activities are each thirteen feet high. Mr. Sterne, who is also a distinguished painter, has achieved in this work what is probably the most important monument by an American in the past generation

the persecuted playgoer

BY PERCY HAMMOND

a critic finds that an audience's sufferings are due to the theatre more than to the drama

● The comforts of the playgoer are, like angels' visits, few and far between. In order to indulge his passion for the Drama he must suffer inconveniences unknown to habitués of the other arts from grand opera to the Cinema. It disturbs him in the midst of his dinner and drags him onerously through congested boulevards and alleys to the place of sacrifice. Disdainful door men tear his tickets up, check-room harpies snatch his coat away and blundering ushers show him to the wrong seat. If he wishes a program he may have to spend most of the first act pleading for it. His chair is a primitive instrument of torture and the musty air he breathes is heavy with the aroma of germs past and present. His lot is an unhappy one except for those infrequent occasions in which he sees an entertaining play.

Why, then, should the Actors' Equity and other institutions of reform seek to bereave him of his only ease, the ticket-broker? That abused functionary, ever ready to smooth one's path to the Theatre, is the stage's best coadjutor. Always a polite and accommodating vassal he saves the worshippers from many trials, asking in return only kind words and a pittance. Give him a ring upon the telephone or a call at his counter and he will be jovially and competently at your service. Upon the receipt of a reasonable premium of $8 or $10 per ticket he will preserve you from contact with that haughtiest form of insect life—a Broadway box-office man in a theatre housing a "hit." Yet the best a theatre ticket broker gets for his benefactions to mankind is persecution, a large income, and the priceless knowledge that he is a blessing not in disguise to his fellow men.

● It may be that one of the things the waning Drama needs to make it strong again is hospitality. Managers renowned for liberality in private life are churlish in their attitude towards their paying guests. The Cinema jollies its customers with feats of luxury—each chair a throne, each attendant a slave, deferential if not sycophantic. It makes the yokel a sybarite for the time being, as he lolls upon its voluptuous cushions getting his money's worth. The Drama under its present overlords bids us unwelcome and seems to take delight in filling our pleasures full of pain. "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind", and though the offering may be a masterpiece by Noel Coward or Ring Lardner we feel as we view it, that we are intruding. Perhaps the producers are too busy concentrating on the excellence of their product to think of the littler and more material things. Engrossed in earning a Pulitzer Prize for the season's snappiest show they forget the physical miseries of drama-going and leave us to writhe in a multitude of inconveniences it is no pleasure to describe.

Miss Ethel Barrymore is happily reconsidering her determination to black-up for the Messrs. Shubert in a burnt-cork performance of *Scarlet Sister Mary*. The Big Rôle of that Pulitzer favourite, you may remember, is a comely negress who though strong of soul, falters and is defeated by the onslaughts of sex. Innocently she abandons herself to love and the maternal instinct, indifferent to the dire consequences of unchastity; and she pays and pays. If there were no negro players upon the stage, Miss Barrymore, the First of the White Actresses, would more than suffice as the erring Afro-American. But compared to the real thing as it occurs in *Porgy* or *Hallelujah* her impersonation might be handicapped. In those plays and in others, I am told, the vivid, natural acting of the eager, simple coloured folks shows up the affectations of white counterfeits who try to imitate their lives and characters. A year or two ago a high yaller gal from Harlem played Oscar Wilde's *Salome* in Times Square, and played it much better than Miss Mary Garden could play *Scarlet Sister Mary*. Mr. Heath of McIntyre and Heath is able to reproduce the negroid qualities, but all the others, including Jolson, Cantor, Lou Holtz the tall clown of Moran and Mack, are merely white surfaces smeared with black.

● Philip Logan in St. John Ervine's *The First Mrs. Fraser* is so likable a bachelor that you may resent the heroine's shabby treatment of his suit. Rich, handsome, amusing and fifty-five he is a pleasant contrast to the dull cad who wins her at the end. That mean and stodgy fellow has divorced her before the play begins in order to marry a hussy who gives him the air for an imbecilic marquis and an oily gigolo. He wants the first Mrs. Fraser to take him back. Judged by any decent standards, as she quite readily admits, he is a repellent man.

Having made Logan attractive and Fraser hateful Mr. Ervine is mischievous enough to put a tack in the seat of Romance. But the trick is difficult. The only objection Mrs. Fraser can find to Logan is that he is an angler! His favourite pastime is to "pierce with bended hook the bright-eyed perch's slimy jaw", a tranquil art worthy the practice of the wisest man. So she fears that he might neglect her for the rod and reel, and that if she desired to go to a symphony concert he would want her to go fishing. Here is Logan's love-song, and the response it gets from the lady of his heart:

PHILIP: I needn't tell you that I love you. I've loved you for a very long time. Before James loved you I loved you and I continued to love you after he left you. I shall love you as long as I live. Janet, you have been the one romance of my life; so I ask you again to marry me.

JANET: I'm sure you mean that, Philip, but you'd find it very galling if I asked you to take me to Paris just when you wanted to go fishing. You'd prefer to have me sitting by a river, saying nothing while you fished. And you'd like me to fish, too, and wear waders and breeches.

PHILIP: You'd look magnificent in 'em!

JANET: But I hate fish, Philip. They're such wet things. And I'd be bored to death in fishing inns, knitting while you and the other fishermen told each other frightful lies. I can only imagine myself marrying a fisherman if I were so desperately in love with him that I'd gladly collect worms for him.

PHILIP: My God, Janet, I don't use worms!

JANET: You see! We're quarreling already! That's what fishing would do to us.

I was in Honolulu on the day that Miss Grace George presented *The First Mrs. Fraser* to Broadway, but aided by an ambitious imagination and the book of the play I was able to be present at the première. At five o'clock in the afternoon—it being then nine, p.m. in Times Square—I had my China boy usher me to an aisle seat on the verandah and there waited the rise of the curtain. Almost at once the turquoise sea disappeared from my awareness, to say nothing of the pineapples and craters. Before me appeared, or rather came into focus, Janet Fraser's flat in Knightsbridge and Mr. Ervine's characters were assembling, as on a stage in a theatre, to act a charming fable.

● I clapped my hands when Miss George entered, and as she bowed and bowed, I read in Mr. Ervine's stage directions that she was a nice woman of thirty-eight, dignified, intelligent, and with laughter in her eyes. Thereafter I carefully kept pace with the performance, allowing for intermissions and applause, and at seven o'clock in the Sandwich Isles or eleven in Manhattan, I had seen a delightful comedy, delightfully acted by myself and Mr. Brady's cast. Not so pathetic as Barrie's similar *What Every Woman Knows* it was a sprightly study of the less understandable peccadilloes of humankind, written with honest wit and with conscientious attention to probability. Let me recommend an experiment in drama-loving. Instead of going to the play one night, stay at home and read it, if the manuscript is available, and enjoy your own improvements in its acting and direction with a minimum of physical exertion and discomfort. The adventure in playgoing without departing from the library may convince you—as well it should—that the worst thing about the Drama is the Theatre.

STEICHEN

lady from london

evelyn laye contributes beauty, charm and a fine voice to noel coward's operetta "bitter sweet"

a gallery of dreiser

BY JOHN RIDDELL

in which the many victims of the american novelist's "a gallery of women" retaliate with some spirit

• (EDITOR'S NOTE: Since observing the painstaking manner in which Theodore Dreiser ripped out the pages of Memory's Album one by one and sent them down to the printer's under the title *A Gallery of Women, Vanity Fair's* literary critic has felt that poetic justice demands that these pilloried ladies in turn should have an opportunity to do likewise for Mr. Dreiser. In the ensuing parody, therefore, Mr. Riddell has undertaken to suggest the manner in which these sentimental episodes might have been presented if the women had written in his own style about Mr. Dreiser.)

BY OLIVE BRAND When I think of him, I visualize a cement-mixer, mixing cement. And somehow I think of a grain elevator, large and ponderous and very uninteresting. Also, I think of many men at work digging a foundation, or laying bricks, or shoveling coal, all day long. Also, I think of canned spinach. Also, I think of the tap dripping in the kitchen sink, drip, drip, drip. Also, I think of sheep jumping over a fence, first one sheep and then another sheep and then another sheep and then another sheep, by which same time I am so sleepy that I shut the book and stop thinking about him, though.

BY REINA First impressions are keenest. When I first met Theodore I thought he was a novelist, and yet not quite. He was a steady plodder with an infinite patience, a practical knowledge of words and skilled in their preparation for the market, and a way of appearing in two volumes, boxed, which gave the impression that there was something valuable inside. At least, I said, he is a writer—very much that. Anyone who sets down 500,000 words is a writer, if only a bad one.

But if his novels were dull, his grammar was worse. Unless cautioned he would use *where* for *whereas, which* for *a fact that, which same* for *which, to wholeheartedly help* for *wholeheartedly to help*, and some other of those amusing Americanisms beloved by those who constitute the rank, if not file, of American writers. Mrs. Malaprop at her worst wasn't a patch. "He was described to me as a man who browbeat his wife (where he was afraid of other men)" (*Page 11*). "Rhoda had not seen Reina for five years, herself having married" (*Page 12*). "She was greatly troubled lest I conceive queer notions concerning her and her parents, which was only partly true" (*Page 17*). "Prompted to wholeheartedly help him do this" (*Page 31*). "If I were to devote one hundred pages to verbatim transcripts of subsequent conversations between her and Sven, and which same she invariably forced upon him . . ." (*Page 41*). "The air fairly sizzled with badinage as to the why and the whenceness of this, that and the other . . ." (*Page 67*).

This is typical of much that I listened to for pages and pages, and in spite of anything and everything done to make him see the error of his ways. Grammar was not to be impressed upon Theodore, himself thinking, it seems, he was above the same as seeming to at last have arrived into a style. That I was shocked at this clumsy and careless prose, even while it amused me, was obvious, myself having heard so much of the wonderful if not interesting Theodore, where he had never been all or maybe any of the things the critics said of him, really. In consequence, whenever he called on me, I tried to talk with him in the same bad grammar which he could understand. Ya bet!—his favorite expression. Everything was either "classy" or "nobby" or "the cat's whiskers", or even—I blush to repeat a tithe of all the amazing expressions I used to make him feel at home—"23 fer you, Skiddo!" or "Upsedaisy!" And as a result of all my effort to be congenial, he writes a story about me, in which he says that I use bad grammar!

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark. Ya betcha.

BY LUCIA Once I had a man named Theodore arrested in Metuchen, N. J., on a Peeping Tom charge, but he said in court that his last name was Smith. I doubt if he could have been the same one.

BY ELLEN ADAMS WRYNN I first came to know him while he was editing one of the several magazines for which from time to time I illustrated. Though

THEODORE DREISER AMONG HIS SOUVENIRS—BY COVARRUBIAS

not widely known, I was doing general illustration at the time in order to obtain sufficient money to pursue my more important art dreams, and he wrote me himself and asked me to come to see him. I did. He was a man of about fifty years, in a sharkskin business suit, heavily built, yet not stout, wearing tan shoes, with grey hair, size number 11½, also suspenders, for he did not have on his vest though it was winter (where others might have been cold), but smiled at me with thick lips, unattractive, I thought. But I sat in his lap, or ran my fingers through his hair, he smiling and ordering more illustrations every minute, because I needed the money. And would he drop in at my studio some time, I asked, and I would be glad to show him some other things I had, which same he might like to purchase also for his magazine. A girl must live, I thought, gritting my teeth, by damn!

Thereafter day after day, pretending he wanted to buy more drawings (although, as I discovered in due time, he had long since left the employ of the magazine) he would call at my studio at all hours, on the excuse that he was wishing to see how my work was progressing, if at all. Then he would kiss me and I would sell him another drawing, because I needed the money, but my husband, as I learned, resented his snooping around our apartment, listening through keyholes or even, as he did frequently, taking our personal letters out of the waste-basket and reading them, and insisted that I should get rid of him, and that soon.

"This is going too far," said McKail, my husband. "Last night I found him inside the grandfather's clock and this morning while you were taking your bath he was under the tub, making notes."

"I know it," sighed I. "I am getting afraid to crack a boiled egg for fear I will find him inside."

"I've got it," said McKail, my husband. "I will tell him you have run away and left me, and when he goes to write the story you and I can sneak off to Paris and start life over anew."

So that is why for fifteen years he has had no word—nothing—from Ellen Adams Wrynn.

BY IDA HAUCHAWOUT When I knew Theodore, I thought he was the plumber. I remember that every morning when I took a bath, he used to sit on the soapdish and write busily on a piece of paper. I thought nothing of it at the time, assuming merely that he was taking measurements on a new washer for the hot-water faucet, but since reading his book I have assumed different, the *(Continued on page 82)*

american in paris, france

• In the kaleidoscope shown above Covarrubias has translated into another medium George Gershwin's symphony, *An American in Paris*, which had its première in New York last year. Covarrubias has given us here an optical table of contents for the overlaid blasts of aural sensation from which Gershwin built up his symphony: the American himself, the jungle-tangle of bars, cafés and night clubs; the ladies of the morning, afternoon and night: the Paris of the American in Paris. The strident, nervous, melting, jeering, comical, lyrical panorama of Gershwin's structure of *pastiches* is admirably visualized in this painting which is a part of the Steinway Collection

STEICHEN

betty starbuck

a crisp comedienne who is playing in the clever musical comedy, "heads up"

■ After the opening night of "The Garrick Gaieties", some five years ago, Betty Starbuck found herself, like her fellow-players, abruptly famous—a definite note of colour in that kaleidoscope of laughter and luck which is the American theatre. In "Peggy Ann", "Chi-Chi" and "Hello Daddy" she has since proved herself to be a dependable person to have in any musical comedy; and her cool humour and animation are presently contributing no small share to that tuneful depiction of piracy and pathos, "Heads Up"

the extra man

BY JOHN V. A. WEAVER

■ I don't see how I can stand it any longer.
It ain't not only always bein' starved,
Not knowin' whether I'll work for weeks and weeks;
I could stand that some more. But it's the way
They treat you—I mean, the way they think about you.
Know what I mean? You ain't a human bein',
You're just a thing that maybe they can use.

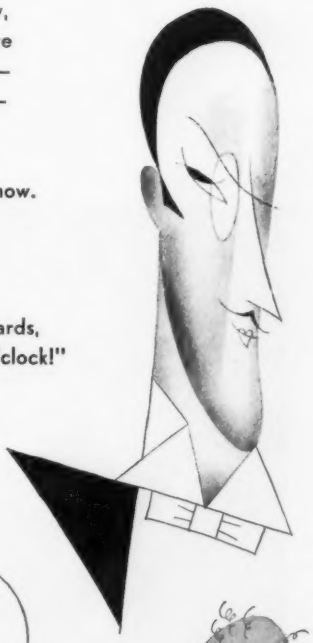
It's the assistant directors—they're the ones.
They bawl you out, and shove you all around,
And all the time your name ain't Bill or Pete,
It's "You!" . . . Why, a man's got some pride, now ain't he?
I ast you, is it fair to talk the way
They do? Now, here's the sort of stuff I mean:

Last month I was workin' over to Paramount
In "Pearls and Girls". It was the party scene
Where Powell—that's Mr. De Puyster—gives a party.
So what does Arlie Jacobsen come and yell?
"Listen," he yells, "drink up your coca cola,
And eat them sandwiches like you enjoy 'em!
You're in the home of a rich millionaire!
And you're all havin' a goddam good time!"
Get it? Well, maybe that ain't it exactly.
But here's another time, in "The King's Revenge",
That was the niftiest costume I ever had.
A full dress suit, and a ribbon over my chest,
And even one of them English monicles.
It sure was one swell set. So there we was,
At the King's court, and I looked very good.

■ They got me in two close-ups, with the king.
Well, after I done my big scene, where I talked
To the Prime Minister—I had two whole lines,—
I was just standin' there, thinkin' about it,
You know, about it bein' only luck,
The way one guy is born to be a king,
And others never get no breaks, and how
Maybe if my old man was somebody else
I could of been goin' to royal courts,
And from the pitchers I seen of the real royals,
I looked a damn sight better than most of 'em—
Why, Lubitsch, he says "Cut.", and not two seconds
After, this Lee, he shoots his face off loud,
And knocks the ideas right out of my head,
And there I am, only an extra-man.
"That's all!" he says. "Snap out of it, you bums!
All youse ambassadors turn in your wardrobe!"

Oh, well—maybe I'm sensitive, like.
But they won't let you have a single dream,
Or think you're anything . . . Take just last week.
I knowed they was goin' to be a call for guys
That can grow a garden—that means raise a beard
And if there's one thing I can do, it's that.
Less'n ten days is all I ever need
To get a muff that covers the whole chin.
So I go over and hang around the window,
And I need dough, you see, but still I'm sure
They can remember what swell work I do—
They ain't no extra had a better record—
And I was thinkin' what a really grand
Art these here movies is, after all, see?
And how I'm really gettin' somewheres, now.

■ Didn't that ape assistin' Wallace run
Into the castin' office, and yell out,
Not tryin' to be funny or anything,
Pointin' to all us guys that had growed beards,
"Ten of them airedales tomorrow, nine o'clock!"
Airedales!



SKETCHES BY DE LAVERERIE

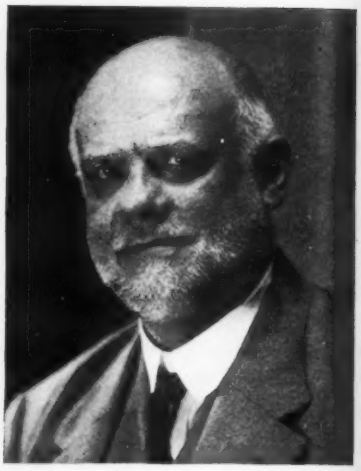
we nominate for the hall of fame

BEATRICE LILLIE

LION FEUCHTWANGER

GERTY SIMON

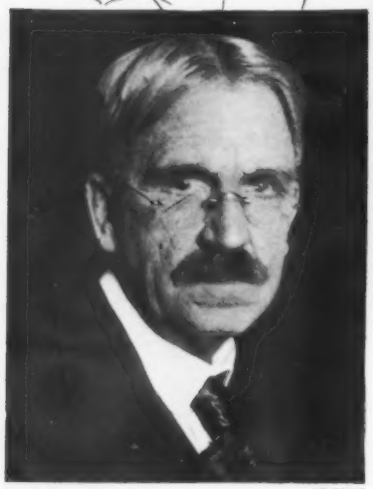
AMBROISE VOLLARD



BARRE

BROWN

CARLOS SALZEDO



KEYSTONE

JOHN DEWEY

because:

• **BEATRICE LILLIE** makes America laugh at English jokes; because she can do everything a finished comedienne should do, from deft impersonations to comedy falls; because, in private life, she is Lady Peel; and finally because this caricature of her was drawn by Oriel Ross, actress, artist and model of the modern sculptor Jacob Epstein

• **LION FEUCHTWANGER** has been a soldier, a novelist, and a playwright; because he has given the historical romance its modern form; because he is a scholar and a Doctor of Philosophy; and finally because *Jew Suss* was a best seller in Europe and America and will have had two New York productions before the winter is over

• **AMBROISE VOLLARD** has studied law, written delightful biographies of painters and published handsome *éditions de luxe;* because he reads nothing but detective stories and never heard of Ibsen until 1923; and finally because he is the greatest of French art collectors and was one of the first to recognize Cézanne and post-impressionism

• **JOHN DEWEY** is the leading contemporary American philosopher; because his writings have had great influence in China and Russia; because he is a lecturer, an educator and an authority on world politics; and finally because his greatness was suddenly recognized by the public and the press upon the recent celebration of his seventieth birthday

• **CARLOS SALZEDO** is considered the finest harpist in the world; because he is a composer whose work is played by most of the symphony orchestras and a superb pianist; because he is a native of the Basque province; and finally because he has recently invented a harp of modernistic design to replace the usual old-fashioned instrument

a proposal for an international golf team

BY BERNARD DARWIN

an expert chooses a formidable line-up of which each member is distinguished by a particular ability

• There may be, unknown to me, several kinds of what I will call Composite golf. There are, at any rate, two kinds that I know well.

One, the simpler and more sophisticated, I always connect with a certain match against Cambridge when winter is just turning into spring and there is light, after tea, for a little agreeable tomfoolery. The players are divided into several teams, each under a captain. In each team there is one man armed with a driver, one with a spoon, a third with an iron, a fourth with a mashie and a fifth with a putter. The teams play matches against one another over three, or perhaps four holes, and as a fresh situation arises the captain calls upon the man with the appropriate club. It is a rollicking, amusing enough game in which the player who has been chosen for his skill with a particular club, wholly fails as a rule, to exhibit it. The mighty driver anxious to justify himself, tops into the nearest bunker and the man who is famed for holing everything can hole nothing.

That is quite good fun, but the other game is an improvement on it. In the second form of the game there is no captain to make a choice; the players are bound to follow each other in a definite order, whether or not they have the suitable club. I have generally seen this game played with four clubs—driver, iron, mashie and putter. Now, at the first hole, suppose the driver and the iron player do their parts, the green is probably reached in two, the mashie player may then make a sufficiently good imitation of an approach putt and the putter pops the ball in for a par four. That is "according to plan". The team can again begin the second hole with the driver and so on. But things do not for long happen so considerately. If the first hole is not done in four, the fifth shot—perhaps holing a putt of six inches—must be made with the driver (what a sad waste!) and the next tee shot with the iron. It is only a matter of time before the ball lies under the steep face of a bunker and the inexorable sequence of clubs points to the man with the wooden club to blast it out. Putting is done with anything but a putter and the player wielding that club finds himself trying to make a high-lofting, quick-stopping pitch.

• It is extraordinary what a resourceful golfer can do with an "instrument singularly ill adapted to the purpose" and some of the most brilliant shots I have ever seen have been made in games of this kind. A few years ago when there was an Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, there set in a fashion for playing these matches after dinner, the players being all attired in orthodox dress clothes with stiff shirt fronts. When, in the deepening twilight, the man with a mashie holed a long putt for the match on the last green there was such a crowd to see him do it that it might almost have been the final of the championship.

These are but frivolous, if pleasant, memories, but they have set me thinking about something a little more serious. Supposing—and it is only a fantastic supposition—you had to choose a team from the whole world to represent it at composite golf against some other planet,—Mars, let us say—whom would you choose? I will give you a lead by trying to choose my own team. Golfers have so vast an armoury of clubs nowadays, with all their numbered irons that we might have a team of a dozen or so—However, I will vote for only seven.

Our first man shall use the driver and the brassy, our second the spoon, our third the driving and medium irons (Perhaps one should call them No. 1 and No. 2) our fourth the light iron or mashie, our fifth the mashie-niblick, our sixth the niblick pure and simple for serious recovering work and our seventh, that heaviest responsibility of all, the putter.

• Before we commit ourselves definitely we have got to look all around our subject with great care. There are one or two players whom we should be glad to have on our side in one of several capacities, but that is not allowed and so we must consider how to make the best use of them. There is Mr. Bobby Jones, to begin with. We should be perfectly content to have him to putt for us and putting is terribly important; yet somehow that does not seem the ideal job for him. Confound the fellow! he is so good at everything. There is really only one club out of the seven which on the whole I would not entrust to him—that is the mashie-niblick. Heaven knows he is skilful enough with it, but there are a few who are better, perhaps, and it is not a club with which he "fancies" himself, or it was not when last I saw him.

Let us defer this great problem of Bobby for a moment and turn to the other man who could be so priceless a Jack-of-all-trades for us—I mean of course Walter Hagen. Obviously, good driver as he is, we should not choose him for the tee shot, but at any one of several shorter ranges from the hole he would be invaluable. There is no one more likely than he, perhaps no one as likely, to hole the crucial putt for the team. Shall we give him the putter? Stop a bit—he is a supreme genius with the mashie-niblick. There is that comparatively low shot of his that stops as if the ball were tethered by a string. Yet if we give him the mashie-niblick he will not play so many of those lovely pitch-and-run shots from just off the edge of the green as we should like, because he plays those as a rule, I think, with some straighter-faced club. Finally is he not the world's greatest recoverer and will not even our team, of all the talents, have to do some recovering? But Hagen would be wasted on the niblick because he seldom uses the blasting or explosive shot, but rather twitches the ball away with a dare-devil delicacy. This is the greatest quandary of all.

• However, if the decision rests with me, I shall give him the No. 4 place on the side. He will assuredly play the mashie or light iron shot up to the pin as anyone else will and with these two clubs we shall be able to utilize his services for the pitch-and-run shot as well. There is one player to whom I should very much have liked to give those two clubs and that is Mr. Chick Evans. I used to think him the most accurate player I had ever seen at what I may call the intermediate pitching lengths. But then I have not seen him lately and there is not room for everybody and we must have Hagen for those pitch-and-run shots. So, rightly or wrongly, the die is cast.

That is one difficulty disposed of and now we come back to the Bobby problem. Well, I have made up my mind by this time. He is going to have the driver and the brassy on the rare occasions when it will be needed. I cannot think of any other man who is likely to make the rest of the game so easy for those that follow him. And he is so very long—I believe we are all a little inclined to forget that, because we are so dazzled by his brilliant accuracy. I must admit that I had to quell a strong patriotic impulse to choose Abe Mitchell for this driving job. He is a glorious hitter with wooden clubs, fully worthy of the honour and if I don't give him this place I don't see how to squeeze him in with the team. However, duty is duty; and Bobby shall have the place and anyhow I can indulge my patriotism, without any scruples, over the spoon. That place surely must belong to George Duncan. He will very likely not have much to do but there is no one who could do it better or with such complete mastery over his instrument and over the wind if there is one. He shall be appointed our spoon player and I hope the Captain will give him as many chances as possible and will not rely too regularly on the man with the big irons.

Who is that man to be—the No. 3 on the side? Once upon a time I should have gone to England to look for him and should have chosen Vardon, but I am afraid he is not quite young enough now. It really is terribly difficult; there are so many good ones, but two particular ones come into my head, Armour and Horton Smith. I think Horton Smith will have to wait. Armour seems to me the man. He is so beautifully crisp and moreover he seems to me the iron player that all the other good iron players admire, just as there is sometimes a writer who is particularly the novelists' novelist. At any rate, nobody can possibly complain at this choice. It is an eminently safe one. *(Continued on page 80)*

charles butterworth

a portrait of the mad hatter of broadway, mr. charles butterworth, of "sweet adeline"

• He might have been drawn by Tenniel: this baffled, doleful, futile Mad Hatter from *Alice in Wonderland*, blinking emptily as a bat at the bright and bewildering sunshine about him, staring with pale expressionless eyes at a gorgeous figure in ermine and merely remarking pessimistically: "She's in white." He is a melancholy, fugitive wraith among our more robust American comics; there is no one remotely like him, no one even remotely as funny. For he is a very master of understatement; his extraordinary features seem to ponder a fact interminably before he dismisses it with three words that are thus inevitably the three funniest words possible. Someone tries to imbue him with the Spirit of Spring. "Beautiful Spring!" they tell him. He is not impressed. "Spring," he scowls. "Spring air rots things. All rotten." Thus Charles Butterworth; there is no subtler or more unique artist of laughter in the American theatre today.

STEICHEN

just mention my name

BY BARNEY DOUGALL

an all inclusive survey of the caste system which prevails in our up-to-date speakeasies

• "Knock three times, ask for Joe, and tell him you're a friend of Mr. Blutz. . . "

—Obsolete method of gaining entrance to a speakeasy.

• Gone is the sliding panel, gone the magic formula, the furtive whisper and suspicious glance. No longer is the thirst-stricken wanderer confronted by a wiry, shirt-sleeved proprietor, asked sharply Who Sent Him, and then ushered through musty halls to a dingy smoke-filled room. No longer does he consider a visit to Joe's a mad, frolicsome escapade to write home about or mention at the club or remember to tell his children concerning that thrilling period in American culture which was called Prohibition. Like the painted slicker, the flapping galosh and the phrase "You said it!", Joe and his out-moded trappings of mystery have passed into the limbo of memory. The Speakeasy has at last come into its own.

After a long and experimental infancy, Prohibition has casually assumed its permanent place in the American scene; and slowly but surely the Speakeasy has adapted itself to this new social structure. It has outgrown the Awkward Age. It is beginning a new phase of existence, smiling slightly, arms akimbo, mockery in its eye. The oily, sullen Joe has sold out to his polished, cosmopolitan cousin, whose name is always, regardless of his nationality, Tony. The sliding panel and rattling bolt of Joe's day have given way to an obsequious waiter who greets the patrons by name. No modern city block is complete without a Tony's of its own.

The speakeasy of today—Tony's Place—has character. It is a very variant character, to be sure; there is a distinct snobbery among speakeasies. There are red-headed Tonies, German Tonies, thin Tonies; there are business men's Tonies, suburban Tonies, ladies' Tonies. For Tony has his own peculiar caste system, which is iron-bound and inescapable. He is extremely particular about his location, his chef, his furnishings, his bartender and waiters, the quality of his goods and, so far as possible, his clientèle. If he follows the rule of his predecessor Joe and allows anything and everyone into his restaurant he soon learns to his dismay—and financial embarrassment—that he is out-dated and *déclassé*.

There is, for example, the very common Tony's which caters almost exclusively to newspapermen and writers. There is the artistic and genteel Tony's at which celebrities and near-celebrities wax witty and near-witty. There is the college version of Tony's, incomplete without at least twelve raccoon coats. There is the Tony's which serves the society crowd, which is peopled by sleek, sophisticated young ladies and their extremely polite young (and not so young) escorts. There is the suburban Tony's, which attempts with some success to maintain a club-like atmosphere, where all the patrons know one another and one another's wives. There is the Tony's situated somewhere near a hair-dressing establishment, where Madame awaits her appointment, her escort, or simply awaits. Each Tony's caters exclusively to its own clientèle. The rigid caste-system has separated the modern speakeasy into five or six distinct types.

Commonest of all is the Newspaper Tony's. It is located very adjacent to Newspaper Row, overlooking the maze of winding cobblestone streets (always very dark) which radiate from Park Row. Of late it has spread northward into the Forties, in the wake of the conservative *Times* and *Herald-Tribune*. The room is fairly large, the floor bare, and there are a few tables with soiled linen (sometimes red, sometimes white) cloths adorning them, upon which are scrawled absent-minded concentric circles, shaded diamonds, and a telephone number or two.

Tony knows that the newspaperman is awed not the least by fame and celebrities, but likes to see them around. So the walls are practically hidden by autographed photographs of those in the limelight. Of Paul Whiteman and Joan Crawford and Jack Dempsey and Al Jolson, of countless aviators and actresses and politicians and Moran and Mack. Over the small tarnished mirror at the center of the bar Tony always hangs a coloured lithograph of Colonel Lindbergh, who flew to Paris all alone. There is a sort of permanent free lunch counter, covered by a screen and consisting of stale cheese, ancient rye bread, soda crackers. No one ever touches them. Except, perhaps, on his first visit.

• The Newspaper Tony's is well-known and popular among the news-hounds because they are always hurried, casual, and suffering deeply from abject penury; and Tony is not domineering, adamant, or dollar-stricken. The refreshment is served at first in small, average ponies, but Tony is aware that his guests will immediately and belligerently demand larger ones, so these are near at hand.

He never mixes for them. He hears their wants, selects the proper bottle, and places it, along with the first and smaller pony, before them. No spoons. Spoons are polite and consequently effeminate. The mixture is stirred either by the finger—the right forefinger—or the chewed and tattered pencil. Tony knows, too, the habits of nearly every one of his patrons. He knows the hour of the deadline for each of them and sees, or tries to see, that they reach their typewriters in time and condition to hammer out the news.

In the upper Forties west of Fifth Avenue is the Algonquin Tony's. Here the town's wags are gathered by the Great American Urge, conviviality holds sway, epigrams are made and chuckled over. To be sure, there are countless synthetic versions of the Algonquin Tony's, but the genuine, once seen, may be easily recognized by the fact that the conversation is a shade louder, and bolder, and duller.

The tone of the room is very quiet. Dark blue or crimson wall-paper will do, and the table-cloths (white) are always fresh. Along the wall there are small side-lamps with parchment shades embellished by two feminine figures delicately touching finger-tips and resembling, as someone has said, two Channel swimmers meeting in mid-stream. The space occupied is usually very small, especially the bar. You order what you want and a waiter —neat, polite, and French—fetches forth your demands. You might, in fact you should, take a lady. Probably you will decide that it's a wonderful place to talk. Each time the tinkle of a bell is heard and someone enters the small door you wonder who *that* was.

• The clientèle here convoked is literary if not literate. Writers on the verge of delivering themselves of a novel, novelists who wonder if they'll ever write anything, humorous artists, magazine-cover artists, an editor or two, an actor and perhaps a film star constitute the nucleus. But the term of life for the Algonquin Tony's is only about six months. Soon the out-of-towner learns the location, wants to see his demi-gods at close range, manages to gain admission through the magic portals, and the haven is a haven no longer. The celebrities move on, meet again in another rendezvous with the same qualities, and wonder how long it will be theirs.

The College Tony's is almost as numerous as the Newspaper Tony's. Usually it is a strictly stag affair with something of the ***camaraderie*** and hail-fellow-well-met quality, which accounts for its popularity with the campus denizens. It is located in or near the theatre district, yet it is easily accessible to Park Avenue for engagements.

The bar is long and very dark mahogany. Facing it are the usual **bookkeepers'** stools. There are many mirrors,—a long one behind the bar, and other full-length affairs from floor to ceiling. The large wood tables are uncovered. Cards are on hand and poker-chips may be supplied if *(Continued on page 78)*

the "1-3-2" goulashes

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

an authority on contract bridge explains the widespread vogue for passing goulashes

• Fickle as has been the public fancy in Passing Goulashes, and varied as have been the "passes" adopted, it seems that the "One, Three, Two" order has attained such widespread vogue as to promise more than a possibility of permanency. The general popularity of the "One, Three, Two" Goulash is doubtless due to the fact that it offers keen players the best opportunity to exercise their skill, while, at the same time, providing comparative safety for the less experienced.

Passing Goulashes, however, are too new to have acquired any standardized convention. In a recent *Vanity Fair* article I gave a thorough exposition of some of the conventions which I have developed and used in playing the "One, Three, Two" Goulash. These rules may be briefly outlined as follows:

First Pass: The first card passed always indicates a suit you desire to collect. To show a *generally powerful* hand with no predominating suit, pass a low card of your one weak suit (lower than a six). Otherwise give the highest card of your most promising suit of four or more. When partners indicate the same suit, the one passing the higher valued card must be elected to collect the suit.

Second Pass: If you have a dominating hand at least good for a game bid with no further assistance, keep your partner's card, and make any discard which tends to improve your hand. Lacking a dominating hand, always return your partner's key card, usually with others of his suit. Having none of his suit, give your best side cards or retain them to build your own hand, according to whether it is weak or strong. In passing your partner's suit or in clearing a side suit, the other is *highest cards* first.

Third Pass: Entirely optional. Adopt no rules for this pass but keep your point of view flexible, and be guided solely by previous developments. Unless desiring to arrange an assisting cross-ruff your remaining cards in partner's suit should usually be passed. The advisability of keeping one of partner's suit or giving him one of your own for entry varies according to the type of hand and the previous passes.

There is a certain amount of dissent from the opinion that the first card passed should be the highest of a suit. Many players use an elaborate system of signal cards to show a suit longer or shorter than five, topped by the Ace or a lower honour, etc., etc. Having thoroughly tested both methods I am convinced that while the signalling system has much to recommend it, the highest card of the suit will in the majority of cases prove the most practical "pass". The definite information conveyed is usually invaluable for defensive purposes. Again, it often enables your partner to switch to No Trump when you cannot build his suit. But, best of all, the passing of the highest card of your suit preserves the indispensable low card signal to show dominant strength in the three remaining suits. Unless your partner's hand is both short-suited and trickless, the immediate showing of your three strong suits will usually result in a game at least. If your partner has a suit of any merit, he knows from the outset either that you can build him up, or that he must coöperate with you for a No Trump.

• Even with quite a weak partner this signal will often work out successfully. (It should be explained that weak partners are very often weak in passing goulashes because of lack of experience rather than because of a faulty card sense.) The following hand illustrates the situation I have just described:

	♠ Q-7-5-3 ♡ Q-10-8 ◇ 5-3-2 ♣ A-J-3	
♠ J-10-9-8-6-4 ♡ 9-2 ◇ 10-9-8 ♣ 10-9	N W S E Dealer	♠ 2 ♡ A-K-J-5-3 ◇ Q-J ♣ 8-7-5-4-2
	♠ A-K ♡ 7-6-4 ◇ A-K-7-6-4 ♣ K-Q-6	

Should South not use the No Trump signal he would call for Diamonds. Thus, if East and West properly massed their suits, his partnership would fail to build a game hand. But if South starts with the No Trump signal, passing the 4 of Hearts, his game practically builds itself. When North, who has given the Queen of Spades, receives the 4 of Hearts, he responds by sending over the Q, 10, 8, while South returns his partner's Queen of Spades with the Ace and King. North's last pass is the Ace, Jack of Clubs. To provide either for No Trump or Spade play, South gives up the Ace, King of Diamonds. The opening bid should be three No Trumps—the full strength of South's hand. North, holding no strength

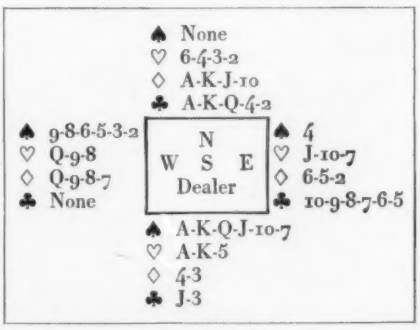
DRAWINGS BY PAGES

which is unknown to his partner, goes by.

Even though thoroughly conversant with the technique of the exchanges, unless a player is quite familiar with the idiosyncrasies of Passing Goulashes he is apt to make costly blunders in the bidding and play of these freakish hands. These blunders can usually be traced to the player's mistaken impression that he is confronted by problems somewhat, if not entirely, similar to those occurring in Contract. As a matter of fact, the first step toward improving your technique in Passing Goulashes is to forget everything you have known about Contract, and to realize that you are playing an entirely different and totally unrelated game. To be sure, the scoring and the mechanics of play in a Goulash are the same, but there all similarity begins and ends.

In the case of valuations the dissimilarity is most marked. For example, at Contract a hand such as the following: ♠ None, ♡ A-K-Q-6-4-2, ◇ A-K-Q-J, ♣ A-K-Q, would hold the very reasonable promise of a grand slam at Hearts. Played at the same suit in a Passing Goulash, unless the partner had withheld some Hearts, it is highly improbable that the hand would even produce a game. The usual goulash distribution would find all seven of the missing trumps in the possession of one opponent. In short, the theory of equal distribution of the outstanding trumps on which suit hands are valued at Contract becomes a complete anomaly in Passing Goulashes where a massing of a particular suit is the rule, a distribution of it being the exception.

• Guided by these fundamental facts, an experienced Goulash player is always prepared to switch from the preparation of a suit bid to a No Trump when the development of the hand indicates that the latter is more advisable. In the example shown below, if East and West mass their suits for defense, North and South can not make a slam in any suit, but they can, with correct passing, build an invincible grand slam at No Trumps.



When South, who *(Continued on page 76)*

beach dress for the south

• The chic woman at Antibes and the Lido, last summer, borrowed ideas from the well-dressed man for her beach clothes—and the American woman who is going south is doing the same. Bathing suits such as the black and white jersey at the left from Best, and the low-backed green celanese suit edged with white from Franklin Simon will be worn, as well as beach suits like this Mary Nowitzky mandarin coat and shorts of white linen over a red jersey, and the more informal polo shirt tucked into a pair of wide linen trousers which the lady who has her back turned is wearing; both are from Altman. The other young woman shown above is smart in a white crêpe dress with a band in two shades of yellow around the neck; Bergdorf Goodman.

• Showing the tendency toward twin screw cruisers this year, the 38-foot craft at the top of the illustration at the left is a new member of the great a.c.f. fleet. It has two Hall-Scott engines which drive the two propellers and is one of the speedier boats • The Chris-Craft beached at the left has a collapsible top and is the water-going equivalent of the convertible roadster-coupés now so fashionable among motorists on land. It makes an excellent tender. In one instance, at least, it was used for tarpon fishing off Florida

a few of the many new motor-boats for 1930 and a discussion of the modern marine trends

motor boats presented in the new york show

• With the passage of time, man, and especially the man of some discernment, has become more and more a piece of public property. Each new refinement of dress and diversion, each innovation to delight his eye or palate has made him more dependent upon agencies outside of himself for comfort, rest and relaxation. From an object of care and solicitude, he has been transformed into a target for super-service, fair game for the resistance-breaker.

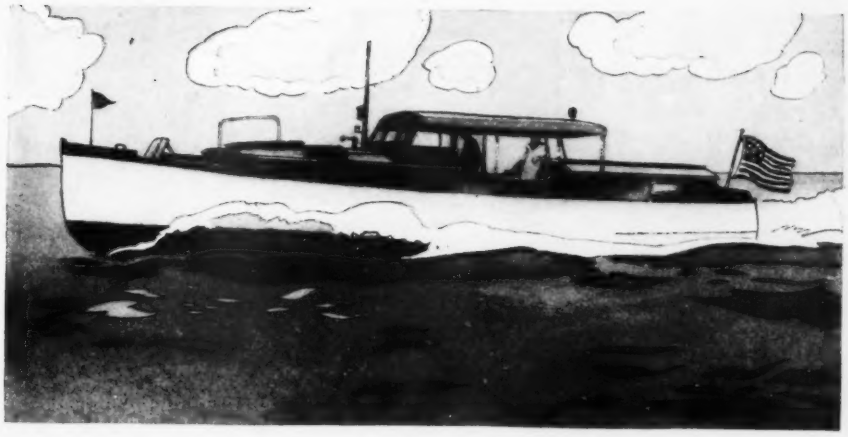
The renaissance of motor boating in the past two years is the result of the discovery by this harassed biped that the water cure is a way of escape. He snatched at it for consolation as a drowning candidate snatches at a straw ballot. He found that casting off was release not only from moorings, but from high pressure social activities, high pressure work, high pressure salesmanship and—high pressure. He found in the splash of spray and the sun on a white beach Nepenthe and a recess from margin calls, solicitors, Prohibition talk, circulars and all the elaborate pageantry of flapdoodle that makes modern urban life liveable and damnable. With the first exultant bite of the propeller he was reincarnated as an entity. He was free.

America is going marine in 1930. Motor boating is undergoing at this minute a number of basic changes which will express themselves in the regattas, the family cruising, the motor boat commuting, the pleasure fishing, the picnics and what not of next summer. Outboard boats are giving way to small inboards of a better quality than we have ever known before. Sleek, mahogany high speed runabouts—the roadsters of the sea—are coming in for astonishing popularity. Many more men than ever before will commute to New York and other cities in their motor boats from their summer waterside homes 25 and 50 miles away. Family cruisers, on which several thousand American families will live during the warm spell, will not only have double cabins for the accommodation of more people and their greater privacy but they will have much higher speed due to twin screw installations.

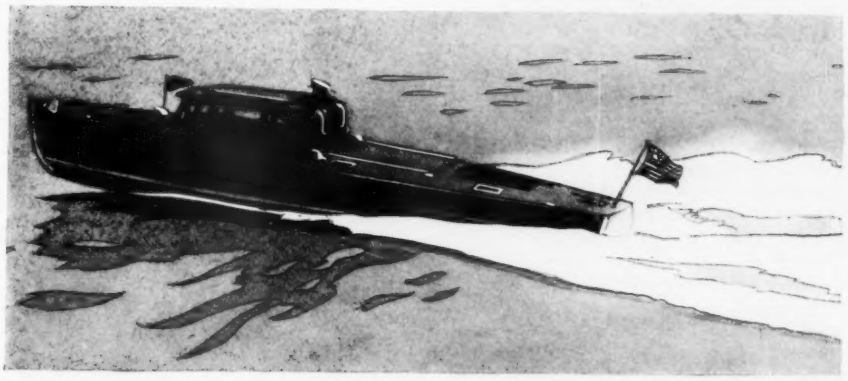
• Just now there are about a million and a quarter motor boats of all types in the United States. There are 32,000 owned in New York waters and their value is about $200,000,000. The new apartment houses going up along the East River, the Riverside Drive development and the Municipal public park activities on Staten Island and elsewhere all contain provisions for motor boat landings, basins and, in some cases, service facilities for the gasoline mariners of the five boroughs. The complicated subject of service has been one of the deterrent factors in the growth of motor boating and it is so at the present moment. However, all over the United States thought is being expended upon the improvement of this condition and progress is reported.

Two of the largest builders of runabouts, Chris-Craft and Dodge, in addition to a notable expansion of their plants, are introducing new family cruiser models. The Chris-Craft twin-screw cruiser is a 48 footer with two Chris-Craft motors of 225 horsepower each and a speed of 32 miles an hour. In addition a beguiling flock of Chris-Craft runabouts and sedans are available for the enjoyment of our harbours, rivers and lakes this year.

• Designed by Walter Laveau and completely new in every particular from figure headed stems to transoms, the new Dodge fleet for 1930 includes a 16-foot runabout with a 40 horsepower Lycoming motor, speeds up to 25 miles an hour and seating capacity for five people, at $945; a 21-foot runabout, seating six, with a 115 horsepower Lycoming motor and a speed of 35 miles an hour, at $2100; a 28-foot runabout, the fastest boat in the new Dodge fleet, with a seating capacity for twelve, a 300 horsepower Lycoming motor and a speed of 45 miles an hour, at $4500; a luxurious 28-foot sedan, seating twelve, a 300 horsepower Lycoming motor and 38-mile-an-hour-speed, at $5300; and the first standard cruising boat ever made by this company, a 45-foot twin screw cruiser with double cabin, two Lycoming motors of 300 horsepower each, commodious sleeping accommodations for eight people and a speed of 35 miles an hour, at $27,500. *(Continued on page 76)*



• Speeds of 25 m.p.h. with two 200 h.p. Sterling Petrel motors or 18 m.p.h. with one 150 h.p. Kermath are made by this new 46-foot Matthews cabin cruiser at the right • Second from the top of this page, the Baby Gar "50" limousine is a thrilling and luxurious boat capable of making 48 miles an hour with a powerful Gar Wood 400 h.p. motor. Note its cabin top • The large cruiser in the illustration below is the newest of the Elco boats. It is a 50-foot yacht with commodious facilities for a party of six and crew of two • With ornamental figure-head, choice of two sizes of Lycoming motors of 165 h.p. and 300 h.p., speeds of 32 m.p.h. and 45 m.p.h., the new Dodge mahogany runabout shown below, carries twelve people • In the foreground of the illustration below appears the only outboard boat among the ten new Dee-Wite models. It is a runabout for class C or D outboard engines



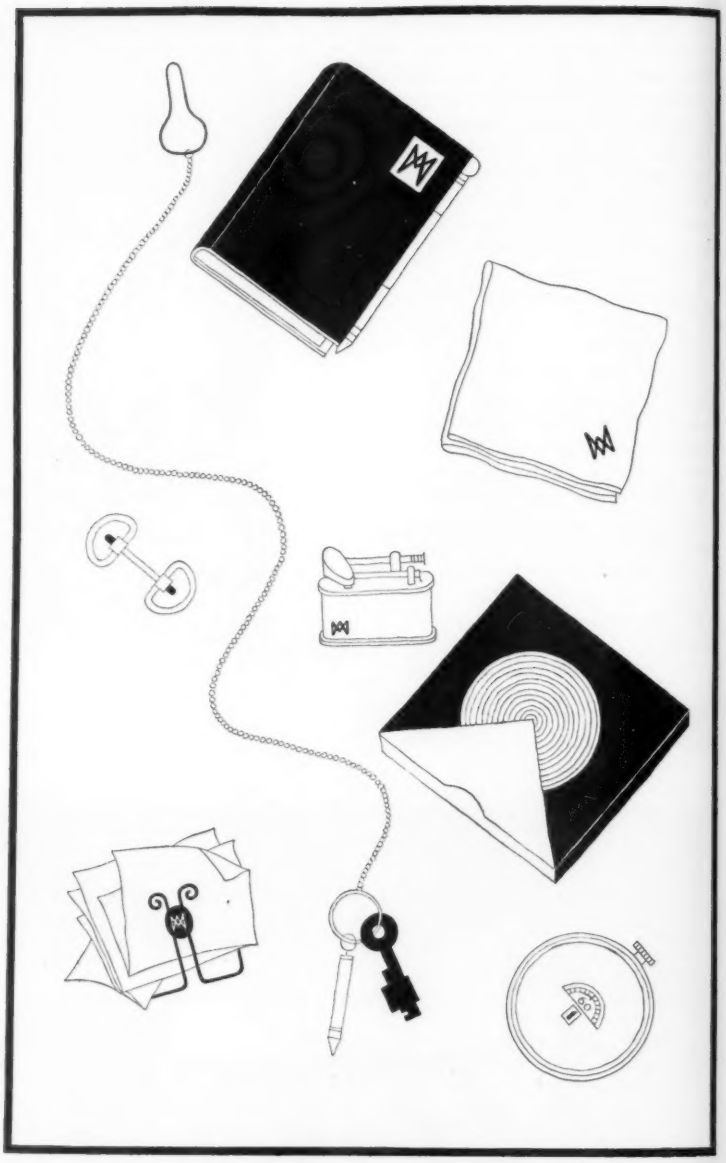
our london letter

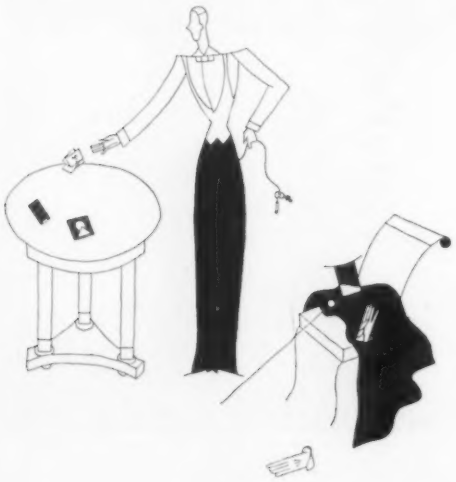
smart accessories the well-dressed man carries in the pockets of his formal evening clothes

■ The incidental accessories of a man's wardrobe are becoming more and more important each day. Indeed, this is true of both men and women who today, more than ever before, have the same philosophy of dress. Extreme elegance in both is expressed by their personal accessories more than by anything except, perhaps their meticulous grooming and manners.

And these accessories have become very formidable in number and value. The number of small things that come out of one's pockets when retiring at night amounts to several articles, all of which are necessary. But men's pockets have some limits, therefore these things must be chosen carefully for weight and size, so that they may be camouflaged in the folds of the modern well-fitting clothes we wear.

■ To begin with, the bulky wallet a man carries in the day is too large for the pocket of an evening dress coat. It spoils the set of the coat and the various things carried during the day are not necessary in the evening. This annoyance may be obviated by carrying money in a bill-clip for, of all the things in the wallet, money is the most necessary in the evening. An engagement book of some sort, preferably with a pencil attached, is necessary both day and evening. But since in the evening a man is minus four of the useful little pockets in his day waistcoat, this engagement book must be carried in the inside breast pocket of his coat, given over in the day to the wallet. The clip for bills is a *(Continued on page 80)*





• Above, a key-chain of gold beads with key-ring fastened with a small sapphire • A black enamel engagement book with a gold pencil, which is monogrammed in gold and black enamel at the upper corner • The smart evening handkerchief, shown above, is large in size, sheer in quality and carries a black monogram in one corner • These new cuff-links are gold with cabochon stones. The two loops are hinged and can be turned when inserting in cuffs • The gold bill clip should be monogrammed like his other personal things • An attractive cigarette box, shown above, is made of black enamel with a modern design inlaid in two colours of gold • One of the newer lighters, only half the size of the older ones is made in silver with a black monogram, for evening use • And in the lower right-hand corner of the illustration above is shown an evening pocket watch with the new closed face

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

With all the lure of the Orient
MULLIGATAWNY SOUP
...by Campbell's famous chefs!

Chicken Soup — Oriental Style! All the tang of the tropics, the rich seasonings and high spices so redolent of the Far East! How your epicurean sense of taste rejoices at Campbell's Mulligatawny Soup — that subtle blending of tender chicken, rice from the Ganges and fresh vegetables, with curry and East India chutney! 12 cents a can.

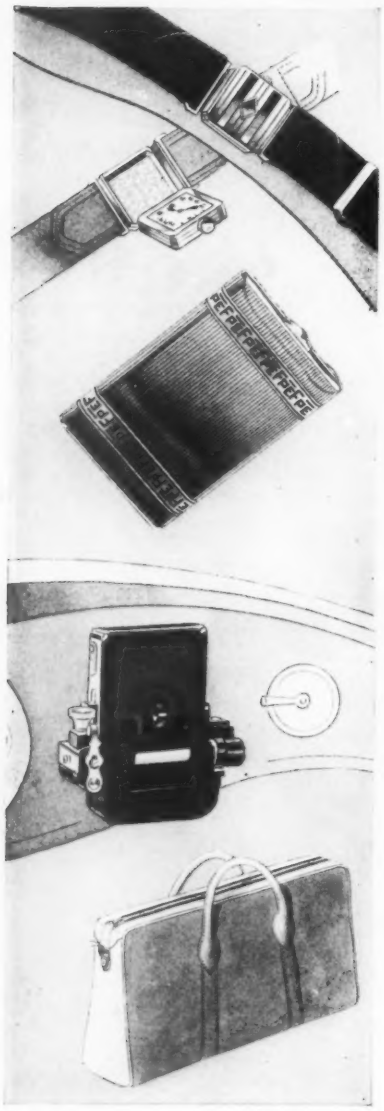
These choice ingredients in East India chutney are aged at least two years before using in Campbell's Mulligatawny Soup:

FRESH TAMARIND
RAISINS
CURRANTS
APPLES
ORANGE PEEL CRYSTALLIZED
CITRON CRYSTALLIZED
FRESH GREEN GINGER
CRUSHED DRY GINGER
DRY ENGLISH MUSTARD
ITALIAN GARLIC
SALT
SUGAR
CIDER VINEGAR
BERMUDA ONIONS

MEAL PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

for the well-dressed man

illustrating a few of the more novel and uncommon luxuries and discussing accessories for men



• At the top of the illustration above a watch set in a belt-buckle, and directly below it, a gold cigarette case with monogrammed bands • Next is an automatic cigarette-lighting box for the instrument board of a car. The bag is a new flat soft leather carry-all case • From top to bottom in the panel at the right is a new dress set: club-end tie; short, narrow-bosomed shirt; and backless waistcoat • Also, new cuff-clasps; a self-winding watch and new golf shoes. • Of the two novel opera hats, one is satin, the other cloth-covered

• Few of the accessories for men are new in the strictest sense of the word. Most of them are revivals and adaptations of older things, some of which are beyond the memory of most of us. These novel things, however, often have a definitely modern note in their design or colouring, or a mechanical improvement which brings them into harmony with our machine age. In that sense we can say truly that they are new, and it is in that sense which we use the word in describing men's clothes and accessories in these articles.

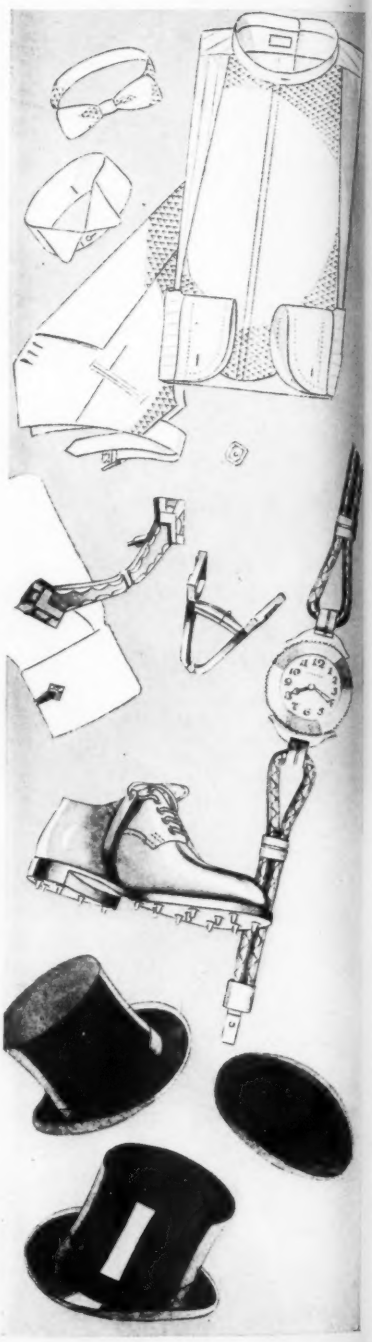
There is little new about the evening tail-coat, but the fact that it has been revived for more general use and is practically obligatory at the more fashionable affairs makes it one of the newer fashions for men. We speak of the new lapel line, the new collar, the new hat, and we find that they are merely adaptations and modifications of older styles, although they may differ in some detail from the things we have seen before.

• The illustrations on this page present some things which are decidedly new and some which are merely variations of things already accepted. We see well-dressed men wearing opera hats in the evening, and most of these are covered with grosgrain or some ribbed silk. The two illustrated here are quite different. Satin covers one, making it nearly as brilliant as a silk topper. This immediately suggests its use with a dress coat which has satin-faced lapels and lining. The other hat has a black woolen cloth stretched over its collapsible frame. This, of course, has no lustre at all.

Also for evening is the dress shirt with a much narrower, shorter bosom than men have worn heretofore. The bosom is white piqué. Made of the same material is a white backless waistcoat cut with the fashionable "V" opening at the front, and a white bow tie also of the same material. The tie has rounded corners in keeping with the rounded corners on the wings of the plain white linen collar.

• In the realm of sports and country accessories are novel cuff clasps designed in two colours of gold. Hinged at one edge and secured by a bar-and-socket catch, the clasp is fastened through the button-hole, first passing over the edge of the cuffs, as shown in the illustration. The strap-watch for country wear has a very sportsman-like woven pigskin strap, white gold case with yellow gold brackets, clasp, and bands about the straps. An additional feature of the watch is the absence of a stem or any other visible means of winding it. It winds itself.

For golf, a shoe with a strap, secured at the sole of the shoe and finished at one end with an eyelet through which one of the laces is passed in the manner illustrated, offering support to the arch of the foot. The cigarette case illustrated shows a monogram executed as a band decoration. Blue letters on yellow gold make an attractive combination. The black cigarette box with an automatic lighter not only presents a smoke, but lights it as well.



For Dining Rooms in the Spanish or Mediterranean Style—The GRANADO

Your Silver ... does it really express Your taste?

ALWAYS in homes of refinement, always among people of vision, there will be found the genuine and the lasting.

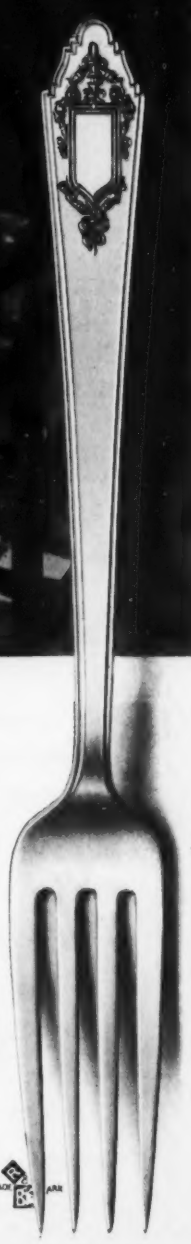
Since time immemorable Solid Silver . . . because it *is* genuine, lasting and gloriously beautiful . . . has been the only accepted material for tableware in the homes of discriminating people.

Today there is an added importance attached to one's Sterling Tableware, for modern entertaining calls for the highest expression of art in all the accessories of the home. And so the modern hostess demands not only that her table silver should bear the stamp STERLING but that its *design* should fit into the decorative scheme of her dining room.

This new discrimination in the design of silver owes much of its impulse to the makers of TREASURE Solid Silver, who have had the nice discernment to create lovely modern Sterling in the best accepted styles of modern decoration.

Whether your dining room is Early English, Early American, Late Colonial or Spanish in feeling, there is a TREASURE pattern that will blend in perfect harmony and add a wealth of beauty and distinction to your home.

Somewhere near you is an excellent Jeweler who can show you TREASURE Solid Silver in the different authentic styles. Write us for his name, and for our booklet "Selecting Silver."



ROGERS, LUNT & BOWLEN CO. ✦ *Silversmiths* ✦ GREENFIELD ✦ MASSACHUSETTS

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"Treasure" Solid Silver

STERLING 925/1000 FINE

Gentlemen's Clothes

FOR SOUTHERN
AND TROPICAL RESORT WEAR

We have originated and developed many ideas in apparel for gentlemen who dress with care and unusual distinction during their southern sojourns

The tailoring of these clothes for sports, day and evening wear, executed for us by Hickey - Freeman, is of the highest character

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

Local Bontons at Season's Peak

(Continued from page 44)

the booth presided over by Mrs. Priestly Pilcher, when the new mauve dahlia, hitherto nameless, was presented to the garden world and christened. The on dits have been looking forward with no little malice to this occasion, for there have been rumors of a sprightly battle among the ladies instrumental in presenting the interesting bloom to the attention of our flower-lovers, over the question of selecting a name for the novel plant. Mrs. Pilcher was desirous of calling it "Hint o' Passion", but it was felt in some quarters that this title was too worldly. Be that as it may the ceremony went off without a hitch, and with due impressiveness, the dahlia was christened Lena J. Toomis, in honor of Mrs. Arthur Jarvis Toomis, who is well-known as the President of the Society of Friends of Hardy Perennials.

The walls of the booth were festooned with pretty arrangements of Lena J. Toomis for the occasion, and many were the tributes bestowed upon that gracious matron by the speakers of the day, who referred to her again and again as "the good fairy of the garden world". Mrs. Toomis herself spoke charmingly on: "What I Saw on my Walk in the Woods".

And, speaking of that gracious matron, one must really doff one's topper to Mrs. Toomis, whose musicale last Sunday at her palatial Fifth Avenue home was indeed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul". The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Gladys Gilliard, whose engagement to Oliver Hazard Prendergast, Jr., has already been mentioned in these columns. The guests were delightfully entertained on this occasion by the singing of Signor Manuelo di Manuelo, who rendered "A Faery Song", followed by a group of humorous numbers including; "Now Mummy's away, I Will Put Thumb-prints on the Nursery Wall" and "Pat and Mike Go up in an Aeroplane"—which songs soon had his audience in gales of laughter.

Mrs. "Fifi" Fullardine, who attended the musicale in honor of her friend, Gladys Gilliard, was seized with a fit of giddiness at the height of the affair, and escorted to her home by Oliver Hazard Prendergast, Jr.

A Rift in the Lute?

Really, really, it is astonishing how many of our fashionable young women are reverting to the state of physical delicacy which prevailed in our grandmothers' day! Vapours, fainting fits, pale cheeks and tremulous voices are the signs of the times.

Is it truly the revival of Victorian queasiness? Or is it, Quidnunc sometimes asks himself, merely an unmistakable symptom of the good old-fashioned "hang-over"? *Qui sait?*

* * *

Rehearsals are going on apace for the "Gotham Gaieties", to be given for the benefit of the Little Soldier Movement Among Unmarried Mothers. The latest addition to the cast is Mrs. Priestly Pilcher, who will talk on "Thoughts I Have Culled from the Study of Browning", and will also give a reading from her own book of poems, "Stark Star".

A Grand March and Pageant will be a feature of the entertainment in which the following characters were to have participated;

Mrs. J. W. B. Piddington as Pioneer Woman

Mrs. Arthur Jarvis Toomis as the Spirit of Needless Pain

Mrs. "Fifi" Fullardine as Lady Godiva.

After several rehearsals, however, a slight re-adjustment of rôles was announced, owing to the difficulty of securing a tractable horse for Lady Godiva. As it now stands, Mrs. "Fifi" Fullardine will assume the rôle of Pioneer Woman formerly entrusted to Mrs. J. W. B. Piddington, while Mrs. Piddington will appear in the Pageant as Eve, the Mother (in costume). Lady Godiva has been abandoned.

Signor Manuelo di Manuelo and Mrs. Priestly Pilcher will present a tableau entitled; "Whither?"; and Miss Gladys Gilliard will enact with her fiancé, Oliver Hazard Prendergast, Jr., a series of living pictures depicting "Lovers Throughout the Ages".

* * *

The Old, Old Story

Dame Rumor hath it that the story given out regarding the embarrassing "situation" noted not long ago during rehearsals for a certain charity affair was not strictly based on the facts of the case. A little bird whispers that the behavior of a certain young "lady" who was to portray a rather risqué rôle in the entertainment was such as to affect the morale of the other players, notably that of a well-known gilded youth whose engagement was recently announced to one of Gotham's prominent "debbies".

It appears that when the young man failed, for the seventh time, to put in an appearance for rehearsals with his fiancée in the series of living pictures which they were to present together, inquiry was made by a number of anxious dowagers as to the cause thereof; and it was found that he had been visiting the dressing-room of the aforementioned young "lady" (whose three divorces have long been tidbits for the tabbies) more often than was deemed wise. A hasty re-arrangement ensued whereby, in lieu of the dazzling but rather questionable character which she was to portray, the dashing divorcée was given a rôle less alluring to members of the opposite sex; and a reticent story was given out to the effect that it was on account of the dangers which the "lady" might incur in an equestrian rôle, that the change had been made.

All of which is very pretty. And yet—when one realizes The Truth, that the whole contretemps was due to the illicit peccadilloes of certain ill-advised members of this sorry triangle, does it not seem a pity that the entire blame should be laid upon the patient and weary shoulders of "man's best friend"—the horse?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The photographs in this article are reproduced from *Animals Looking at You*, by the courtesy of the Viking Press.

Sport laughs at Fashion

Some Suggestions

Toques and Gloves
Skiing Sox and Stockings with cuffs
Leather Windbreakers
Sweaters and Toque Sets
Parkas Foot Muffs
Lumberjacks
Heavy Wool Sox
Flannel Shirts
Cruiser Shirts
Rink Skates for figure skating
Hockey Skates
Racing Skates
Lake Placid Skating Sets (Shoes and Skates attached)
Foreign and Domestic Skis
Flexible Flyer Sleds. All sizes
Curling Stones
Hockey Sticks
Snow Goggles
Skating Shoes
Jodski Skiing Boots
Mufflers
Snow Shoe Moccasins
Ski Poles. Toboggan. All sizes
Speed Skis for youngsters
Snow Shoes. Best made
San Moritz Bob Sleds holding 8 people

Sport styles are not created in a scented salon. They are born of the sport itself under open skies. The wedding of comfort with smartness produces them—and their best man is authority.

The sense of freedom in action they must possess and if, by their very nature, they have a distinctive, picturesque appearance, put that down to the sports knowledge that guided the brains and fingers that made them.

Correct sport clothes are never the casual achievement of avenue-minded tailors. Therefore those who know and love sport are more than likely to come here for the clothes and accessories they need. For the A & F label in sport clothes is the badge of authority.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

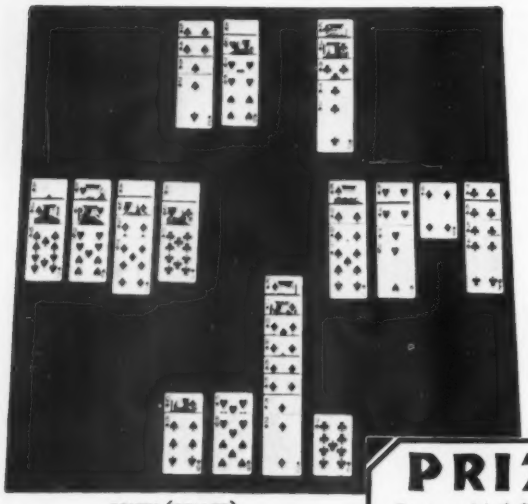
The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

A&F Co.

CHICAGO STORE:

Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 South Wabash Ave.



SOUTH (DEALER)

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS BRIDGE PROBLEM?

No entrance fee—no need to buy anything—this contest is open to anyone NOT engaged in the optical business—with wonderful rewards for the succesful contestants. (See list of prizes herewith.)

The hands are dealt as shown above. There are two sections to the

CLOVER BRIDGE CONTEST

Section 1: It is rubber game with no score, Auction Bridge. All hands are bid without knowledge of the other players' hands. Tell the correct bidding for each hand, in accordance with the generally accepted rules on bidding in effect at the beginning of this contest, showing which player becomes the declarer (i. e. wins the final bid).

Section 2: The hand is played in Auction Bridge and all hands are played openly. Each player knows what is in every other player's hand. Can a game (30 or more points) be made by one of the players against any defense and, if so, how?

A booklet containing a copy of the problem, rules of the contest, illustrating all the prizes, and including an article "Ten Don'ts for Bridge Players" by Lelia Hattersley, foremost woman Bridge expert who will act as judge of this contest, may be obtained free of charge from leading optical stores everywhere or will be mailed you on request to the Optical Products Corporation, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

The contest ends March 31st, 1930, and the results will be announced in the June issue of Vanity Fair as well as in the windows of the leading optical stores from coast to coast.

PRIZES

Panama Mail Steamship Co. $750.00 Spanish American Cruise between New York and California.

Freed Radios—two of the finest de luxe models.

Whittall Knotted Rug, valued at $685.00.

Cine-Ansco Moving Picture Camera, Case and Film, valued at $200.00.

Neverbreak Wardrobe Trunk, valued at $150.00.

Zenith Marble Ball Clock, valued at $125.00.

Perpetual Self-Winding Wrist Watch, valued at $100.00.

Namiki Lacquer Writing Box, valued at $85.00.

Waterman Desk Set, valued at $45.00.

2 Du-Pont Viscaloid Lucite Toilet Sets

TindallReversibleBrocadeBedSpread

20 Luminator Lamps

5 Mahogany Cabinets, each containing 300 Benson & Hedges Cigarettes

25 Automatch Lighters

10 Twinpoint Pen-and-Pencils

30 pairs Best-Ever men's lounging slippers

30 pairs Best-Ever women's lounging slippers

25 copies of "Contract Developments" by Mrs. Lelia Hattersley, published by Robert M. McBride & Co.

100 Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Cigarette Holders

150 "Bild-A-Word" Games

100 boxes Louis Sherry Candy

. . . a total of 508 attractive prizes

THE CLOVER BRIDGE CONTEST

derives its name from the clover-shaped rivet which identifies CLOVER High-Bridge FRAMES—flattering eyewear of exceptional beauty, comfort and quality and made up to the highest standards of optical accuracy.

CLOVER High-Bridge FRAMES are offered in four distinctive styles and five colorings to conform with various facial types and complexions.

Wherever Good Glasses Are Obtainable

CLOVER HIGH-BRIDGE FRAMES

manufactured by

OPTICAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION

43 West 16th Street New York City

The "1—3—2" Goulash

(Continued from page 67)

has passed the Ace of Spades, receives the Ace of Clubs, he recognizes a dominating hand. So, retaining his partner's Ace, he sends over his 4 and 3 of Diamonds and 3 of Clubs. In the meantime, North has returned the Ace of Spades with the Ace and King of Diamonds. South, now realizing the improbability of developing a slam in Spades, switches to No Trump, passing his Jack of Clubs with the King of Hearts for entry into his partner's hand. North's final pass should be the King and Queen of Clubs—cards which enable South immediately to declare a grand slam at No Trumps.

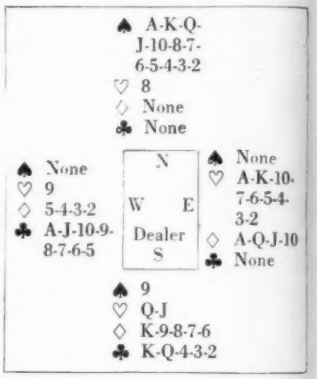
The building of such a hand seems evident with all the cards in sight, but were North to slip up on his final pass and give his high Diamonds instead of his Clubs, neither partner could soundly declare a grand slam. Lacking the Queen of Diamonds and unable to place the King, Queen of Clubs, South could only bid a small slam which North, not positive that his partner holds the Ace of Hearts, should pass.

The following Goulash deal played at the Cavendish Club illustrates the stupendous swing in the points depending on scientific play.

The passing followed the old order with an immediate exchange of four cards between partners (since abandoned by the Cavendish Club in favor of the "One, Three, Two"). Both sides were vulnerable. Starting with the following hand, ♠ None, ♡ A-K-9-7-4-3, ◇ A-Q-J-10, ♣ 8-7-6, East passed the 9 of Hearts with three small Clubs, and received the 10-6-5-2 of Hearts. Thus East ended with this holding: ♠ None, ♡ A-K-10-7-6-5-4-3-2, ◇ A-Q-J-10, ♣ None, and knew these pertinent facts: West had no Hearts except the 9 (his pass included the 2 of Hearts); the adversaries held the Q-J-8 which might or might not be massed. The bidding proceeded:

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	6 Spades	7 Hearts
Pass	Pass	7 Spades	Double
Pass	Pass	Redouble	

On his seven Heart bid, East realized that he might go down two tricks, but, even so, considered it a good sacrifice to save a small slam. He did not worry about driving North to a grand slam as he was practically certain that, with the dominating Spade suit, North would have immediately declared a grand slam had he not held one losing trick. For this reason East, with his two Aces, felt secure in his double of Seven Spades. North's redouble surprised him and left him with nothing to do but decide which of his Aces he should try for, Heart or Diamond. He pondered over the question long enough to conclude that North would never have redoubled had North's losing card been in the suit declared by the leader. So out East stepped with his Ace of Diamonds, into the very trap which North had cleverly set for him with his camouflage redouble to prevent the Heart lead. The full holdings turned out to be as follows,



When East saw North trump the Ace of Diamonds, enter the Dummy with the 9 of Spades and discard his losing Heart on the set-up Diamond King, he realized that a little further deduction would have shown the Heart was the only sure setting lead.

How could East have deduced that North was marked with a losing Heart, and saved his side this gigantic loss? By the fact that South would certainly have doubled East's grand slam in Hearts had he held the Q-J-8.

Motor Boats in the New York Show

(Continued from page 68)

An interesting new luxury craft is the Luders 45-foot commuter which is a development of the fast and popular Luders 43-foot cabin runabout. The new boat has been developed to meet particularly strenuous water conditions around New York.

One of the largest boats in the Show and another which shows unmistakably the trend toward twin screw cruising boats is the 55-foot double cabin mahogany cruiser displayed by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, with two 170-horsepower Speedway engines and a cruising speed of 20 miles an hour.

Hacker's superb runabouts which have undergone considerable change this year, are exhibited in four styles. These are a 24-foot 35 miler, a 26-foot 40 miler, a 30-foot 40 miler and a 38-foot twin screw 42 mile V-bottom, double cockpit commuter-cruiser.

The leader among the new Elco boats for this year is a stunning 50-foot twin screw motor yacht with sumptuous living quarters for six people and a crew of two.

The fleet of livable cruisers introduced this year by the American Car and Foundry Company is impressive. This magnificent cluster of sea-going yachts includes a 30-foot double cabin cruiser, other family cruisers of 40, 47 and 58 feet and a 38-foot twin screw sport cruiser which is shown here.

And in this galaxy of new boats is Gar Wood with a long line of speedy and sumptuous runabouts. Among these are a 33-footer with seating capacity for twelve people and a speed of 50 miles attained with a 400 horsepower 12-cylinder Gar Wood engine; a Baby Gar runabout with a Chrysler motor and a beautiful limousine-runabout which makes 40 miles an hour with a Scripp engine.

COOLS while you shave and the coolness lingers! Listerine Shaving Cream

"Pardon me, gentlemen"

A sensible precaution that a million business men take

Why is Listerine to be found in the offices of a majority of American business men? Why do they use it at the noon hour? Why do they sometimes halt important meetings, to gargle with it?

Simply because like you, they recognize in this safe antiseptic a swift, effective enemy of sore throat and the common cold. Used at the first sign of trouble, it has prevented thousands of cases from becoming serious.

Its effectiveness is due to its amazing power to destroy disease germs, millions of which lodge in the oral cavity.

Though safe to use and pleasant to taste, full strength Listerine kills even such resistant organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

—and for a

COLD

Germs of many kinds are transferred to food by the hands and so introduced into the mouth. Physicians declare that the sterilization of hands before each meal would do much to prevent the spread of colds. Listerine is excellent for this purpose—kills germs in 15 seconds.

As a preventive of sore throat and colds use Listerine systematically every day. And at the first definite sign that either is developing, increase the frequency of the gargle and consult your physician. If dangerous complications are threatening he will detect and promptly treat them.

Incidentally, Listerine puts you on the safe side as far as halitosis (bad breath) is concerned—certainly important for a business man to remember. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *for* SORE THROAT

Kills* 200,000,000 *germs in fifteen seconds

JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

These Palatial Establishments Are

"TEN YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES"

¶ Situated at Fifth Avenue corner Forty-Third Street and Broadway corner Thirty-Second Street are John David Establishments which have drawn the admiration of America and Europe. Noted travelers and observers declare that these veritable palaces of style are "ten years ahead of the times." We solicit your personal attendance or your valued inquiry by mail concerning any detail of fashions for men for business, sport, Southern, wedding or evening wear.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-THIRD STREET
BROADWAY AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET
And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout New York

Just Mention My Name

(Continued from page 65)

requested. Tony is not averse to paying his patrons' checks *via* bridge or poker or pinochle, since they usually return bringing room-mates and friends. The College Tony's does its best business on autumn week-ends, when football trips offer an excellent excuse, and twenty beady-eyed raccoons crouch elbow to elbow along the bar. And again in early spring, when twenty pirates from the Spanish Main crowd in for a snifter before the Beaux Arts Ball.

Tony has been known to see that they arrive home safely, which is all right. He puts it on the bill. It isn't often an intercollegiate crowd, due to the prominent rôle played by the caste system. If Yale discovers the place and Princeton or Harvard follows, Yale moves resentfully away. Columbia simply shrugs stoically and moves northward, remembering that Alma Mater isn't far away. If any of the college crowds finds itself surrounded by the prep-school lads it moves away without even ascertaining the location of the next hideaway. Of a Saturday evening the College Tony's is at its best, with a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

The Society Tony's is situated just off Park Avenue in the East Fifties. It strives to please the orderly and selective element, which is willing to pay well because it loves nice things. On even Thursdays and odd Tuesdays the Society Tony's is at its height.

He realizes that his patrons require artistic surroundings, nothing Bohemian or picturesque, nothing garish or maudlin, so the furnishings are simple and dignified. In place of the usual wall-paper or calcimine he substitutes pale tapestry. He sees to it that the *cuisine* is of the finest. The service is adequate but not too fast and the barkeep has instructions to learn the favorites of the most consistent customers.

The patrons like the furnishings and the location. They like Tony's reticence and respectfulness. They think the food is exceptional, which it is, and they wish the service were a bit better, which is what Tony wants them to wish. They will tell him when they have dined that the service was slow but the food was worth waiting for. They like the liquor, which is also excellent, but they never like it too well. Tony is a quiet Tony, an older Tony, catering to quiet, elderly people.

The Suburban Tony realized long ago that in Larchmont or Great Neck or Montclair there lay profit. He set forth with his wife, children, bank book, and the stoic confidence of his tribe. Now you meet him in every suburban township. He has become, rather surprisingly, countrified, rusticated, affable. Everyone in the village knows him, most people like him. He obligingly delivers, at the last moment, the necessities for that large week-end party, or for that small group of intimates which dropped in unexpectedly. He delivers them in a large, expensive motor.

Whenever possible the Suburban Tony has leased some former hostelry or club; the bar is long and high and very old, there are a piano and a radio, and a large open fire-place for winter evenings. The walls are decorated with army photographs of Arras, France, just after a raid, or of Tony's company at Camp Dix, in which you are expected to seek your host. Perhaps, too, a citation from some general; and if you regard Tony's left lapel closely you may see a tiny, bright red ribbon. Tony has excellent commercial sense.

His clientèle is to be found in the telephone book. Everybody knows everyone else. No juveniles are allowed, due to Tony's fear of embarrassing scenes between fathers and sons.

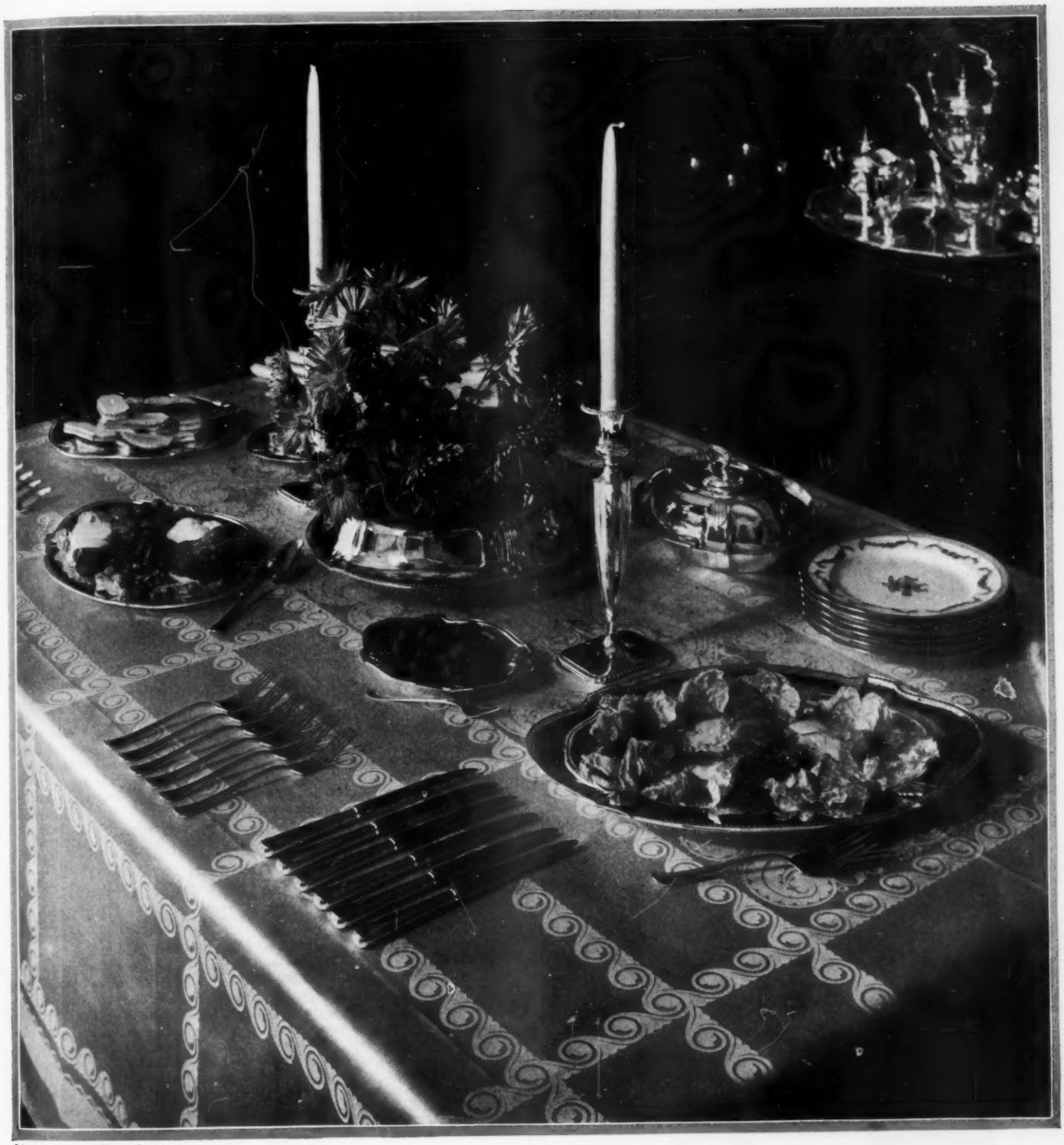
The drinking is, like the drinkers, quite informal. Beer is the commonest, with fizzes and Collins' and perhaps a highball or so. There is hardly ever any fancy drink mixing. The crowd thins shortly after eleven, when the commuter purchases a quart container of beer for his wife's consumption at home, has a night-cap with Tony, and departs. The pipe smoke fades away, conversation dwindles; the last man out helps Tony close shop, and usually drives him home.

The Ladies' Tony's is to be found along the side-streets off Fifth Avenue in the West Fifties. Tony leases a floor a flight or two above the street, installs a small bar and a pudgy attendant, and assays the rôle of thirst-quencher to Feminine America. The ladies rather like the idea of a place for themselves in which to sip a cocktail and while away the hour before the hair-dresser is ready, or the dull moments just before teatime. It constitutes an oasis in which to forget a weary day of shopping.

They are, these ladies, from West Eighty-sixth Street and Garden City and Rahway, New Jersey. They take each other more or less for granted. They are mostly mature, for young and very young ladies would rather let the current male see them consume cocktails. They are fashionably smart and sophisticated—they have seen the newest plays and read the latest novels, or they are waiting to see the newest play and reading, as they wait, the latest novel. There are a few almost brilliant ladies who tell the others what was said at the Algonquin Tony's the previous night, and then patiently explain it.

They prefer a few cocktails—frothy ones, with tang and just a shade too much gin—or Scotch whiskey and ginger-ale, which they are afraid to order elsewhere because men think it's so ridiculous, my dear, if you take anything but seltzer with Scotch. They rarely indulge in more than just a few. Perhaps they don't really like it. And they are sure to tell the hair-dresser what was said, and then patiently explain it.

Yet the picture is not quite complete. Last but not least there is the ultimate, the speakeasiest speakeasy, the Tony's of Tonies. We have no idea where this Tony's is located, we have never seen its bar or tasted its beverages; but somewhere, we feel sure, there must exist this supreme, final speakeasy where the Newspaper Tony, the College Tony, the Algonquin Tony, the Society Tony, the Suburban Tony, and the Ladies' Tony all meet over a beaker of ginger-ale or a flagon of chocolate soda, and with glasses raised aloft toward a portrait of Mr. Hoover, give thanks one and all that the Noble Experiment is with us still.



Linen, courtesy of Mosse, Inc.

The Buffet Supper Table

Is Crisp . . . Chaste . . .

Clean-Cut

A SUCCESSFUL decorative scheme, that achieves its effect through purity of design, combines sterling silver service pieces in the St. George pattern with knives, forks, and spoons in the Wakefield design. Your jeweler will be very glad to show you these Reed & Barton patterns.

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TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
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OVERCOATS

Distinctive style is so expertly tailored into a Mt. Rock Fleece Overcoat that it has the same enduring quality as the fabric, and both are good for many months of constant wear.

In the best men's shops everywhere

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ADLER-ROCHESTER
Clothes

LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC.
NEW YORK , CHICAGO , ROCHESTER , LOS ANGELES

An International Golf Team

(Continued from page 63)

No. 4 we have already chosen in Hagen; so now for our mashie-niblick player and this does really seem to me a toss-up. I would have had Hagen if he were not booked already. There is Mr. Jesse Sweetser; he always impresses me as extraordinarily good at this distance. I do not know if this is because I saw him hole that pitch outright at the second hole at Brookline when he gave Mr. Bobby Jones such a terrible beating. Or I might take Johnny Farrell who ought to come in somewhere, or—oh! This is getting desperate and I am going to take a firm line and choose an Englishman in the shape of Mr. Roger Wethered. I am not prepared to say that he does not make more indifferent shots than one or two others who might be named, but I do believe that he makes more brilliant ones than anybody. I know no one who can make the ball bite the turf quite as he can. No one who, when in the mood, can so entirely dispense with all necessity for putting by laying the ball stock stone dead. I was talking to a man the other day who some years ago lost a great fight to Mr. Wethered at the last hole in one of the early rounds of a championship. He said—and he is a trustful man—that on six occasions Mr. Wethered put his mashie niblick pitch so near the hole that he just had to be given the next putt. And the putts conceded in a championship are not very long ones!

The rough work with the niblick I shall give to my old friend James Braid and I do not care how old he is. He is still young enough and strong enough to move mountains of sand and I never knew anyone who could judge the size of his mountains with such accuracy. He is for me the champion exploder of all time. I have only heard of one golfer who ever threw doubt on his superlative skill. This was a charming lady of musical comedy fame who was his partner in a foursome. At hole after hole she put him in the depths of the heather and he heroically extracted the ball. At last she found a place so bad that even Braid could do comparatively little and no one else could have done anything at all. By dint of hewing to pieces a young tree he did move the ball a few yards. Then the lady turned to him with a smile and said: "Well, Mr. Braid, it *is* a comfort to see that even *you* can miss sometimes."

Now we come to our seventh and best player, the putter. Here England and Scotland are, I fear, out of the hunt and I must go to America unless indeed I went to France for Arnaud Massy. A truly lovely putter is Massy, but I cannot quite choose him. Hagen, not being available, Johnny Farrell seems a good choice and I will have him if an attempt which I contemplate should fail. I shall try, first of all, to persuade Mr. Jerome Travers to come back with his Schenectady putter. He need not practice much. Let him just get the feel of the ball on his club and I am content. These things are all matters of opinion, but at any rate, I am quite certain of my own opinion, that Mr. Travers was the best putter I ever saw.

So there is the side complete: R. T. Jones, Jr., G. Duncan, T. D. Armour, W. Hagen, R. H. Wethered, James Braid, J. D. Travers. We have had to leave out a lot of good men—Sarazen, Mitchell, Compton, MacDonald Smith, Farrell, Diegel (who might have played those iron shots) and ever so many more. However, as it is, I hope our side will give the Martians something of a match at Composite Golf.

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 70)

happy solution as it may be concealed in almost any pocket of a man's evening clothes and takes up the minimum of space.

As the indispensable cigarette case is now carried by most men in the right hand trouser pocket, it must not be too large. The ideal case has the shape of a box and holds twenty cigarettes. One that holds more becomes too big to conceal in any man's pocket. In the field of modern jewellery, cigarette cases of modern design are among the most successful things being made and there are many, like the one illustrated, which are very attractive. There is a very fine distinction between the cigarette case that can be used for day and evening wear. In many cases it is good for both. This one is a good example of such a case.

Now, there remains the left hand trouser pocket to be utilized for other indispensable accessories. The most important of these is the key-chain which is now taking the place of the watch chain of former days. To this chain is attached a small key-ring with only the absolutely necessary keys and, sometimes, a small gold pencil, no more than two inches long, which may come in very handy in the evening, if a man has not a pencil attached to his engagement book. In the same pocket with the key-ring go the lighter, and a man's loose change, though in the evening the loose change is often carried in the small change pocket of an overcoat. The small lighter suggested here is half the size of those previously made. For this reason it particularly suggests itself for use in the evening.

The well-dressed man often has two watches, one for evening and one for day wear. In the day it may be a wrist watch, but in the evening it is a pocket watch, carried in the waistcoat pocket, and not worn with a chain. For this reason the very latest watches are made without a ring for a chain. The one illustrated, from Cartier, is in platinum with the new type of face which has no hands. The reason for discarding a wrist watch in the evening is that it is not comfortably worn with stiff cuffs and, also, it is more appropriate to day time wear.

The outside breast pocket of a man's evening coat is given to the white handkerchief—a large sheer handkerchief initialed in black, or a combination of black and white. A man's personal accessories should be marked alike.

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

In the smart social life of the "eighties" the Tally-Ho or "Drag" stood for superior luxury and taste in transportation as does the distinguished Packard Town Car of today

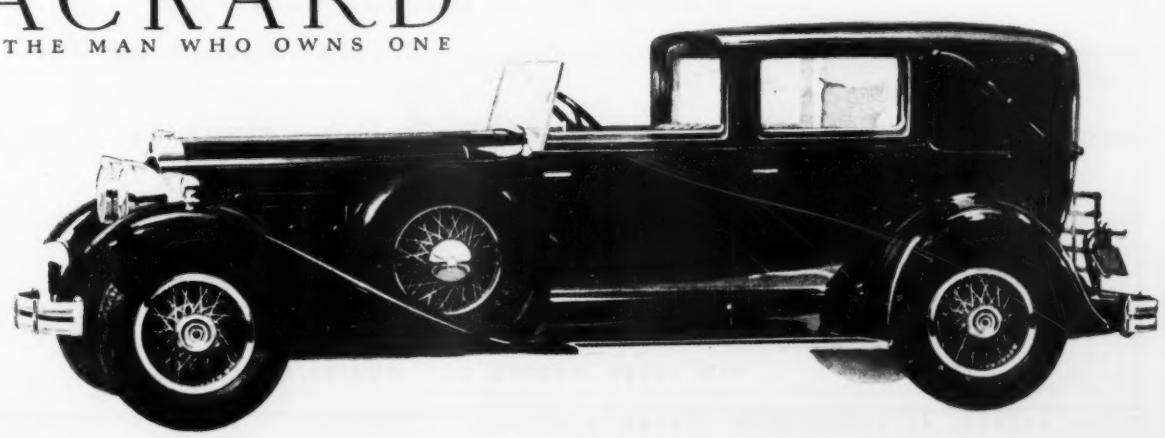
NO FINER personal transportation is available in the world than the Packard Eight De Luxe with individual, custom-built body. Those to whom wealth permits and custom decrees the proper motor vehicle for each occasion have accepted the luxury and beauty of the Packard De Luxe Town Car as unexcelled.

The Packard Eight De Luxe chassis, with its wheelbase of 145½ inches, gives unlimited scope to the art of the custom body builder. Its unusual and well-proportioned length, made possible by the slim Packard straight-eight engine, permits coach work which combines both grace and roominess. Custom bodies by Packard's own designers—by Brewster, Rollston, Dietrich, Le Baron and other famous artists—are all slenderly smart and beautiful while sacrificing nothing in luxurious comfort.

In brilliance of performance Packard De Luxe Town Cars are as outstanding as in their ultra-distinguished appearance. Swift and sure in city traffic, powerful and fleet on the open road, they do their part to enhance a reputation already supreme.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



CREST OF FLAME

RUBIES . . . *all crimson to the brim with their red sparkling wine . . . conjuring up images of lovely women, made even lovelier by this radiance . . . challenging poets and craftsmen to the uttermost expression of their art.* ⚜ *About the ruby, pens have woven fantasy and legend which make its very name a synonym for romance . . . while craftsmen's tools have fashioned settings so distinguished that its burst of scarlet is a familiar accent in the costumes of the fairest women of each age.* ⚜ *These are man's tributes to the inimitable beauty of this stone . . . a beauty which today receives the same artistic consideration from the designers of Marcus & Company that was given it by those craftsmen whose work in bygone days won smiles from a de Valois or a Pompadour.* ⚜ *You will find at this establishment a distinguished collection of fine rubies in settings altogether of a new manner. The prices are from* $27,500 *to* $250.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK LONDON PARIS PALM BEACH BOMBAY

PRIDE

of

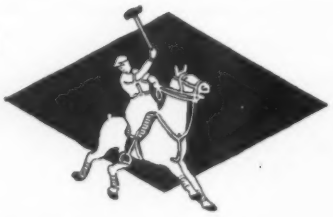
POSSESSION

YOU will take a real pride in the smart style and fresh new beauty of the Ford just as you will find an ever-growing satisfaction in its alert, capable performance. From the new deep radiator to the tip of the curving rear fender, there is an unbroken sweep of line—a flowing grace of contour and harmony of color heretofore thought possible only in an expensive automobile. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The Shops of Vanity Fair

Established 1888



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On selecting your tailor . . .

The utmost discrimination is essential in the choice of a tailor. To give complete satisfaction, your clothes must be precisely adapted to your person in fit, and to your personality in cut and material. Such results are only obtainable by the painstaking methods employed by Tappen and Pierson. Our expert cutters and fitters, guided by the taste and knowledge of what is authentic which we have derived from serving a distinguished clientele, tailor clothes which will fulfill your most exacting requirements.

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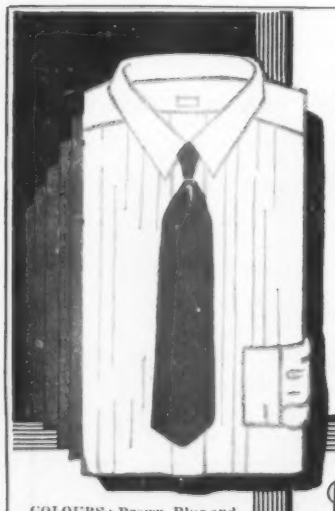

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THE model sketched features a soft attached collar, barrel cuffs and a wider than usual front pleat. The material is the finest grade Scotch Madras. Each shirt is masterly fashioned by our custom designers and finished entirely by hand in our workshop. Available in all sizes. Ready-to-wear $6.50 postpaid.

COLLARS: The very latest note to both soft attached and starched detached collars is the new low-in-front collar with either straight or slightly rounded points as illustrated. Longer points, however, are still popular. Specify style wanted.

COLOURS: Brown, Blue and Grey. In solid colours and neat stripes, including the deeper shades. Also plain and self figured whites.

Hutchinson & Company
Established 1899
15 East 40th St., New York
Shirtmakers—Importers—Haberdashers

A Gallery of Dreiser

(Continued from page 59)

big tattle-tale. That's what I think of him.

BY ERNITA He told *me* he was the man who cleaned the windows.

BY REGINA C. He says I took morphine. All right.

Maybe I did. Theodore ought to know. Wasn't he always around? Didn't he come poking his nose into all my affairs, until he knew everything I was doing? Didn't he talk to me by the hour, his face close to mine, myself being on his knee, asking in those long endless sentences which same, as I came to presently know, contained not so much ideas as words, really, question after question, or reading aloud to me from his books? Wouldn't you have taken morphine?

BY GIFF, ALBERTINA, RELLA, ERNESTINE, RONA MURTHA, EMANUELA, ESTHER NORN, AND BRIDGET MULLANPHY Theodore? Theodore? I don't seem to recall the name.

Balancing the Books

Random Reviews of Recent Volumes

Books which I have most enjoyed reading this month have included *The Man Within* by Graham Greene (Doubleday, Doran), *Twelve Against the Gods* by William Bolitho (Simon and Schuster), *July '14* by Emil Ludwig (Putnam), *Hanna* by Thomas Beer (Knopf), *The Bruiser* by Edward L. McKenna (McBride), *Wild Honey* by Samuel Scoville, Jr. (Little Brown), *God's Man* by Lynd Ward (Cape and Smith), *A Room of One's Own* by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt Brace), *Carl Akeley's Africa* by Mary Akeley (Dodd Mead), *Harriet Hume* by Rebecca West (Doubleday, Doran) and *Is Sex Necessary?* by E. B. White and James Thurber (Harpers). Books which I have most enjoyed *not* reading include *The Meaning of Culture* by John Cowper Powys (Simon and Schuster), *Sincerity* by John Erskine (Bobbs Merrill) and *The Political Follies* by Will Rogers (Putnam).

Graham Greene, out of a clear sky, has dropped a first novel into the swirling fall lists that dominates the whole scene as a still voice can command a bellowing mob. *The Man Within*, sweet and graceful and insidious as absinthe, leaves you with a next day's hangover more powerful than the effect of forty other novels. You cannot lose it; the quality haunts you like the vague madness of *The Innocent Voyage;* the extraordinary blend of pity and irony that great humour should possess is in this volume. Great-Uncle Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde* never depicted with more startling and poignant effect the struggle between the two natures of a man; and even Stevenson's prose did not hold the potentialities of a more beautiful music than that of Graham Greene.

Concerning *The Way of Ecben* by James Branch Cabell, Mr. Riddell would like merely to quote from that superlative critic, Mr. Louis Kronenberger, writing in the New York *Times:* "Mr. Cabell the stylist has always sacrificed beauty to the beautiful, the final effect of prose to the specific effect of phrases. His style is not only admittedly studied and archaic it is also, if the word can be so applied, slightly sentimental. It plays on the innate pathos in words, the sentimentality of superlatives, such as 'whose magic is more great than the magic of time.'" Thus Mr. Kronenberger; and thus, consequently, Mr. Cabell.

This man McKenna is *good.* Catch him in *The Bruiser,* even if you missed him in *Hardware;* he has restraint and pace and power, he packs a left hook that will leave you reeling, he treads closer to the heels of Hemingway, I think, than either Callaghan or W. R. Burnett. And don't fool yourself that he is not an artist. The fighting Irishman Clancy lives, in McKenna's fine novel; his stout heart, his dark courage and honest fumbling mind, his baffled loyalty are elements of a character study that will not be forgotten. It is the best story of the prize-ring I have ever read. It is easily one of the outstanding novels of the year.

Whoever thought of listing the "dramatis personae" at the outset of Emil Ludwig's *July '14* had a flash of genius; for this establishes superbly the true character of this very human drama of the events in Europe at the beginning of the War. I do not see how this book can escape being a national best-seller; for it is as vivid as a moving-picture, and brings alive in simple and thrilling action the hitherto obscure and sheltered causes of the international conflict. In this unique present-tense style Ludwig sets all these puppets moving again on a miniature stage, unencumbered by the propaganda and hysteria of partisanship, distributing blame and pity and ridicule where they are deserved, and presenting the first graphic picture of European intrigue in 1914 that I have ever seen. In its way, this book should do as much good as *All Quiet.*

Others? *The Gluyas Williams Book,* with a preface by Robert Benchley (Doubleday, Doran), is absolutely what the doctor ordered for anyone who wants to enjoy life again after the Wall Street flurry; and Benchley's introductory word is one of the funniest and most graceful pieces that that master of fun and grace has ever written. *Hanna* by Thomas Beer is my own candidate for the year's very best biography; also for the best piece of writing Beer has ever done, and that is putting on praise with a trowel. *Wild Honey* by Samuel Scoville, Jr., is a thoroughly pleasing nature book by a graceful and sympathetic writer whose work has always shown restraint and tender humour. *God's Man* by Lynd Ward is an unusual book, worthy of attention; an effort, and I think a successful one, to tell a subtle story entirely through the medium of some inspired woodcuts, which in delicacy and individuality of style place Mr. Ward high in his profession. And last, though not least, White and Thurber's *Is Sex Necessary?* takes a gorgeous idea and does very well with it indeed. It makes out an almost perfect case for the Mary Ware Dennett jury, and is extremely funny reading.

The Galleries of Vanity Fair

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The reasons for good manners, and the rules and customs which families of breeding and tradition observe today in social intercourse.
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IF YOU PLAN
TO BUILD . . .

HOUSE & GARDEN has recently published a collection of the loveliest houses that appeared in the last five years of the magazine.

"House & Garden's Second Book of Houses" has 192 pages, 600 illustrations . . . a wealth of material that is all practical, all beautiful. $4.20, postpaid.

HOUSE & GARDEN
Greenwich Connecticut

At the Villa

(Continued from page 52)

tered houses and trying to reach the road by some other way than the main entrance to the estate; and I made a spurt for it. I tore across the bridge, and reached it in a time that surprised me. I caught one of the clerks, but my want of practice in running found me breathless, and some moments were wasted before I could get the story into him. My first effort was almost a coded telegram: "That end house. Down there. Something happened. Send someone—stop man—brown overcoat."

He looked at me with a sort of alert stupidity. I saw that he understood nothing. "Something happened? Where? *What's* happened?"

"Comansee. But send someone stop brown overcoat."

He walked a pace or two with me, a little moved by my vigour, but still withholding his attention. When I could achieve coherence he was still without interest. "A man and a woman went into that end house. About three minutes ago. A man in bowler hat and brown overcoat. Carrying a rolled umbrella and a newspaper. About five foot nine. Woman about the same height wearing a grey coat. He attacked her in there. Didn't you hear me yell?"

He stopped and looked with what used to be called a quiz. "Look here—what's all this? I don't know what you're talking about at all. Nobody's been down to that house. I been here all the time. There *was* a man and woman like you say went to look at it, but they went out past my office half an hour ago. At five."

"Then they must have come back another way. Because I *saw* them. Saw them and heard them in the house. I saw him do it. Anyway, come and see. But do something about the man first."

He was clearly annoyed, and he clearly had eight or nine different and confused ideas about me. But he called to his fellow, who stood by one of the brick dumps, and went over to him, and muttered and jerked his head backward to me. They grinned. Then the other went perfunctorily through scaffold poles and granite kerbs towards the path that the man might have taken, and my young man came back to me. He came strolling, hands in trousers pockets, whistling. "Which house you say—the end one? I'll just come and have a look at it. But you can take it from me those parties left here at five o'clock. And they couldn't a-come back without my seeing 'em."

"Well, they did come back. You'll see when you get there. He brought her back and murdered her."

"Eh?" He looked at me sideways and even more insolently. I was either a lunatic or drunk—a nuisance in any case, and possibly a dangerous nuisance. He called across to his fellow. "Don't go too far, Morton." I could see Morton from where we were, and I had the house in full view while telling my story. Despite the quivering approach of the dusk, the light was still sharp and cold, and I was certain that nobody had come from the house since I reached the bridge, and it was certain that nobody had passed Morton. We came to it without secrecy, and walked straight to the front entrance. "Listen, now. If he hasn't got right away he's probably still in the house. So be careful."

Inside the house the light was not so good, but as the rooms were bare only a glance here and there was necessary. He was not on the ground floor.

"Now, then. Upstairs. It was the back room. You'll see something *there;* and you may see *him* in one of the others. Carefully." We went up, and I looked first into the front rooms and the bath-room. Nothing there. Then I pointed to the back room. Despite the horror and pathos of the occasion I must confess to a detached interest in seeing my cocksure clerk jump. I was guilty of the what-did-I-tell-you posture. "Now look in there." He went in. I gave him a few seconds to himself; then followed him. He looked round at me with "Well?"

The room was empty.

If you have ever pulled a fire-alarm, and then found that the "fire" was a private bonfire; or tried to save a drowning man and found that he was a professor of swimming doing stunts; you will understand how I felt. The room was empty. All the rooms were empty. There was no corpse and no murderer. The clerk looked at me without any concealment of his grin. "Haven't made a mistake in the house, I suppose? Perhaps we'd better look over all of 'em."

"Perhaps you had. He might have carried it away while I was running. But this was the house. I was standing there—on the road just across the river. *I saw it in this house.*"

"Well, well, well. All I can say is, I've had a clear view of this house all the afternoon. Nobody's been in it except the two people you mentioned. And they went at five o'clock. And nothing's been near that house or come out of it in the last half hour. Nothing *could* have come out without me seeing it—not out of any point of it—'cos it's in a corner. Certainly not a man carrying a bundle. No, sir. If you'll excuse me, I've got some things to clear up at the office." He turned towards the office with an air of conducting me off the estate; and as there seemed nothing else to do I went with him. On the way I made three firm attempts at stating that I had definitely seen the thing; then my voice refused to back me, and I gave it up. I made apologies for putting him to purposeless trouble, and walked off with what air of normal behaviour I could summon. As I moved away I heard a grinning mutter. "Up the loop, I reckon."

I came away disgusted and distressed. Disgusted with myself for exposing myself to the clerk's gibes; distressed because if that thing hadn't happened, then nothing was happening. I wasn't walking, and the night wasn't coming on, and there wasn't any estate or any bridge. I had a foreboding of a nervous breakdown. I was certain that I was wearing boots and trousers, and I was equally certain that that thing had happened. But there was the fact that it *hadn't*

(Continued on page 86)

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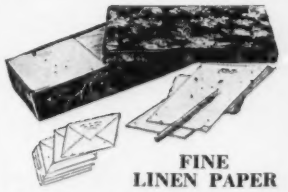

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Sermons in Linoleum

(Continued from page 55)

there is any such thing as the game of chess. It involves an impossible constriction of the imagination not to entertain a moral suggestion, which a material object obviously suggests. All sorts of nonsense is talked now-a-days against what is called a novel with a purpose. What sort of monstrosity would be a novel without a purpose? It would be more horrible than a headless horse.

But it is not only the novel or the fable that is involved here. I am concerned at the moment with what is called merely decorative art; and I am pointing out that even that art is not merely decorative. We do, whether we like it or not, indulge in moral meditations over hearthrugs and wall-papers. The tone of colour, the type of ornament, do in fact pass into our thoughts, and even into our ethical thoughts. The patterns are not merely lines; they are forms; generally the forms of flowers or fruit or foliage; but anyhow forms that we recognize and forms about which we already have feelings. There ought to be some story somewhere, though I have never read it, about such curtains and tapestries being alive, and the creepers creeping up them and the carpet changing colour with the seasons. Anyhow it is certain, and easily tested, that we do have more general associations with these arbitrary recurrences that make the background of our lives.

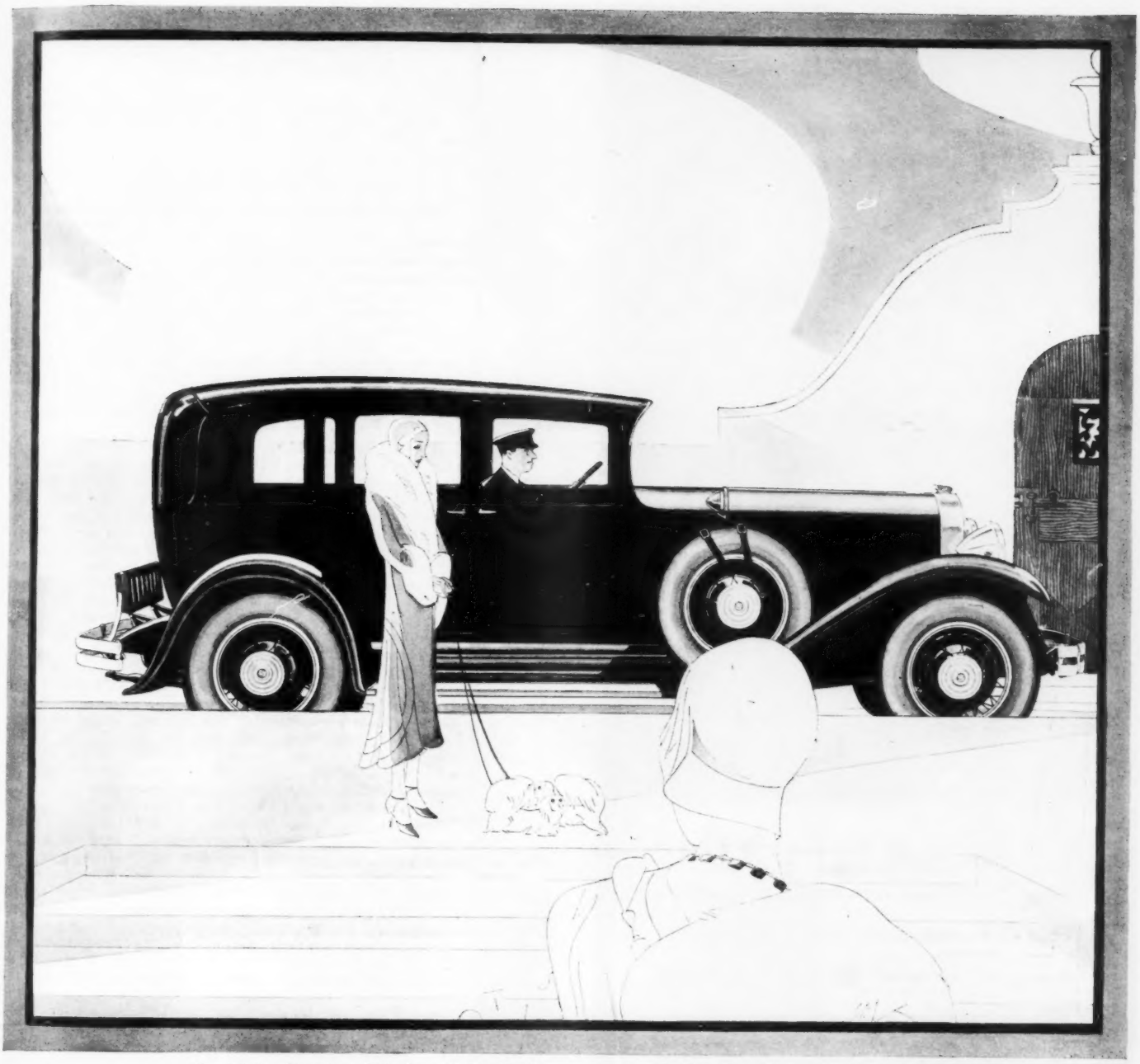
Suppose an ingenious man of science had his wall-papers covered with magnified monstrosities of the animalculae shown by the microscope in a drop of water. He might argue that it was an agreeable change from the banality of flowers; he might even quote Mrs. Meynell who once complained of the monotonous pattern of flowers. He might also argue as subtly, though I fear less successfully, that there is really no difference between the animalculae and the flowers. The shapes of the miscroscopic monsters (he would urge) are by no means ugly in themselves. He would say, surely not unreasonably, that wall-papers covered with flowers and foliage should be confined to the private apartments of a botanist. Such organisms as crawled about his own walls were the only ornament proper to the parlour of a bacteriologist.

I should like to have tigers and panthers fighting all over my wall-papers; elephants and mammoths and anything that is more monstrous than mammoths, rending and towering and trumpeting and turning my private parlour into a jungle ravaged by a tornado. Personally I do not object to any of the other suggestions. I am willing to embrace the radiant shapes of the monstrous microbes. I do not object to skulls, which really wear a very cheerful and gratified expression, like goblins with broad grins. All this I am willing to allow; but the more we allow for it, the more we shall come back to the essential truth. Whether we like or dislike the associations, we do feel the associations; and we cannot possibly see the figures without feeling the associations. We do cover our curtains with blossom because most people have pleasant associations with blossom. We do not cover our curtains with microbes, because few people have pleasant associations with microbes. We do cover a wall with roses rather than skulls because only a chosen few are really cheered up by skulls. And in the case of the organisms—at least it is true that, in abstract decoration, there is really little to choose between an animal and a vegetable form. The point here is that no decoration ever is abstract decoration. It is for that reason that even the man of science will, in fact, continue to cover his bedroom with a pattern of flowers instead of a pattern of fleas.

Now this is what I mean when I say that a pattern can be a picture. The psycho-analysts would say, I suppose, that a picture appeals to the consciousness and a pattern to the subconsciousness. Only they always seem (for some reason I cannot follow) to suppose that the subconsciousness is an abandoned blackguard; in which case it seems rather odd that he should have such an innocent taste in bedroom wall-papers, and should be so easily soothed with little daisies all in a row. If his one submerged and insurgent desire is to paint the town red, why does he generally when he officiates as house-painter, paint it white or green or at the utmost pink? Anyhow decoration can certainly be called the background of life, whatever may be called its subconsciousness, and the interesting matter here is that at certain moments the background can become the foreground. It is so at such moments as those in which I have sat staring at the corner of a piece of linoleum.

When once we understand that our souls and our moral senses have sunk into all this furniture and upholstery also, as well as into books and pictures, we can always pass an entertaining hour trying to get them out again. The incantation may not be perfectly successful, any more than the attempt to extract the sunbeam when once it had got into the cucumber. But it will always be interesting to say to oneself, in staring at the most lifeless pattern: "It was the mind of man, mysterious and unsearchable, that put those three brick-red triangles in the middle of that yellow panel." Or "A man really meant something when he sprinkled all those little pea-green dots; even if what he meant was something so subconscious that he hardly meant to mean it." This interest in the most insignificant designs and decorative trivialities gives a vast and novel interest to life. The disciples of this true doctrine will be found standing about the streets, in attitudes of arrested and abstracted attention, with their eyes rivetted on the moulding on a lamp-post, or gazing at the knobs on the top of a railing. They will be with difficulty introduced into a house, owing to the paralysis of contemplation that may seize them at the sight of the door-scraper, or the coloured stripes on the oilcloth in the hall. Nevertheless there should be, I think, a limit to their ecstasy. There is a reasonable case against bad decoration, though it is seldom reasonably stated. Perhaps it might be reasonably stated thus.

(Continued on page 102)



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At the Villa

(Continued from page 83)

happened, and if it hadn't happened then I wasn't wearing trousers, and the world was skidding sideways from me. I thought of the usual explanation of ghosts, but it couldn't have been a ghostly haunting, because ghosts don't haunt a house before it has been fully built and lived in, and they don't wear the fashions of to-day. I went home puzzled, disgusted, irritated, and slightly apprehensive; and it was three or four weeks before I shook off the damp memory of that afternoon.

Eight months later, in the early part of the next year, I went out at about ten o'clock one morning and saw the contents bill of a special edition of one of the evening papers: "North London Murder". I saw it and noted it, but only as I note other things that don't interest me, such as "Test Match Result" and "Latest from Gatwick". The bill gave it no excited epithet, so I assumed that there was nothing to distinguish it from any other murder; it would be just one of those sordid affairs that happen in London four or five times a year. But at mid-day, when I was in my club, a later edition of an evening paper was brought in, and it was put on the newspaper table, just at my elbow. I picked it up and saw that its main front-page story was a special story of the murder—a murder at Kettering Park, a suburb of North London. As you have guessed, the combination of the words "murder" and "Kettering Park" started a mnemonic shuttle in my mind, and I began to read the story. Besides full details it carried pictures of the victim and of a prisoner, who had been arrested and charged with murder that morning.

Yes; the pictures were what you are expecting them to be. I should have recognised anywhere the severe droop of the woman's mouth and the fluffy moustache that was too big for the man's face. They were as familiar to me as the face of my favourite waiter, and I turned to the story with a feeling almost of relief. That goblin memory, which at odd times of day and night had perched on my brain, was now pulverised. The thing had happened, the idea had washed itself out in fact, and was done with for ever. What I had seen had indeed been a ghostly haunting, but with a difference. It had been, not, as usually, a re-visitation of the event, but a ghostly foreshadowing of it. I had not been suffering from nerves; I had simply seen something before it happened. I had at other times suffered from something that verged upon this experience. It had often happened that I had invented and written a story, and, three or four months, or longer, after the story had been published, had seen that same story, almost detail for detail, as a news item. It still happens. But this was the first, and only, time that I had physically witnessed a physical event before its living performance, and when I saw that that was the solution of my afternoon at Kettering Park I felt easy, and knew, to the smallest detail, what the story would be.

It was all there. The very villa of Kettering Park, which the couple had occupied for about five months; the newspaper; the umbrella; the hour (half-past five); it was all there, just like the—— And then I dropped the paper.

For, though all the details were there, the key-point of the thing was not. I picked up the paper and studied it again; and, as I read, that one missing thing brought the goblin back, and I felt again the damp and insubstantial sense of living in a widdershins world. I felt as I had felt when I sent the clerk into the back room.

The body had been found in the upper back room of the villa, overlooking the river. (Right) An umbrella and a newspaper were lying beside it. (Right) The hat was off and the coat was torn open. (Right) Death was by strangulation. (Right) A neighbour had heard the man come home, and had heard him call "Where are you?" and had heard the answer "Upstairs. Back room." (Right) And then the thing went all wrong. The picture of the victim was the picture of the *man*. The picture of the arrested murderer was the picture of the *woman*.

I cancelled my order for lunch, and went out to walk in crowded streets. I can think best in crowded streets. I bought another paper and looked again at the story as I walked. The woman had gone to the local police-station and had given herself up for murder. She offered a plain story—that she had put up with her husband's foul treatment of her till she could stand it no longer; and that yesterday evening, in a blind fit of rage, she had turned upon him and, as she said, done for him. That was all; but it was enough to reopen my disturbance for the rest of the day.

That unreasonable creature, man, will always flatter himself that he lives by reason, and he cannot endure the biting of the inexplicable. I couldn't. For peace of mind I had to find an explanation of this miscarriage of my vision, and I walked until I had found one. Whether it is psychically sound I don't know. It's this:

Was it possible that the woman did it in *unconscious* self-defence? Was it in his mind, the day they looked over the house, to murder *her*, and did his mind fill the house with the idea and leave it there for me to see? And leave the idea in the house to creep into the woman's mind? And did she, when he was about to do it, get from his intention some subconscious and half-perceived signal that released all her repressed rage and set her to turn his own idea upon him? I don't know, and nobody will ever know. She died in prison before the case came to trial. I offer it as the only explanation that reason can give to the unreasonable.

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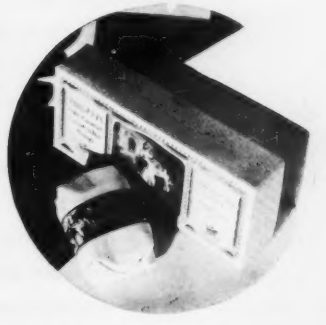

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The Toady's Hornbook

(Continued from page 51)

sense. The Provençal courts of love raised (or depressed) courtship to the level of abject toadyism, in which the lover was obliged to withstand the slings, darts, pets, *moues*, heats and colds of the beloved, in order to be allowed within the sacred precincts of The Mystic Rose. A *carte d'armour* will give you the details. A most toadyish device, this map of love, calling for supple agility and endless patience on the side of the lover. Naturally, the ladies liked the system, and have not let it go entirely out of fashion. With some important modifications the *carte d'amour* is still the official chart of love and courtship. The lover still enters the Gate of Mild Interest, still foots it along the Path of Pretended Indifference, gets a temporary lift at the Bush of Amorous Beckonings, but is straightway hurled off the Precipice of the Grand Rebuff. Here he must toady for his very life. If he is sufficiently long-suffering, and enough of a moral contortionist to strike the attitudes demanded of him—if he weeps, promises—and delivers—he may finally get an inkling of *Merci*, whatever the poets mean by that. Then come his innings. All his hungers, sweats, rebuffs and postponements find compensation in his new rôle. Who waits, hopes, prays and weeps now? Who toadies to whom? Read the *Hornbook* on this subject and be wise with your generation as to the truth, the whole fantastical truth of the toadyism of love.

The catalogue of modern toadyism is long and juicy, containing some three hundred distinct and separate forms of personal abasement. Among these we take most pleasure in noting the milder practises of: Social Portrait-painting, Assistant-Managering, Calling by the First Name, Invitation-hunting, Establishing the Proper Address (whole families have moved from comfortable suburban quarters to a cramped metropolitan apartment in order to get a toadyable town address), Pulpitizing, Free-Lancing, Literary Blurbing, Commercial Flunkeying, Salving the Boss, Buying the Drinks, Vice-Presidenting, Pulse-feeling, Forelock-pulling, Flag-carrying, Ninnie-hammering, Mopsifying, Back-scratching, Shoe-wiping, Crumb-scraping, Signing the Checks, Proposing for Membership, and all-around Log-Rolling for, and because of, Someone Else on the Rung Above. These are only the minor degrees—the venial sins of toadyism of which we are all guilty twenty times a day. Of the darker sins against human dignity, such as Husband-Placating, Sable-Wangling (in women), and Voluntarily Holding the Bag (in men)—well, these are too sinister, too pathologic, for treatment in a Light Literature Clinic.

There is a distinction, as I see it, between toadyism and flunkeyism. The flunkey wears a uniform, takes money for his services, and can be spotted at a distance by his philosophic contempt of your affairs, and of your manage-

(Continued on page 96)

A History of the World: 1992

(Continued from page 49)

was no longer respected by the *élite*.

SCHMIDTISM In 1954, Doctor Schmidt, a physician of Lausanne, Switzerland, whose name was to ring through the ages, published his book on "suppressed virtues". Today his theories seem self-evident to us, but at that time they were sensational, and a revelation to his readers.

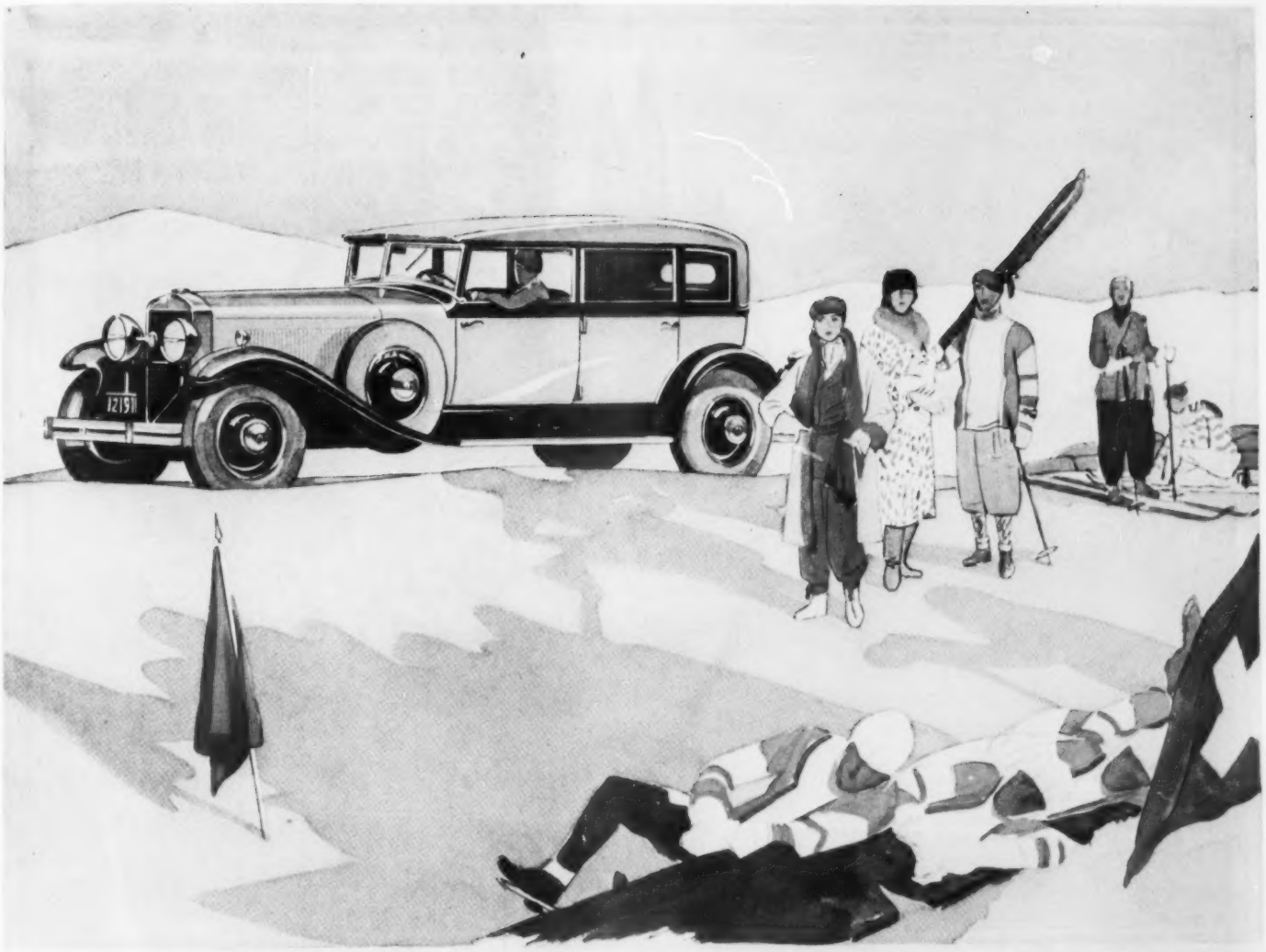
Doctor Schmidt contended, first; that, since man had been for more than fifteen thousand years part of a highly organized social machine, the morality and social conventions imposed by that machine had become, for him, an instinct as strong, as inevitable as the sexual instinct or the instinct of self-preservation. (This was the former theory of Trotter) Second; that to deny this instinct by an artificial reversion to purely animal life created in man certain "suppressed virtues", which were as painful and as dangerous to him as "suppressed desires" had formerly been. Third; that many nervous disorders could be cured by bringing to the consciousness of the patient a knowledge of his own suppressed virtues, and by allowing him to yield to them. In support of this theory Schmidt produced numerous examples and case-histories in psychoanalysis, all illustrative of such suppression of virtue, and its disastrous result.

His doctrine, known as Schmidtism, met with instant recognition, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries where it gave people the opportunity of expressing, under the cloak of scientific phrases, the wholesome sentiments and scruples which had long been forbidden them. As early as 1959, an excellent course in Schmidtism was established at New York University; and in the following year, the Institute of Schmidtian Psycho-analysis was founded in Baltimore for the purpose of graduating a trained body of Schmidtian doctors. In 1960, Doctor Schmidt himself came to America, and was received with homage by students and patients alike.

The happy effects of Schmidtism were soon evident. The conjugal by nature, the virtuous, the normal, realizing that they were no longer viewed with hostility, flourished triumphantly; they lost the sullen manner and the haggard air which, throughout many weary years of almost obligatory license, they had grown accustomed to wear; they wrote books, but constructively now, and not in despairing protest. Sexual insanity (which had lately shown an alarming increase) again declined. This period—which Professor Mâle has called the Period of Readjustment of Values—lasted approximately from 1960 to 1975.

At the time of writing this article (1992), it must be admitted that the Schmidtian reaction has, in its turn, gone a little too far. A new puritanism, more aggressive than the old, now controls our actions and our thoughts.

What Freud, what Schmidt yet undiscovered, will deliver us now from this new evil?



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But don't let the fact that buying a "Chief" is the "thing to do" be the *reason* for your buying. Buy one, yes, but buy it for the same reason that the magnates and millionaires bought it—*because it is the best trunk made, and it pays to have the best.*

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Brownstone Blues

(Continued from page 46)

the end, when it was too late? What, in those last tortured hours, had been in her mind? Had she loved him? Had she, perhaps, been sorry. . . .

He would never know; and he would never stop wondering.

It occurred to him now, as he sat alone at a little table at Colombin's in Paris, that twenty-five years abroad, most of it spent in France, would make a *boulevardier* out of most men; it hadn't made one of him. He could see his reflection in a mirror on the opposite wall, and suddenly he knew that nothing could have kept him from looking, at sixty, exactly as he looked now; a small, plaintive sort of man whose hair was brushed carefully upward over his ears in gay, hopeless little points with a bravado that was entirely lost in the downward curve of the shoulders below them. He sighed, and ordered a cup of Ceylon tea.

There were several people in the room whom he knew slightly, he reflected with a certain amount of pleasure, looking around him. They had nodded to him, smiled briefly, as they passed his table; but he wished that one or two had stopped to speak to him. They produced in him, these bright, enameled Americans, a melancholy curiosity about the country which he hadn't seen for twenty-five years. There had been nothing to take him back—his roots, his home were in Europe.

Abruptly, he knew that that wasn't true. He had no roots anywhere, no home except—he thought of the house in Fiftieth Street, the tranquil, sturdy brownstone house which he had deeded to Evelyn twenty-five years before.

When the waitress brought his tea, he asked her for a *Paris Herald* with the list of steamship sailings in it.

Another November twilight, cool and brittle, shrouded the substantial rows of brownstone in a mist so thickly blue that Charles could almost feel the texture of it against his face. He stood on the sidewalk in front of the house that had once been his, and decided that he was, after all, a sentimental man; for he was almost trembling with the excitement and the longing that was in him. . . . There was a millinery shop next door—that was why he had not recognized the house at once; and of course, they had taken the carriage-block away from the curb—that was only to be expected. He had thought of ringing the bell and asking the present owner—whoever he was—if he might come in and look around a little, explaining that he had once lived here; but now he saw that people were going in and coming out of the house—little groups of men and women silhouetted, in a sharp flurry of movement and laughter, against the thin fan of amber light from the briefly-opened door. They were passing—curiously enough—through the areaway, and using the basement entrance.

Hesitantly he descended the two brownstone steps into the area, and found himself, with several other people, pressed against the basement door. He could smell the faint odour of violets on the coat of the woman in front of him. A thin brown hand opened the door a crack, then widened the crack with a gesture of professional hospitality; the people crowded inside, laughing and crying "Hi Jo!" as the men dropped their hats and coats on the walnut hat-stand in the hall. Charles didn't hear them. He was looking at the hat-stand . . . it was the same one, with the carved antlers and the mirror, which he and Evelyn had bought together. The hook which had been his now bore a grey derby and a polo-coat; Charles removed them carefully to another hook, and hung his own hat and coat in their place.

The stairs wound upward into a vast canopy of muted sound . . . He mounted them slowly, and turned toward the room that had been Evelyn's sitting-room. In the doorway, he paused, his eyes eager upon the fireplace where they had sat on that last day, upon the windows against whose frosted blue he had last seen her. But the fireplace now held a contrivance of electrically lighted coals, a bright contortion of false, busy flames; and the windows were muffled and blind in rich draperies of crimson velvet, mysteriously embroidered in coronets. Curiously, he looked around the room. Small tables, sleek with linen and silver, covered the floor thickly, almost touching one another; upon the bland, plaster surface of the wall trellisses climbed, bearing with them a profusion of artificial vines quivering delicately beneath a glory of red cotton roses. And here the atmosphere became definitely Spanish; for, as the roses neared the top of the wall, they grouped themselves in hopeful clusters beneath small, imitation balconies, and there waited in vain for the languid Senorita who would surely never smile above them.

Charles found a vacant table, and sat down at it. He ordered coffee. The waiter hesitated.

"Nothing to drink, sir?"

"To drink? Oh . . . a *Cointreau.*"

This was a speakeasy, then. This room was a parody of that other room where Evelyn had stood—had said; "If I change my mind, I'll let you know . . . and I'll be waiting for you."

Once more he wondered, painfully now, whether she had ever changed; whether at last, when it was too late, she had wanted him—had, perhaps, loved him. . . . The doubt ached in his mind and heart.

"Try to have a good time, Charlie," she had said. And then he had found the rose against his palm—that intolerably dramatic rose that he hadn't wanted.

He drank some coffee, and looked vaguely at the people around him. He looked at each one for a long time.

"It's tough, when they keep you waiting, isn't it?" The question, repeated in a high, friendly voice, made him turn, finally, and look at the girl sitting at the next table. She was smiling at him out of eyes brilliantly starred with mascara, and the hand that held her cigarette in an onyx holder was tipped with scarlet nails; but the line of her hat, fashionably raised high on her forehead, was definitely youthful, and there was a simplicity of youth in the cheerful curve of her mouth and chin.

"Yes, indeed," answered Charles tentatively; then added; "I'm not

(*Continued on page 100*)

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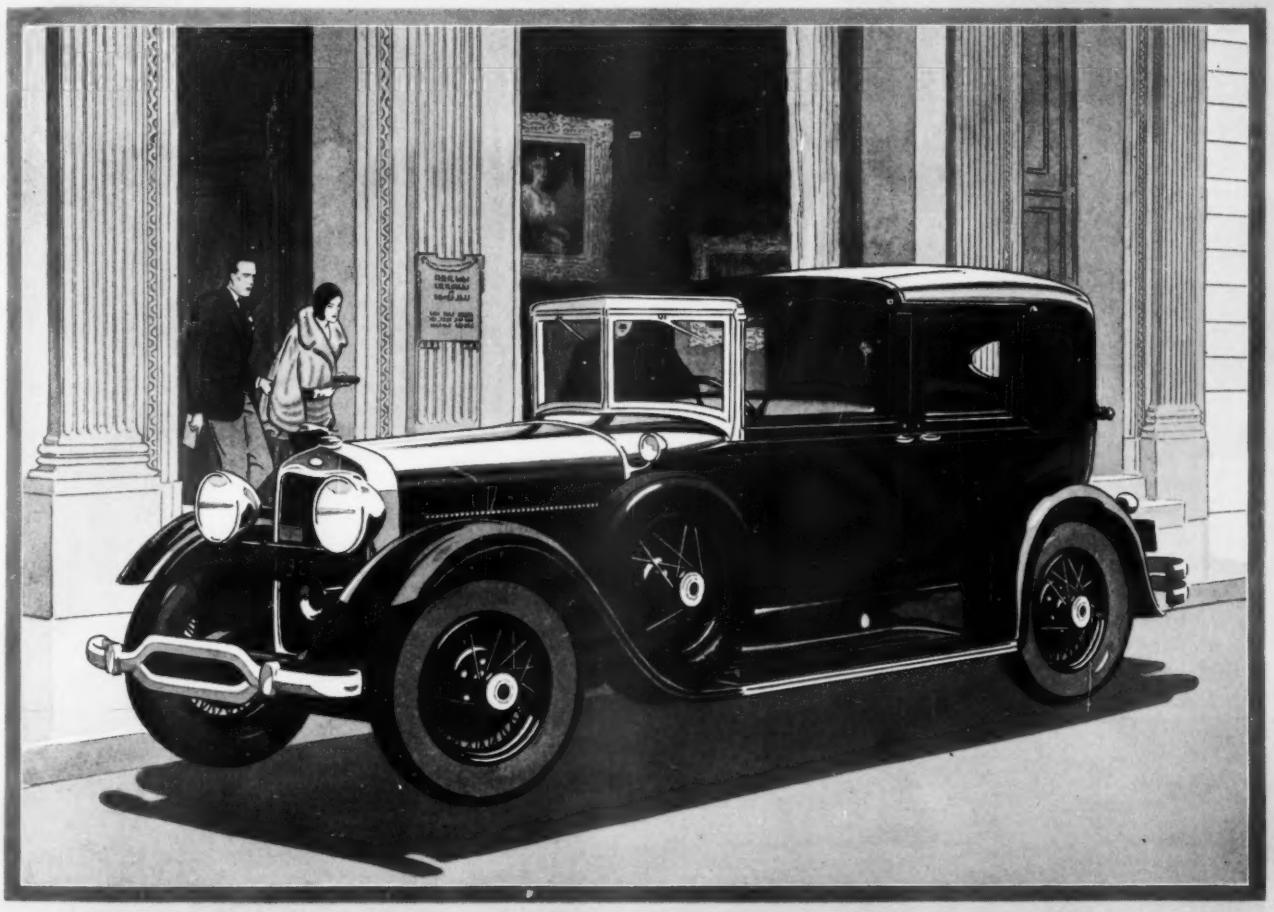

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

A Kingdom Without a King

(Continued from page 43)

You may still see illustrious ghosts passing by, like Berchtold, and all those little old men, last survivors of an administration that has disappeared, who signed their own death warrants on the day of the assassination at Serajevo.

Budapest, in spite of tradition, goes to bed early. Living is expensive, almost as expensive as in Germany. You soon realize that money is scarce, and you have to knock at many doors before you can get a bank note changed. What would have bought you a five story house in 1919 will barely pay for your lunch to-day. The older people, the pre-war people, who still reckon in *krönen*, never leave their homes; they cling to a haughty disdain for the plebeians, the contempt of an aristocracy, once privileged, for the crowd (which led a witty Berliner to say that the Hungarians were the only people who heeded the preachings of Keyserling). They speak a strange language which they insist is a virgin tongue, and unrelated to any other.

Shut up in its palaces in Buda, Society views the times with a jaundiced eye; the noble families, related by a thousand lines of kinship, consort exclusively with one another, and you see no one in the little deserted streets that look down on the Danube.

At Count B's, where I took luncheon one day, it was like a fine day in 1875. Draperies, heavy curtains with thick cords roping them up, fine old crumbling lacquers, and great dark spots on the white woodwork, from the stovepipes. On the piano the music was that of Bach and Handel, waiting to be played. A black-shod butler in a black coat, braided in black also, poured a topaz colored wine in Bohemian glasses and coffee in the tiniest of cups, like those in which the Chinese take their tea, while much old family silver shone in the faint light admitted by the lace curtains. In the antechamber an old Jaeger, in a green uniform covered with decorations and medals, wearing whiskers like those of Francis Joseph, waited, ready to summon the carriages of illustrious ghosts.

The baroque façades and the grilled windows one sees from the Bastion, when one takes a walk there, under the trees, no longer smile. This country weeps not for one lost province, but for four—four Alsace-Lorraines! Hungary is not resigned to its fate. This is a proud land, not accustomed to resignation. All Hungary is reactionary, as is a part, but only one part, of Germany. And still . . . !

And still . . . if there are no more soldiers in Hungary, there are still plenty of Honved officers; if there is no longer any seacoast, there are still plenty of admirals. And still . . . the upper classes have suffered less in Hungary than in the rest of Central and Balkan Europe, where they have been despoiled and annihilated. In the country the Magyar peasants, who have no use for ready-made clothes, and prefer to wear their sheepskin coats embroidered with spring flowers, still kiss the hands of their feudal lords. No matter what they say, the rich Hungarians are not shut up behind the grilled windows of Buda; you may see them at Monte Carlo and Deauville. And still . . . many American automobiles are sold here.

And still . . . the famous costumes of the magnates, with their zibelline collars, their gold braid, their feathered hats, their superb boots, those magnificent uniforms that bore their part in so many glorious charges of a world famous cavalry and in so many of Lehár's operettas are still there, and one may see even them to-day on many occasions. There are still, on the bridle paths and in the hippodromes, many of those superb horses that were the pride of the Hungarian army; the Roumanians have not quite emptied all the stud farms. Even though the cosmopolitan, German-speaking aristocracy, to which the Hapsburg monarchy gave estates in Hungary, has lost its real centre, which was the court at Vienna, the Magyars still keep their local nobility—the gentry, as the Anglomaniacs would say, which is the truest expression of the spirit of the country—and from which so curious a personage as Admiral Horthy was recruited—Horthy, almost as great a statesman as Count Bethlen, who is considered by many men of intelligence, worthy of being ranked among the first statesmen of Europe. Nor have the estates of Hungary been as badly cut up as one has heard, since the Festetics and the Estherhazys have retained immense domains. In May and June much money, many pengós, are thrown from the windows. In the summer hunting estates are let to Americans—and there are many quiet smiles at these hunters, coming from a land without game, who pay a dollar for every slain beast, since, after a few days of a *battue*, the heads are often counted by the hundred thousand. But then—don't British peers also rent their grouse moors in Scotland to Americans?

The Kingdom of Hungary? Yes—but where is its King, then? There is none, and that is precisely what is the matter with this country so preoccupied with its past. If a Hapsburg were recalled to the throne the Little Entente would mobilise. To be without a King is to go without the country's greatest memories. That is why this proud land, stripped not only of territory, but of its love of pomp and panoply, its traditional cavalry, its hero-worship, remains inconsolable, and, alone in all Middle Europe, refuses to accept the new times that have come.

That is why there are, at this moment, so many candidates for the throne. Among the legitimists, they swear only by the Archduke Otto, who is seventeen years old and lives in Spain—son of the former Emperor of Austria, Charles IV, and Zita. The Archduke Joseph Francis, who married a Princesse of Saxe, the Archduke Frederick, and, finally, the Archduke Albert, are also much discussed, to say nothing of the Archduchesses, two of whom, surrounded by a few royal supporters, live in the shadows of their palaces at Buda, in a rivalry producing a thousand amusing repercussions, and watch one another in the imposing drawing rooms where Society and the Diplomatic Corps have their being.

(Continued on page 102)

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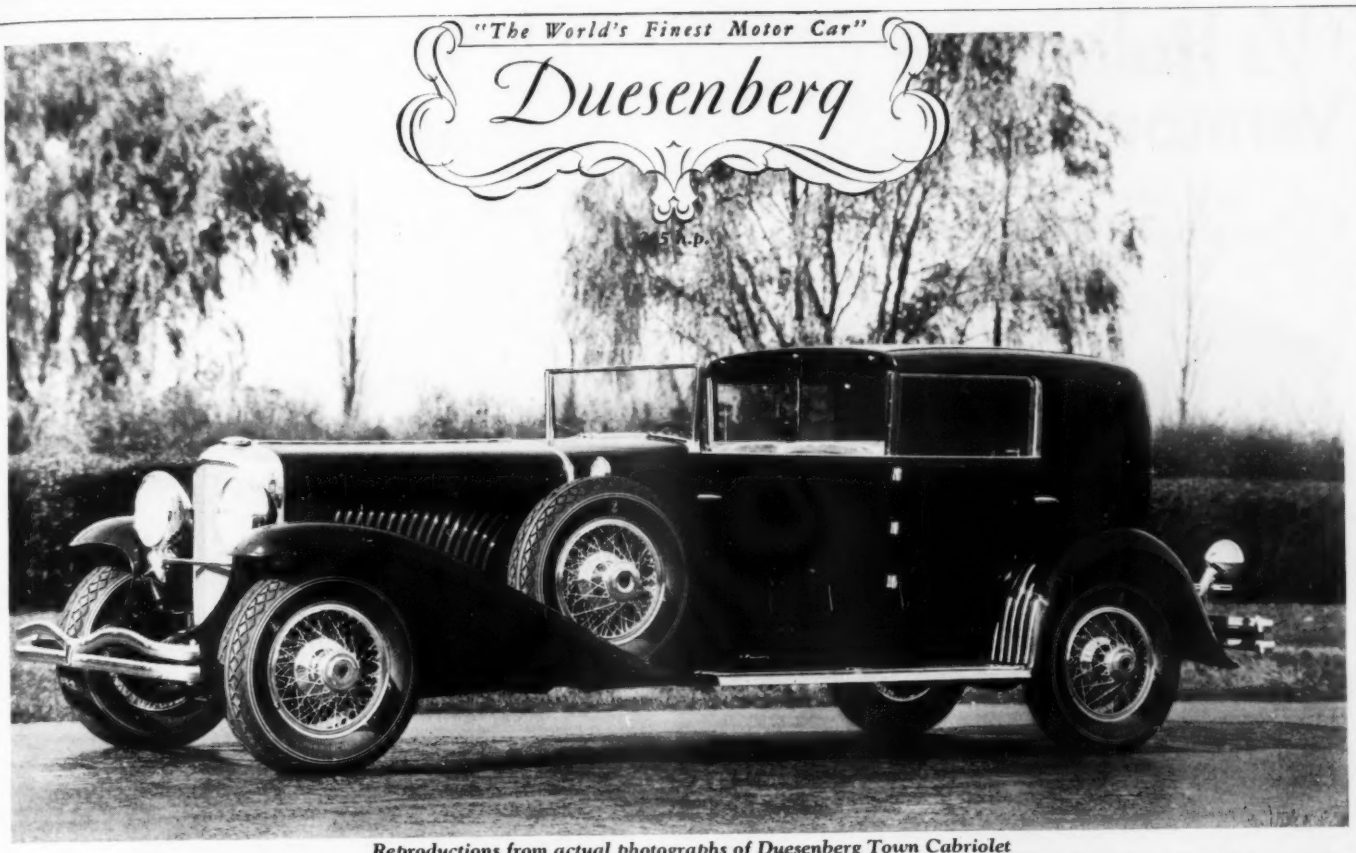

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IMPORTED

On Telling the Truth

(Continued from page 35)

acceptances of evil. Mr. Gladstone was a truthful man, not because he never left his auditors under a false impression, but because he much disliked telling lies. As man is constituted, no higher standard can be demanded.

I knew a diplomatist once who never told a lie. He was an eccentric little man dressed in grey flannels, who smoked endless pipes. He wore large round spectacles behind which he concealed his eyes, and he had a habit of digging people in the ribs. On the whole, I think, he was the most untruthful man that I have ever met. "Is it true," someone would ask him, "that Montenegro has protested against the renewal of our Treaty with Liberia?" He would chuckle at this question, and then would dig his interlocutor in the ribs: and chuckle again. As a matter of fact, he had no idea that we had a Treaty with Liberia or that even if we had the matter could be of the slightest interest to Montenegro. At the same time he could not allow it to be thought that he (for like all lazy men he could never admit to ignorance) simply did not know. He thus chuckled and dug people in the ribs. This action produced a whole crop of false impressions. Firstly the impression that he knew. Secondly the impression that he would not say. And thirdly the impression, according as the questioner wished to believe, that such a protest had or had not been delivered.

This diplomatist (he was an eminently distinguished and successful diplomatist) had a further method by which, while never telling an untruth, he propagated lies. When asked a leading question, he would fling himself back in his chair, chuckle silently for a minute, and then answer "Why Poincaré asked me that very question only yesterday!". In most cases people would be silenced by that remark. And if they were not silent, there would be more chucklings and digging in the ribs. Moreover this particular diplomatist was very careful never to put things in writing. The elasticity which his truthfulness thereby acquired was amazing. And very useful.

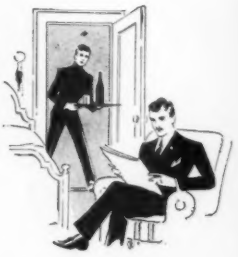
And yet one did not like that little man. He was transferred to the Colonial Service, and shortly afterwards made a large fortune in rubber. I do not wish him ill. It was merely that he was a bore to lunch with. It is this which brings me to the main contention of this tonic article. People who do not actively tell the truth end by becoming dull. Dr. Johnson, as usual, has observed this phenomenon, and expressed it in his accustomed granite style. "The value," he says, "of every story depends upon its being true. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human nature. If it is false, it is a picture of nothing." It is on such lines that we may now explore the inestimable advantage of telling the truth.

We are all familiar with the type of person who allows his or her daydreams to obtrude into their conversation. Admirable studies of this peccant form of intercourse are furnished by Mr. Max Beerbohm in his portrait of Mr. A. V. Laider, and by Miss Sackville-West in her novel *Seducers in Ecuador*. In both these excellent works you have a picture of someone so constituted as to tell elaborate and wholly gratuitous lies. Now the simplest story, given an average gift of observation and selection, is interesting so long as it is strictly true. It is the very stuff of life. The moment, however, that one suspects the slightest deviation from fact the thing becomes a tiresome recitation to which it is not worth the time of man to lend even a perfunctory ear. My advice, therefore, in every case is to stick to the devouring fact.

This desire for accuracy is a symptom of our present age. Our parents and grandparents preferred truth to be "pleasant" and were apt, for this purpose, to array it in sun-bonnets and other disguises whereby its outlines were softened and its hard and handsome features shaded into something almost penitent and meek. They endeavoured to domesticate the muse of truth and to present her curtseying country-wise in a print frock. We today like the feeling of bones and outline rather than that of dimples and muslin. It is a change of taste. It is also more than that. In the nineteenth century, as in America today, the general tendency was to escape from the material success of every day life to the immaterial shadow-line of religious and ethical doubt; in England, however, it is material life which is shadowed by uncertainties and we endeavour to escape from these fog-regions into clearcut rock-stable altitudes of clarity. The Romantics had a passion for imaginative fantasies since the eighteenth century had wearied them with reason: the Victorians, tiring in their turn of romantic extravagance, but still hesitating to face facts, found a half-way house in what they called the "tender", a curious mixture which was sufficiently like life not to be fantastic and sufficiently unlike life not to be painful. The cowardice with which the Victorians flinched from moral pain is one of our main indictments against them: they would excuse themselves on the ground that they were morally more sensitive than we are ourselves: this may be true: but the fact remains that they looked at truth askance and strangely.

A new spirit is growing up within us today. You may call it, if you like, the scientific spirit. It is more correctly the inductive as opposed to the deductive spirit. Our fathers preferred to interpret facts in terms of ideas: our own tendency is to interpret ideas in terms of facts. The Victorians, realising, for instance, that the greatest happiness accorded to man is that provided by a happy marriage, endeavoured to pretend that all their marriages were happy. We for our part, admitting the fact that no feat of intelligence and character is so exacting as that required of two people who desire to live permanently together on a basis of amity, are obsessed by the problem of how to render the basic facts of cohabitation simpler and more reasonable, in order that unhappy marriages may less frequently result. The Victorians would have con-

(*Continued on page 98*)



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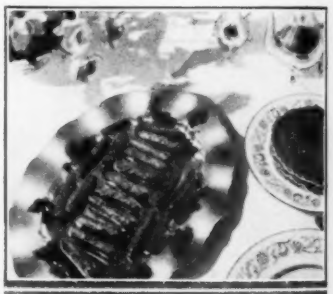

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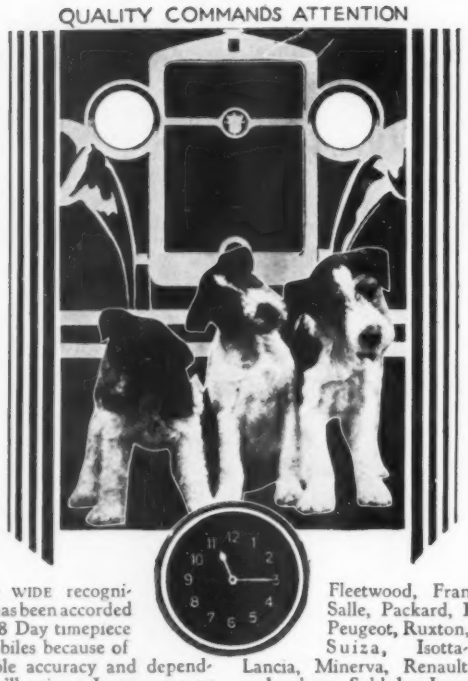

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A Passionate Pilgrim

(Continued from page 33)

barrows where they sold shell-fish and steaming pastry and favours for the girls to wear. I must confess that never in my wanderings have I seen girls more lovely than these in Genoa, that trod the purple dusk among the lanterns and the gaily-coloured trumpets.

From Genoa I fared forth to Rome; and if the southern sun and sea were not a more imperious summons to me than the loud trumpet of history, I might still be lingering among those august shadows. For slowly the centuries begin to entangle you in Rome, and in the blue dusk you are hardly aware if it is some proud seventh century cardinal who swept round the corner there, and if the clank of metal in the courtyard was not some first century legionary fixing on his greaves. Then you might descend some cellar-steps and find yourself two centuries ahead of time, in the astonishing vaults of the *Casa d'Arte Bragaglia*, which is a place where the supra-ultra-modernists gather. It is at once a picture-gallery, a café and a theatre, but I could not make out whether I should have walked in backwards or on my hands. Everything is curves and cubes, and when you are about to sit down on a chair you discover it is a cocktail-shaker.

Of course, you may live very violently in the year 1929, if you choose, and in some glittering night-club recreate New York and Paris and London, drinking the usual bad champagne to the music of the perennial saxophone. But I find something anxious about the nightclub life of Rome. The vast awe of the Papacy will, somehow, subtly check the jigging feet. Even the fat jazz-band grows pale and the saxophone whines away into a troubled silence.

But it was not to think thoughts so correct as these that I had armed myself with staff and scrip. Not all the Seven Hills could withhold me much longer from the goal of my wayfaring; for the rumour of it already smote against my ears, the perfect sea breaking upon the bay, the fisher-lads in the boats, the smiling girls in the narrow streets, the peasants tending their vines. At last, at last, I was in Naples again! Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue and the *Grands Boulevards*—I could leave them to their fierce arc-lights and their haggard crowds. For here, against the intense heaven, Vesuvius swaggered, scrawling white words of smoke on the blue parchment. Along the enormous burning bow of the bay, the lazy city extended her villages, flanked by vineyards and by sea. The great peninsula of Sorrento thrust forward her limestone snout to the entranced island of Capri, lying there like a hunched sea-serpent, coiled in his dreams. The force of the southern sun was so strong that a man stopped in his traces, as if a meteor had shot past him. I sat down on a terrace above the city looking out on the Tyrrhenian waters I had arrived at journey's end. I took out my pipe solemnly and gave Vesuvius blast for blast.

The Toady's Hornbook

(Continued from page 88)

ment of them. The flunkey has a nice sense of his own dignity, and will quit his job if you say "Good Morning" to him too curtly. But the toady battens on neglect and contumely, and will often spend his own money for the privilege of exercising his profession. He can be cried down publicly, and made to like it. But I have never yet seen a flunkey in uniform successfully bullied; as soon as you lay your tongue to him, Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* leaps into the flesh, and he walks out on you, brimming with disdain, heaving perfectly-timed torpedoes as he goes.

While there is a name for the toady, there is no word in English for the toadied. Which reminds one of the Constitution of The United States. How exactly? Well, in the Constitution, you know, there is no mention, no hint even, of a political party.

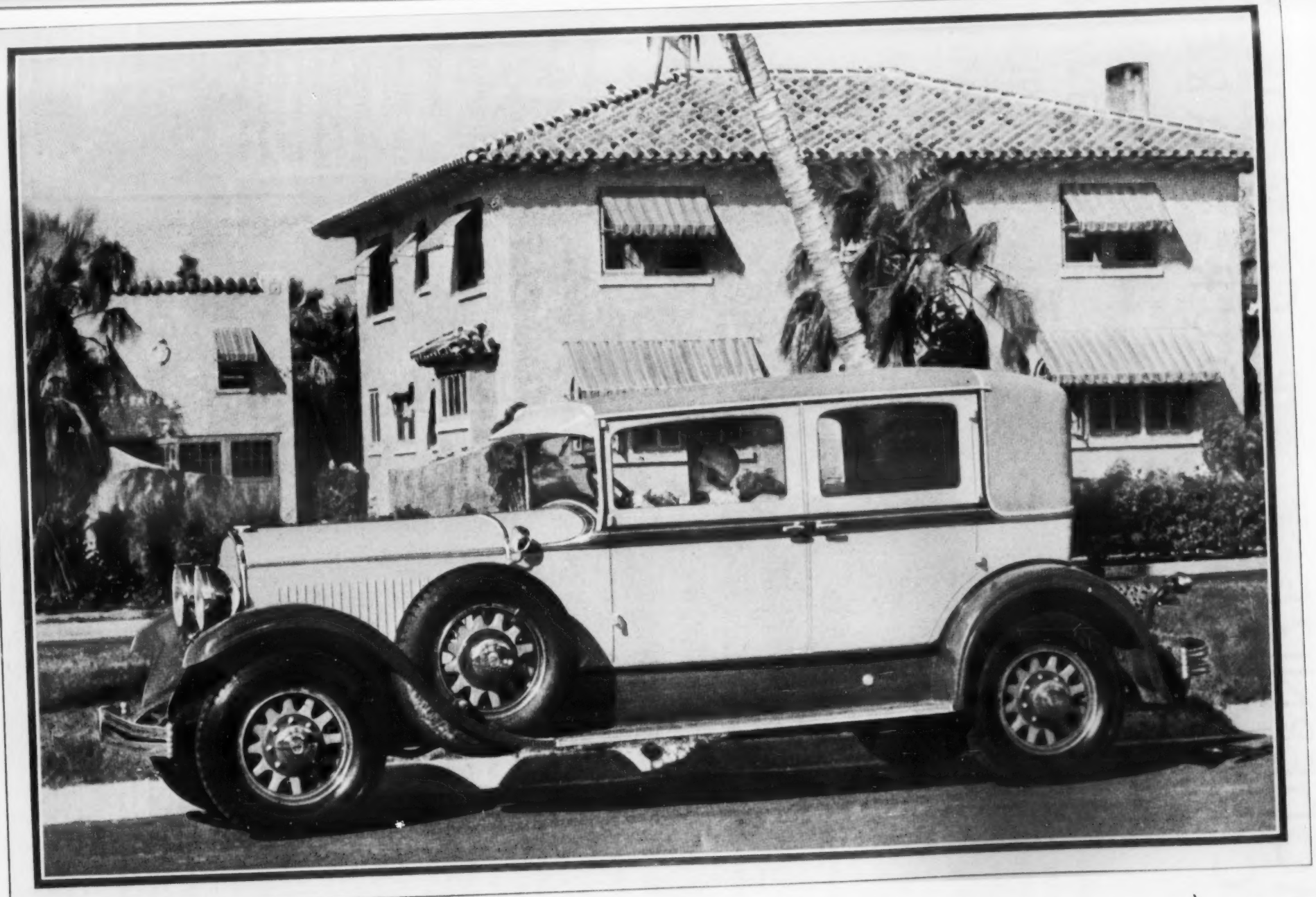
Theoretically, no man should be toadied in a democracy; actually however, every one toadies everyone else, calling it Service, or Getting the Business, or Doing Things in a Nice Way. A man might strike you down if you suggested you were toadying to him. "Giving him Service" sounds better, and is quite within the constitutional bounds of our civilization.

"How is this whole miserable toadyism business explained?" queries the Splenetic Gent in his final chapter. In answering his own question, he drags in the good old law of self-preservation, gives it a dash of Freudian curry-powder, and really works up quite a respectable hypothesis. "The toady," he suggests, "being thinly endowed with strength, wealth, or talents, yet suffering from the appetitive urge for rank, fame, and the love of beautiful women, develops early in life the faculties of being useful, supple, double-jointed and chameleon-like. He learns the arts of Listening Respectfully, and of Taking Notes; of Paying the Gratuitous Compliment and of Soliciting Advice. He is adhesive rather than persistent; he trails his principal like a violin obligato trails a mezzo-soprano, never wearying of the nimble writhings demanded of him, ever eager for new assignments to prove the elasticity of his spine."

We all know toadies, and like as not, have all been toadies in our time. How shall we recognize the mark of toadyism when next we meet it in ourselves or others? It is not so difficult, really. Merely watch the toady—yourself or another—studying the countenance of the toadied. What is he looking for? Nothing more than an intimate knowledge of the weaknesses the toadied face reveals. And then recall the *Hornbook's* epigram:

"Your toady and your razor are alike in this: it is their duty to familiarize themselves with the secrets of your face."

And what is more ghastly than a dull razor?



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Fatal Ladies

(Continued from page 31)

themselves. It enhances their sense of importance, it gives significance to their horrid little personalities, it satisfies their parasitic will-to-power, it permits them to assert their leechlike selves.

In the past these spiritual vampires would have got their fulfilment from organized religion. They could have fastened themselves on the nearest priest and made him the director of their conscience. (How flattering and gratifying to think that one's conscience is so important that it requires directors like a railway company or a department store!) Or alternatively they could have sucked the spiritual blood of some saint or other invisible Higher Person. But now that organized religion has decayed, most spiritual adventuresses are without those professional victims which a far-seeing and all too charitable Church used to provide for them. They have nobody to attach themselves to but a few charlatans and swamis and higher-thought-mongers and psychoanalysts, or artists. The souls of these last, it seems, are particularly juicy. To the spiritual vampire an artist is almost the choicest of delicacies.

The spiritual vampire is a modern type, whose development, as I have already indicated, was made possible only by the decay of organized religion. The feminist movement has also done much to propagate this baleful creature. For feminism has wearyingly insisted on the importance for women of that Higher Plane, on which the spiritual vampires try to assert themselves, and has disparaged the qualities of charm and allurement which have always given and still give to the dear old-fashioned adventuresses their deserved and, by me at least, ungrudged power. A history of the spiritual vampire, if it were ever written, would be, I am sure, a most instructive and illuminating book. I lack the erudition to undertake the task. It is my impression, however, that the new species only assumed its characteristically modern and menacing form during the Romantic Period of the nineteenth century. It is, I believe, among the lesser contemporaries of George Sand (George herself was not a mere vampire, she was a man-eating lioness) that we shall find the fully developed spiritual adventuress of the type we can observe to-day. Nor must we forget that the contemporary vampire of the soul seems to be undergoing, among the youngest generations, a process of change. Among the extremely young there seems to be a diminishing interest in any of the Higher Things that are in the least objective, that exist apart from the individual soul. High ideals, wide culture, deep thoughts are not nearly so popular among young vampires as they were twenty years ago. The youngest vampires are almost exclusively interested in personalities, in the problems of their private psychologies. Their mothers attached themselves to those Higher Persons who stood for Movements, Causes, Ideals. But Movements have ceased to move; it is to the Higher Person who can talk to her about herself that the youngest spiritual vampire turns. Self-assertion is undisguisedly and directly ner aim. Which is regrettable. For if there is anybody more boring than a soulless philistine it is a soulful philistine. A soulful philistine is a person without culture, without external interests, who goes in for having a soul. But if you go in for having nothing but a soul, you run the risk of going mad—mad with self-consciousness and vanity and bewilderment, the hopeless bewilderment that comes to everyone who is utterly without culture and to whom every fact and experience presents itself as isolated and unconnected, a bright point floating about with other points in the midst of unfathomable darkness. I have met—met only to avoid as rapidly and radically as I could—quite a number of these soulful philistines, gone a little queer in the head with poring over the obscurities of their own boring and repulsive personalities; soulful philistines who were also spiritual vampires, hungrily on the lookout for some Higher Person who would talk to them about their souls and so help them to self-assertion. Dreadful creatures, of whom I cannot think without a shudder! Our little vampires of the spirit, our soulful philistines of the youngest and most psychologically minded generations, have still good looks and freshness to palliate their offences. But let them beware before it is too late. The time will come when they will lose those physical excuses for mental perversity, when their bodies will be as unattractive as their minds. And then may heaven help them! For men will not.

On Telling the Truth

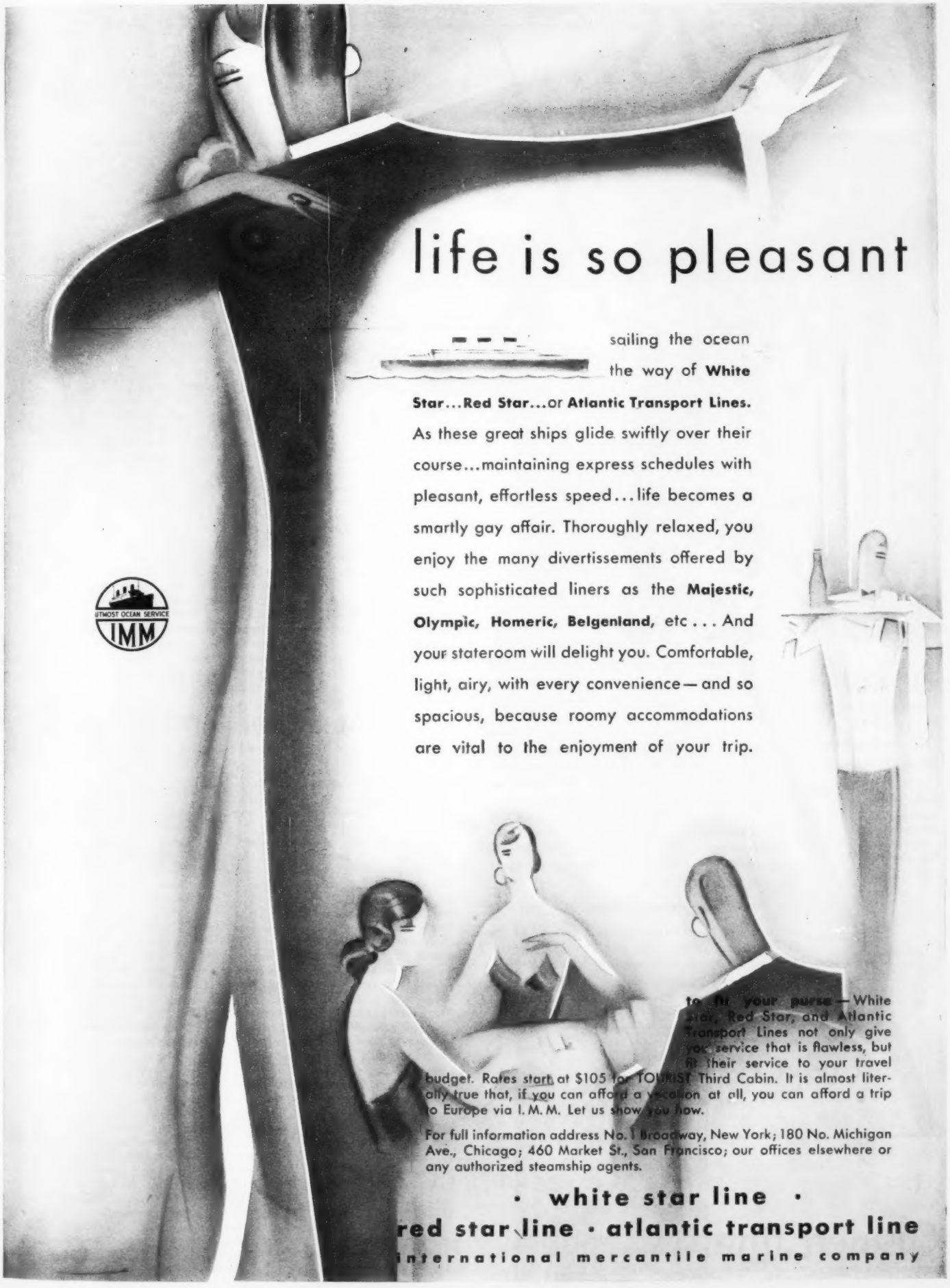
(Continued from page 94)

sidered it "painful" or "unpleasant" were one to point out that only four marriages out of every ten are anything but forced servitudes.

The Victorian habit of mind (which I consider to have been a bad habit of mind) was unduly preoccupied by what was socially and morally convenient. Convenience is however, in all affairs of life, an execrable test of value. One should have the courage to think uncomfortably, since it is only by rejecting the convenient that one can come to think the truth.

Continuous lying in the mind, a disease to which the Anglo-Saxon is peculiarly exposed, spells the destruction of human thought and character.

Unfortunately, however, it is the man who fights against convenient thinking who is the more often accused of insincerity. No thinking man thinks the same consistently. If he has a mind at all he should be changing it week by week. Such alterations of aspect are considered by others, whose thoughts are merely convenient untruthfulness, to show a shiftiness of thought. In fact they merely disclose a necessary and indeed essential mobility. "That man," they say however, "is a mass of affectation." But then it does not matter what they say.



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Brownstone Blues

(Continued from page 90)

waiting for anyone, though. I'm alone."

He didn't know why he had told her that; but it was somehow a relief to say it to someone, to admit, even so casually, the fact of his loneliness.

Her hat rose alarmingly with the sympathetic curve of her eyebrows. "You are? Well, why don't you come over and sit down with us? I'm waiting for my friends."

He had no definite intention of accepting, but the friendliness in her eyes compelled him. He went over and sat down, struggling with the chair, which was pushed too snugly between the table and the trellis on the wall.

"I'd have a cocktail if I was urged," she said pleasantly, after a pause.

The cocktails came, little amber pools of cheer with a cherry at the bottom. She hoped, she said, that he wouldn't think she was the sort of girl who spoke to strange men . . .

"Surely, my dear child, there's no harm in talking to an old man like me," protested Charles, pleased. He ordered two more cocktails.

Her name was Sally.

Charles, finishing his cocktail thoughtfully, meditated upon a tremendous plan; he would ask this cheerful, kindly girl and her friends to take dinner with him here, as his guests. Sally, confronted with the scheme, brightened with approval.

"Why, we'd be very pleased, I'm sure! Here they are now . . . that's Pauline, and those are Jim and Bernie. Bernie is *my* friend," she added in an intimate whisper.

She broke the news of the dinner-party to them. Pauline was languidly acquiescent, and the two young men, after exchanging a single, dubious glance, allowed themselves expressions of acute relief as they sat down.

Charles smiled amiably upon them, enchanted with his rôle of host. These young people, he felt obscurely, were his friends; they admired him, he was important to them. In the pleasant hilarity of this company he could almost forget the sorrow and the doubt that, in his loneliness, had haunted him. He ordered the dinner with care and inquired, after a slight pause, whether champagne could be procured.

"Champagne! I guess so," said Sally, adding regretfully, "I never had much experience with anybody that wanted to know."

Charles commanded two quarts of Lanson, 1921; they were brought, suave and golden in glittering beds of ice, and Sally sipped hers with closed eyes.

"Gee," she breathed respectfully, setting down her glass, "I'll say you're the world's original Good-Time Charlie!"

The others raised their glasses and toasted him indulgently.

"To Good-Time Charlie!" they cried, their mouths eager over the wine. The semicircle of faces blurred in the flashing, amber blaze of those lifted glasses; they seemed enormous, intolerably bright as they drew nearer to him, closed in upon him.

Try to forget me—try to have a good time . . . Charlie. . . . He stared at them.

Then he pushed back his chair, knocking violently against the trellis on the wall. The vines rattled and an imitation scarlet rose, its petals dim with dust, floated down and rested on the table before him.

The Silent Mrs. Noyes

(Continued from page 39)

was always a dark matter to Juliette) as if in warning, and *Monsieur* bending across the table to kiss her hand, shouting with laughter . . . all this was as entertaining as a cinema.

The fourth week was less gay. *Monsieur* kept his beautiful high spirits, but *Madame* began to look forlorn. Her sadness did not concern itself with her sister; that absent one was seldom mentioned nowadays, and when she was, it was with indifference. *Madame's* cares came from something else.

One day the brother of Juliette, down in Brittany, was newly made a grandfather; she ventured to show *Madame* a picture of the fat baby. "A thousand pities that *Madame* and *Monsieur* themselves have not yet . . ."

Monsieur's handsome face turned a not unbecoming red, he burst out in a great laugh. "*Voilà une idée*" he cried, and turning to *Madame*, he made a gesture as of cradling an infant in his arms and said in English, with an elaborate wink; "we might borrow one from Mrs. Noyes, eh darling? That careless lady . . ." He laughed again, uproariously, slapping his knees—and suddenly, even to Juliette's insensitive eye, he seemed to grow bigger and redder, to grow somehow rather awful.

The month ended. With heavy eyelids and a forced smile, on that last morning, *Madame* slipped a blue-and-white *billet de banque* into Juliette's palm; then, seated in the taxi, stared away from her through the other window, with her hand clenched on her little sodden handkerchief. She would never see what was taking place at the door . . . Juliette looked her employer squarely in the eye. "Perhaps," she said, "*Monsieur* did not observe that yesterday he dropped something on the stairs."

In her hand was a letter with a five-cent American stamp. The address, written in a big thick important handwriting, began, "Mrs. Andrew K. Nettleton." And in the left-hand upper corner were the words, "If not delivered, return to Andrew K. Nettleton, 49 Wall Street, New York City, U.S.A."

Juliette and her *Monsieur* glared at each other, across the last of the famous bags of Mrs. Noyes. And it was not Juliette who looked alarmed. Then, in silence, into the nervous, angry clutch of Mr. Lorimer the letter was passed. But only after an appreciable pause, long enough for something else to have passed into the hand of Juliette . . . something whitish and bluish, a little wad that seemed to consist of a good many thicknesses of a folded flimsy substance, slightly crackling, but having altogether quite an agreeable feeling of solidity inside of Juliette's hand. "*Mille fois merci, Monsieur, et bon voyage*," said Juliette, smiling, showing all seven teeth.

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A Kingdom Without a King

(Continued from page 92)

Poor, dear Hungary! Hungary, where the gypsy music gives ground daily and is surrendering, at last, even in the Admiral Club, to the nickelled artillery of saxophones and jazz.

There is one survivor of the past: the Hungarian policeman with his great sword, the ornament of all the night places, the last refuge of the picturesque.

Seated among wicker chairs, on the *Ferencz Joseph Rakpatz*, I heard an American family, newly arrived, trying to find its way in a menu printed in a strange tongue, whence there emerged only the familiar words goulash and paprika. The mother was reading aloud in her Baedeker that there was, at the Hotel Gellert, a bath with artificial waves, which made the children exclaim, wide eyed: "Mama, is that pool open?"

At the Park Club, refuge of the old nobility, portraits of Francis Joseph and the Kaiser, in red uniforms, still preside over the *Salle des Fêtes*. The Ritz, Magyarized, is now called the Dunapalota, but it is still the Ritz. From my window I could see the Danube, at noon, on fire, as if it were a river of naphtha, flowing under majestic bridges with august names; in the morning I was awakened by the White Danube steamers, filled to the topmost deck by a crowd eager for bathing, for sunshine, and for excursions in the woods. Greener than the leaves, the great bulbous domes of the churches appeared on the horizon. This Danube is as great a river as the Mississippi or the Potomac, it is not one of those little European rivers like the Thames or the Seine, which are hardly rivers at all, and upon which everyone rides, irreverently, as if on a dog's back; the Danube carries its travellers with dignity, like the sea.

I happened to arrive at Budapest in that short season between Winter and Summer, so short that one can hardly call it Spring. In fact, as soon as the ice melts, as soon as the wintry winds from Galicia abate, the heat comes—a frightful heat, like that of the Sahara, that heat of the Hungarian plain which scorches everything except a few acacias among the immense wheat fields. Budapest, which lies in a wooded valley, though it is shaded, does not escape this universal heat.

After a few days of hot weather everyone abandons the city to go and lie on the artificial beaches of the Island of Ste. Marguerite, or to breathe fresh air on the high golf links, whence one may see the Danube losing itself in the endless plain of the black lands, where silos and grain elevators stand out, a plain ending only at the Roumanian coast. In a few hours the *Korácz*, the *New York*, the *Hungaria*, all the restaurants of Pesth, and even *Gerbeaud's*, the most famous pastry shop in Central Europe, are deserted, and it is to the summer New York, the Spolarich, the Sanatorium, the *Restaurant Champêtre*, with its green shutters, the *Elizabeth Tower*, the New York-on-the-Island, that one must repair.

With Summer a new Hungarian generation, which never knew the war, devoted to sport, athletic, clean shaven, like Americans, invades the beaches, plunges into the sulphurous waters and artificial waves, or, from the springboards, dives like champions. If Hungary has been mutilated, her sons and her daughters are restoring her, for after all the life of man is stronger and finer than that of any land.

Sermons in Linoleum

(Continued from page 84)

Seriously speaking, I am willing to admire even what is not admirable, so long as it is admired. If the landlady of a poor lodging-house is really fond of her coloured oleograph or her wax fruit under a glass case, then I will (so to speak) raise a riot and perish sword in hand in their defense. Her parlour is much better worth fighting for than her parliamentary vote. But when all this is appreciated, there does remain I think a certain amount of ornament in such surroundings that is trivial in intention as well as in effect. Much of the minor ornament is machine-made, and is peculiar to an age of machinery. That is where the real distinction comes in. I could lose myself in what the dramatist has called rosy rapture over counting the pink pips on a wallpaper, if I really thought that anyone had shared my rapture. I could rejoice in a brick-red stripe on a pea-green fence if I really thought that anyone had wanted it to be red on green. But I think it cannot be denied that, with the age of machinery, there entered a certain mechanical and mindless habit in all these things. And with that we come to a point of considerable historical interest. It is not that all these strange shapes and colours are not interesting. It is that the earth brought forth a still stranger race: of men who were not interested.

This is the real case against the ugliness of much of the detail of modern life. It is a case quite different from that of the mere aesthete, because it concerns the historian and the philosopher. It is that we have recently passed through a particular age which future ages will see as one of artistic ascetics, and even of artistic suicides. But precisely because their ugliness was unnatural, they did not succeed in being completely ugly. They only sunk deeper into the subconsciousness their blinded and thwarted thirst for beauty. And this does not make barren the more mystical contemplation of their strange ornament; it only makes it more difficult. It is still none the less true that everything that was made by a machine was ultimately made by a man. It is still none the less true that there is a mind somewhere at the back of every dingy diagram, and a moral atmosphere surrounding every futile excrescence. The art that emerged in holes and corners; in spite of the scorn of art, is none the less a fascinating feature in the history of art criticism; and there is nothing human that is not as deep as the divine. For which reason I shall go on looking at the little piece of linoleum, until I have got more out of it.

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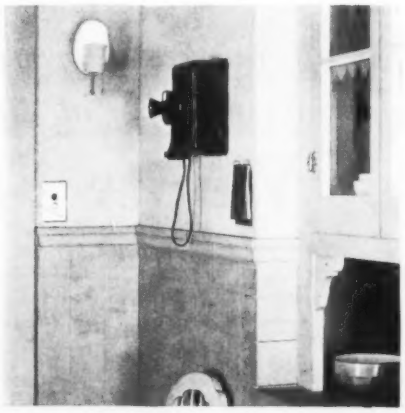

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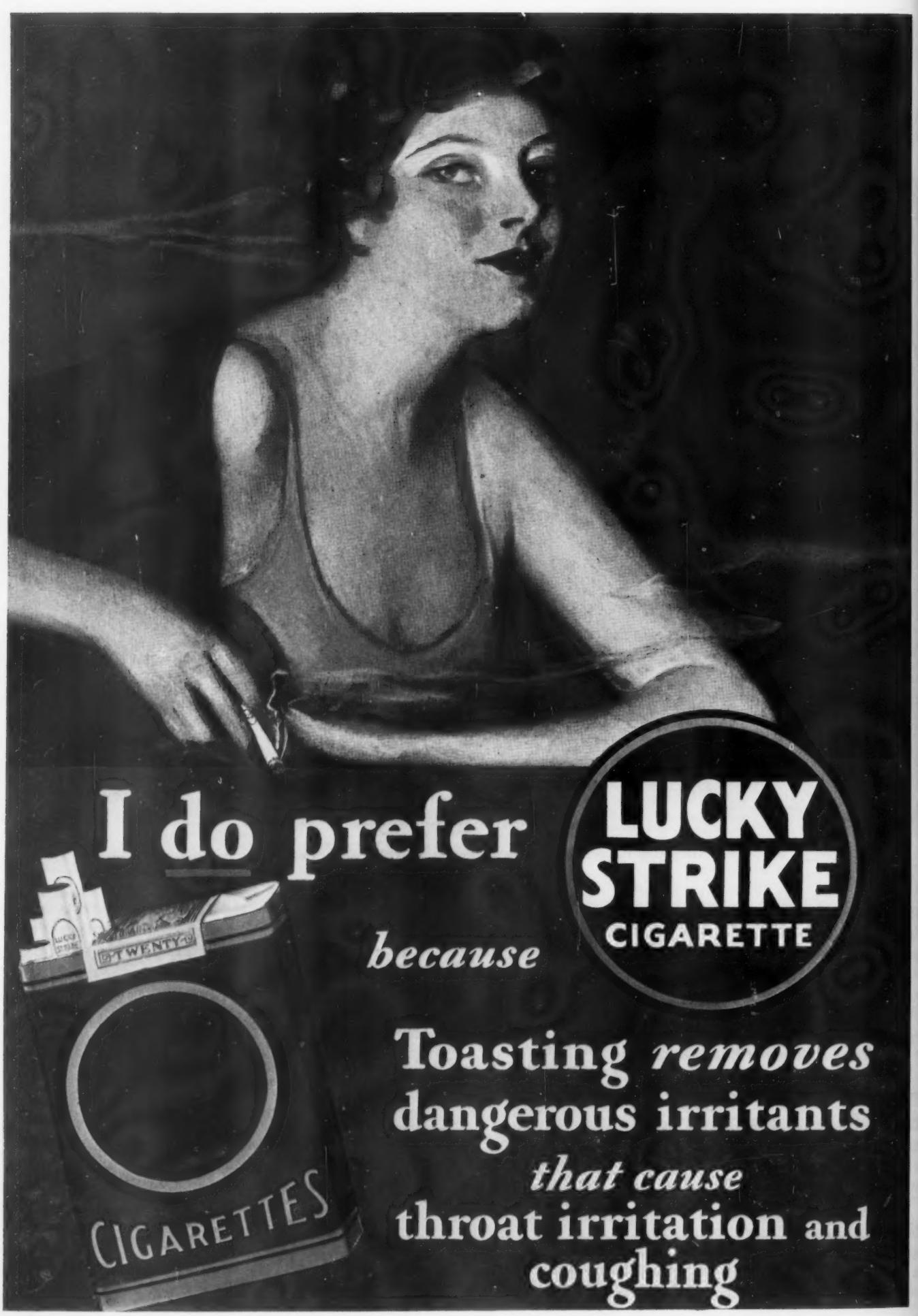
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